



Kerry Fox
Maid of stern stuff
the long weekend



Ravi Shankar
Chants of success
the long weekend

Palookaville
700 free tickets
the eye

Adams calls for new IRA ceasefire

David McKittrick
Ireland Correspondent

The IRA was last night on the brink of declaring a new "unequivocal cessation of violence" along the lines of the 1994 ceasefire which brought 17 months of relative peace to Northern Ireland.

The move will breathe new life into a peace process which many had considered moribund since the last cessation broke down in February 1996, with the IRA bomb which devastated London's Docklands around Canary Wharf.

But while many may see it as a new opportunity for progress, it will also pose major political difficulties. The most immediate of these is the question of whether the main Unionist party, David Trimble's Ulster Unionists, will remain at the talks table if Sinn Féin is granted entry in mid-September.

Mr Trimble is to meet Tony Blair on Monday for the second time in a week in an attempt to persuade the Government to toughen its position on the issue of arms decommissioning. There seems no likelihood, however, of the Government shifting its ground.

The decisive factor in the cessation move appears to have been the Prime Minister's decision to abandon John Major's previous stress on the de-commissioning issue. Republicans have for many months insisted that a new IRA ceasefire could only come about if Sinn Féin was guaranteed a

The rocky road to peace

9 February 1996: IRA bombs London Docklands, killing two people and injuring more than 100.
15 February 1996: IRA member Edward O'Donnell is killed by loyalist paramilitaries on 8 July 1996.
30/31 May 1996: Peace Forum elections in Northern Ireland. Sinn Féin gets 15.74 per cent of vote.
15 June 1996: IRA bombs heart of Manchester killing about 200 people.
July 1996: Drumcree standoff causes widespread rioting in province after initial blocking of march is lifted. Taxi driver Michael McGoldrick is killed by loyalist paramilitaries on 8 July 1996.
7 October 1996: IRA plants two bombs at The Guildhall, Lisburn, in first major NI attack since ending ceasefire. Bombs injure 31. Warrant Officer Jim Bradwell dies five days later from injuries.
21 December 1996: Loyalists blamed for 'booby-trap' bomb under car of leading republican Eddie Copeland.
12 February 1997: Lance-Bombardier Stephen Restorick, from Peterborough, Cambridgeshire, shot dead by an IRA sniper at a checkpoint in Co Armagh.
March/April 1997: IRA begins bomb campaign in run-up to General Election. Grand National postponed after bomb warnings.
May 1997: Labour elected. Sinn Féin increases vote. Wins two seats.
High-level talks held between government and Sinn Féin.
16 June: Prime Minister Tony Blair bans all further contact between senior civil servants and Sinn Féin representatives after the IRA gas down RUC officers John Graham, 34, and David Johnston, 30, in Lurgan, Co Armagh.

INSIDE

Terror tactics;
clouds of mistrust, page 6

place at the talks table without de-commissioning.

The Ulster Unionists, dismayed by Mr Blair's stance, have subsequently adjusted their own position. But the party believes itself vulnerable to attack from other Unionists, in particular Ian Paisley, if it consents to sit down with Sinn Féin if other Unionists absent themselves.

The first firm public indication of a ceasefire move yes-

terday came when Sinn Féin leaders Gerry Adams and Martin McGuinness announced that they had urged the IRA to reinstate the 1994 cessation. They said they had given the IRA a detailed report and assessment of the situation, and the IRA had assured them it would respond without delay.

Mr Adams added: "I have made it clear over the 18 months since the collapse of the peace process that I would only

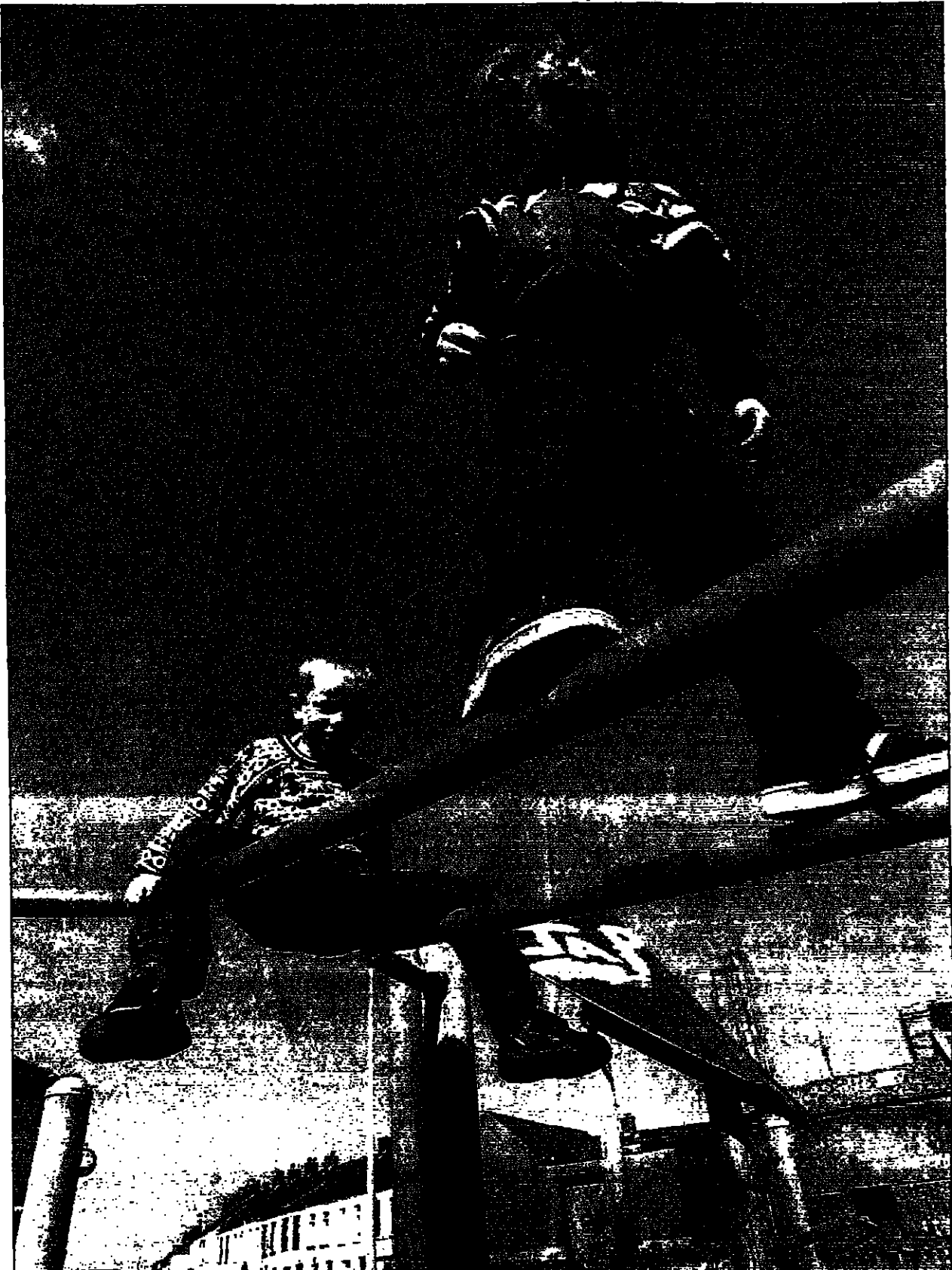
approach the IRA to restore their cessation if I was confident that their response would be positive." This was seen as the broadest of hints that a ceasefire was on the way, possibly within hours.

A previous hint had come in a joint statement from Mr Adams and the Social and Democratic Labour Party leader John Hume, the first for some time, which struck an upbeat note. The two leaders said considerable progress had been made, declaring themselves "optimistic that outstanding obstacles to inclusive negotiations in a peaceful atmosphere could be removed".

The republicans may have decided that a new political landscape has been created with the election of Mr Blair, and a new Fianna Fáil Taoiseach, Bertie Ahern, in Dublin. Both leaders are viewed as more open and receptive to the concept of a peace process than were their predecessors, John Major and John Bruton.

Jeffrey Donaldson, the Ulster Unionist MP who is also one of the leading figures in the Orange Order, said he was not entirely surprised by the move since Mr Blair had made a point of giving republicans "virtually everything they ever asked for".

Billy Hutchinson of the Progressive Unionist party, which has close links to the paramilitary UVF, welcomed the development. He said: "If the IRA are going to call a ceasefire it can only be good for this country."



Brighter outlook: Hopes were high last night that the streets of Belfast will soon be safer. Photograph: Crispin Rodwell

The university for life: Britain prepares to join the fast lane

Lucy Ward
Education Correspondent

Britain must smash through its ceiling on higher education expansion to bring in more school leavers and encourage adults to return to learning if the nation is to keep up with its economic competitors, a landmark report is expected to say next week.

The National Committee of Inquiry into Higher Education, chaired by Sir Ron Dearing, will make clear that the United Kingdom, where a third of young people at present go on to university, cannot afford to lag behind pace-setting countries such as Japan, which will soon boast one in two in every two school-leavers in higher education.

The cap on numbers imposed by the last government in 1994 because of funding constraints must be removed, the committee will say. It will not put a figure on the scale of expansion, proposing that growth should be demand-led rather than planned.

Ministers are likely to endorse the proposal, which runs counter to the last government's recommendation that there was no need for further expansion. However, the report will acknowledge that the crisis in present university funding will mean students will have to bear more of the burden of costs to permit growth.

Concern over proposals to introduce tuition fees escalated yesterday as it emerged that the Dearing report will also leave

the way open for the government to bring in means testing on student loans, which are at present available to all undergraduates to help pay living costs.

The committee is concerned that the third of undergraduates who at present do not take up the zero-interest loans would rush to do so if fees were introduced, turning the loans into a state-backed subsidy for the middle classes.

That could push the cost of loans to the Treasury up to over £2bn a year, potentially jeopardising maintenance grants for the poorest students or loans for those who really need them.

The Government might choose to reserve the money available for those on low in-

comes, who must be attracted to higher education if the committee's recommendation of expansion is to be fulfilled.

Another option open to ministers would be the abolition of the £2,500 maintenance grant, including the notional parental contribution to living costs, leaving all students to borrow to cover the full cost themselves.

It is understood that Sir Ron's committee has left enough flexibility on funding within its report to allow ministers scope to adopt their favoured approach. There are four options on funding, each offering a different permutation of maintenance and tuition payments.

The committee has recommended to ministers a system which would see all full-time stu-

dents contributing a quarter of the cost of the average degree - £1,000-plus a year at current rates - payable after graduation through long-term loans.

The committee believes tuition fees, which will be introduced from September 1999 if the government approves them, can be justified because research shows graduates benefit financially from their degree.

The current rate of return of around 10 per cent on earnings would not change dramatically even if the numbers of students expanded, according to the report. It cites evidence from Australia, which has a tuition fees scheme similar to the one being proposed, to show that fees have no significant effect on participation rates.

Leading article, page 21

QUICKLY

Beef sales rise
Fears about mad-cow disease appear to be receding. Domestic sales of beef last month were slightly above those for the same time in 1995. Page 3

Prince's marriage
The Parliamentary aide to the Lord Chancellor, said yesterday a constitutional crisis over the marriage of Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles would lead to the disestablishment of the Church. Page 5

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Kathy Marks

As half a million holidaymakers fly out of Britain this weekend, the people with the broadest smiles will have booked their trips 12 months ago, invested with a building society and bought their foreign currency in the past 10 days.

School holidays, which start in many areas today, signal the beginning of the peak holiday season. The mixed weather at home this summer, together with the strength of the pound, has prompted a rush to leave the country.

But people trying to book last-minute packages will have

a rough ride. Not only is availability limited, but one of the major tour operators, Airtours, has taken advantage of the surge in demand to increase its holiday prices for August.

Keith Beaton, of the Association of British Travel Agents, said yesterday that the situation was a vindication of the travel industry's advice to book early. "There is very little late discounting going on," he said.

Mr Beaton said that windfall pay-outs to building society customers, combined with the increase in spending power because of current exchange rates, meant an especially buoyant market this summer.

Sterling is at its strongest for years. Yesterday at Thomas Cook bureaux, a pound bought 9.83 French francs, 244.81 Spanish pesetas or 2.937 German marks.

The favourable tourist rates mean much cheaper holidays. Last summer in Corfu, for instance, a three-course meal cost the equivalent of £10.60 and a camera film £3.60; this year the corresponding prices are £8.05 and £3.

The coming week is the most popular period for summer departures. Gatwick, which is Britain's biggest holiday airport, will handle more than 322,000 people this weekend, 40,000

more than in the same period last year. France, Spain, Greece, Turkey and the US are the most popular destinations.

Heathrow expects to process about 228,000 passengers this weekend, and the regional airports will also be busy: 190,000 people will pass through Manchester, while Glasgow will handle 116,000 passengers and Birmingham 40,000. Hundreds of thousands of other travellers will flee Britain by ferry in the coming days.

British seaside resorts, meanwhile, are praying for more clement weather as the summer season begins in earnest. The heavy rainfall in June meant a

poor month for hoteliers and businesses in areas such as the West Country.

For tour operators, the unseasonable weather at home represents rich pickings. Richard Carrick, Airtours' marketing director, said: "We all applaud here when it rains. There is nothing that pleases us more than seeing Wimbledon washed out." Airtours has warned that, from August 1, prices will go up by £20 per person on unsold packages for the rest of the month. This will increase the cost of a one-week self-catering holiday in Malaga for two adults and three children from £1,245 to £1,345.

news

significant shorts

Boy left handcuffed to bed by two prison officers

An unconvicted 15-year-old boy has been handcuffed to his bed in a children's ward while undergoing treatment on an injured finger, it was revealed last night.

The Prison Service has launched an investigation into the case and the governor responsible for the youth has ordered the handcuffs to be removed. The incident is the latest in a series of cases in which inmates, including a pregnant woman and a man dying of cancer, have against prison rules been handcuffed to their beds. The 15-year-old was taken to Leicester Royal Infirmary for treatment on Wednesday about five days after being remanded in custody at Glen Parva Young Offenders Institution, in Leicestershire. He was awaiting trial on charges of theft.

The Prison Service said last night that the governor had ordered the removal of the handcuffs yesterday after learning about their use. It added that handcuffing inmates to furniture was against the clear national instructions. A person at the hospital, who did not want to be named, said the sight of the youth being handcuffed had caused considerable distress to patients and staff. **Jason Bennett**

Fish die in Sellafield chemical leak

Thousands of young fish and eels were killed by a chemical leak from British Nuclear Fuels' Sellafield plant in Cumbria yesterday.

A faulty valve allowed caustic soda solution to escape from a storage tank and flow down a drain into a stretch of the River Calder near the sea. It turned the water alkaline and killed about 1,000 juvenile salmon and sea trout, some 50 adult fish and at least 1,000 eels. British Nuclear Fuels (BNFL), which is state-owned, said it deeply regretted the incident but stressed that there was no leakage of any radioactivity. The Government's Environment Agency is investigating, and BNFL said it would co-operate with the agency in restocking the river. **Nicholas Schoon**

Airline's £100 charge for oxygen

The father of an 11-year-old boy seriously ill with cystic fibrosis yesterday criticised an airline for charging £100 to provide oxygen for his son.

Frank Macanaspie, 43, from Tilbury, Essex, is travelling to Majorca next Thursday with wife Julia, 40, and James, who is being treated at Great Ormond Street Hospital in London. He said: "We're travelling with Britannia and they have told us we can't use our own oxygen, it has to be airline oxygen. I'm a fireman and I know it costs 30 pence to charge an oxygen cylinder. They want to charge us £100 for the round trip, an hour and 30 minutes each way."

A spokesperson for Britannia said: "The carriage of any pressurised material on an aeroplane has to be certificated - you can't bring on just any bottle. We take considerable steps to make it possible for disabled people to travel with us. But, unfortunately, to cover the rising numbers requesting therapeutic oxygen it is necessary to make this charge."

Elton hits the old Brit road again

Elton John yesterday announced his first British tour for six years, which will take in Glasgow, Newcastle, Manchester, two dates in Birmingham and two in London.

On holiday in the south of France, where he is grieving for his friend the murdered fashion designer Gianni Versace, he said he was looking forward to the December tour. "I'm especially looking forward to playing British cities where I haven't performed for years," he said. His last performance in Britain was at London's Royal Albert Hall in 1994, when he was accompanied only by a percussionist.

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Pirate radio ship back on air

A pirate radio station came back on air today - 30 years after being forced to stop broadcasting from the North Sea.

"Wonderful Radio London", otherwise known as the "Big L", broadcasting from a converted Second World War minesweeper off the Essex coast, went on air in 1964 and boasted 16 million listeners in Britain and Europe. To mark the 30th anniversary of its closure by the government in 1967, promoter Ray Anderson has resumed broadcasts for 28 days, although this time the station has a temporary licence. Original DJs such as Ed "Stewpot" Stewart will be re-creating their shows from the Sixties. It will broadcast on 1134 kHz medium wave from The Yeoman Rose ship and will have a range of about 50 miles covering East Anglia and Essex.

Greenpeace step up Atlantic action

Environmental campaigners yesterday stepped up action against the oil industry in a battle to protect coral systems in the North Atlantic frontier.

A Greenpeace vessel - 400 miles from Rockall - launched two inflatable, each towing an oil barrel. The seismic vessel *Atlantic Explorer* carries air guns which send out high decibel explosions to survey the sea bed and the inflatables navigated the testing apparatus and attached one of the rattling barrels directly to a gun and another to a streamer buoy. The action took place as campaigners brought occupation of Rockall into its 38th day. The area, known as tranche 52, is licensed to Conoco.

Greenpeace claims the Government's granting of licences for oil exploration and licensing is unlawful and that ministers are failing to protect the reef.

Heroin book set for children's TV

An award-winning novel for teenagers about heroin addiction and death is to be filmed for schools' television by the same company that makes ITV's *Byker Grove*. Exclusive film and television rights to the controversial Carnegie Medal winner *Junk* - described as a junior *Training Potting* - have been secured by Zenith North, the company announced yesterday.

Melvin Burgess's hard-hitting book tells the love story of two 14-year-olds as they spiral into heroin addiction and prostitution. Accepting his prize on Wednesday this week, Burgess hit out at "brooding parents and fundamentalists" who tried to restrict the subject matter of children's literature. Zenith North has already received expressions of interest from BBC Schools Drama and Channel 4. Peter Murphy, director of children's and family

people



Art imitates life? A model in William Tang's show yesterday (Photograph: Reuters)

Designer shocks Hong Kong with needles on the catwalk

William Tang, a Hong Kong fashion designer, yesterday provoked outcry over his latest collection, as models with hypodermic syringes protruding from their clothing strutted down the catwalk during the former British colony's annual Fashion Week.

Faced with a barrage of criticism, designer explained the use of the needles, saying: "They are merely witty accessories that depict the real Hong Kong. I am not promoting or glorifying drugs. If you look closely you see the bodies of the models are deformed. I am making a statement that this is a deformed society."

"Not everyone was convinced of his motives. Francesca Fearon, a fashion writer who has worked in the Far East, said: 'It seems this is a big publicity stunt. Hong Kong designers often need a surprise element in their shows to be remembered by, as they are facing stiff competition from Western designers.'"

Tang is a young gun in Hong Kong. He has a good local business but does struggle from time to time like all Hong Kong designers he's up against a local clientele which prefers Versace and Chanel."

Tang, who trained at the London College of Fashion and worked on a freelance basis in Britain for a

short time, draws his inspiration from street dwellers and the gangster underworld. He often incorporates a touch of his designs in Paris, where he used to own a shop. He designed a ball gown made of Chinese newspapers.

Ma Fungo said: "He's the late Franco Moschino of the Chinese. He likes to poke fun at himself and put a touch of his own life into his work."

Tang is the latest in a long line of designers, like Alexander McQueen, who have sought to inject shock value into their work. In a Parisian medical school this month, McQueen decorated the walls with dead animals and plaster casts of hands. His early collections caused outcry because of the models' similarity to crash victims. When Givenchy hired him as his head designer, publicity was guaranteed.

But the use of "drug chic" and gaudy models has come under fire recently. Gianni Versace said in one of his last interviews that the time had come to rediscover beauty and decorum.

US President Bill Clinton criticised the fashion industry earlier this year for promoting heroin. "It is wrong to glorify addiction to self clothes," he said.

Alexandra Williams



Dropped: Ryan Gigg



Selected: Robbie Fowler

Fowler plays substitute for Gigg

The Liverpool footballer Robbie Fowler has replaced Manchester United's Ryan Gigg, not on the football field but on the boards of Liverpool Playhouse.

The two have swapped shirts, as it were, in a new play that was originally to have been entitled *I'm Marrying Ryan Gigg*.

But the curly-haired young winger has been dropped for the play's first outing because of worries about the away crowd.

The play opens at Liverpool Playhouse in two weeks and it has occurred to its producers that the entrenched Scouse antipathy towards Manchester United could affect its takings.

The comedy has been renamed *I'm Marrying Robbie Fowler* and all references to United have been replaced with Liverpool.

Once its run in Liverpool is finished the play will revert to its

original title when it tours the rest of the country - which is where most Manchester United fans are believed to live.

The plot centres on the Ball family, where mum supports the Reds and dad is an Evertonian.

Their daughter Dido - named after record-breaking Everton centre forward Dido Dean - tries to keep the peace by supporting both sides. But the rift deepens and the family eventually paint one side of their house red and the other blue.

A theatre spokeswoman said: "The playwrights are Manchester United fans, but no one in Liverpool would have come to see it if it was about United."

"The real Robbie Fowler finds it all really funny and he's going to come and see it."

The play opens on 1 August.

Paul McCann

Versace's ashes returned to Italy

The ashes of murdered fashion designer Gianni Versace were returned to Italy yesterday, ahead of a private family funeral near the peaceful home on Lake Como he loved so much.

Reporters at Versace's residence in the lakeside village of Moltrasio saw two black limousines carrying Versace's sister, Donatella, and brother, Santo, sweep through the gates and disappear down the drive soon after they arrived from Miami.

A private plane carrying the family and an urn containing the ashes, landed in the nearby town of Bergamo, to avoid crowds of waiting media in Milan.

A helicopter then whisked them to Como, where the jet-setting designer had an 18th century neo-classical villa he used as a retreat. His family was expected to hold a service during the weekend near the three-storey villa.

Reporters saw two private security guards at the village cemetery, where the family had expressed a wish for Versace to be laid to rest, and the chapel was being cleared. A memorial mass was planned in the enormous Roman Catholic cathedral in Milan, Italy's fashion capital, early next week.

Police were still trying to track down Andrew Cunanan, a 27-year-old homosexual prostitute and alleged serial killer whom they describe as their only suspect in Versace's murder.

Reuters, Moltrasio

briefing

SOCIETY

The grey pound: a force to be reckoned with

Over-50s in Britain are now among the most affluent members of society, with more disposable income than most young people, according to a survey published yesterday.

Saga Services, which specialises in insurance and financial services for the over-50s, senior citizens are having a huge impact economically, as they have the means and the will to spend.

Phil Loney of Saga said: "More people are now retiring with either a private or occupational pension and there is also a cascade of wealth coming down through the generations as property is passed down. The post-war trend for owning your own property means much of this property is now being inherited by people aged 50 and over."

The survey showed that 75 per cent were spending significant sums of money on holidays each year. The second most popular area of expenditure was motoring, followed by home improvements.

Mr Loney added: "As far as finances go, 88 per cent of over-50s were planning their financial futures themselves. Most of them have been saving for the past 30 or 40 years. They are a group of people who have lived through a financial revolution with the introduction of Peps, Tesas and pensions. They are quite familiar with these and happy to make their own decisions."

INDUSTRY

Cheeky builders face the sack

Wolf-whistling labourers wearing their trousers at half-mast will be ordered off building sites throughout Britain under the Considerate Constructors Scheme, launched yesterday.

The building industry is determined to rid itself of workers who tarnish its image, said Don Ward, chief executive of the Construction Industry Board. "Construction has got a major image problem which stops us recruiting good people, men and women to the business," he added.

"The image comes from wolf-whistling and 'builders' bum'. It would not be tolerated by any other industry, so why should it be tolerated in construction?"

Employers signing up to the scheme, launched in Edinburgh, will expect labourers to clean up their image by wearing shirts and well-fitting trousers or overalls. Sloppy dress or lewd behaviour could mean being ordered off the site.

Sites will also be judged on their appearance and consideration for neighbours by limiting early morning noise and unnecessary mess.

Some large companies, such as Costain Construction, have signed up to the scheme already, but Mr Ward admitted it was likely to be several years before every firm participates.



JUSTICE

Court fee exemptions reviewed

More people claiming certain state benefits may be granted exemption from the controversial system of increased court fees. The Government signalled the move last night, in the wake of Monday's heated House of Lords debate on the issue.

Geoff Hoon, parliamentary secretary at the Lord Chancellor's Department, told David Lock, Labour MP for Wyre Forest, in a parliamentary answer, that automatic exemption from the fees was being considered for people on jobseekers' allowance, family credit and disability working allowance.

At present, these categories of litigants can apply for fee remissions but some drop their cases because of the delay and uncertainty about whether their applications will be approved.

Vicki Chapman, policy officer for the Legal Action Group which has campaigned against the higher fees, said: "Such a move would end delay and uncertainty and may save the court service money since remission is probably granted in the majority of cases anyway and would save court staff having to process applications."

Patricia Wynn Davies

HOLOCAUST

Swiss account details on Internet

Details of bank accounts that have remained dormant in Switzerland since the Holocaust are to be published on the Internet.

The Swiss Bankers Association has agreed to join forces with the Holocaust Educational Trust and accountants Ernst & Young to publish the names of the accounts held by non-Swiss nationals in the country's banks before 1945, which have not been used since.

The aim is to see if relatives of previous account owners can be traced and the money in the accounts claimed.

The HET will conduct searches on behalf of people who do not have access to the Internet via a special telephone helpline.

Account details will go live on 23 July. It will be the first of two parts, the second of which will be published on 28 October. The Internet address that the information will appear on has not yet been finalised.

A helpline, on 0171 222-5115, will be open from 10am to 5pm daily.

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3

Cricket's striking scorers refuse to cross new boundaries

Kim Sengupta

It was a typical summer's day of English county cricket, a match at Guildford between Surrey and Hampshire — flowing strokes on a good wicket and 2,000 people shivering in the biting wind when not dashing for shelter from the rain.

But the appearance of normality was deceptive. There are mutterings about management arrogance, warnings of strikes and confrontations, and the threat that the entire nine-match programme of Sunday League games planned for 31 August could be lost. English county cricket is facing the first prospect of industrial action in its 130-year history and the unlikely militants are — the scorers.

They have been regarded as unassuming men content to play their part in a sport they love. But now it is felt they have been taken for granted too long. The Association of County Scorers, comprising 36 members representing first- and second-team scorers of the 18 counties, was formed in 1993 to raise their profile and get a more equitable deal from the England and Wales Cricket Board.

The trigger for the summer of discontent is primarily about the appointment of a non-member of the



association, Malcolm Ashton, as scorer for the next England overseas trip, the third consecutive one since he was appointed on the recommendation of Raymond Illingworth. There is also anger that financial benefits from the new ball-by-ball scoring system available to Cefax subscribers have not accrued to scorers. The dispute has brought their work into focus. In the 1800s scores were recorded by whistle marks on sticks. Then scores were kept on cred-



Different strokes: Bill Frindall (left), the BBC scorer, shows the old way, while at Guildford, hi-tech rules

Photographs: Allsport, John Voos

it and debit ledgers. Now scorers at first-class games have to be computer literate and have a knowledge of statistics, as well as knowing every rule of the game, and possessing an encyclopaedic knowledge of personalities and their achievements.

At Guildford yesterday the Surrey scorer, Keith Booth, looked very much a traditional figure in his Surrey blazer and tie. But that was the only link with the village-green end of cricket. While he tallied up the

score with his right hand, the left was operating a state-of-the-art computer. In between, he contacted staff at the other end of the ground operating the scoreboard on a mobile phone, and fielded inquiries from various parties on a land line.

Mr Booth, 54, retired early from a post in university administration. He said: "All the scorers in the counties are retired, or semi-retired. The only former player is Mike Smith at Middlesex. "We certainly do not do this

for the money. We get a notional salary: I get £6,300 for the summer, plus a little bit more for the Test matches and one-day internationals.

"There is certainly a feeling that the work we do is simply not appreciated by the cricket establishment. It's getting more and more complex: the computers were introduced five years ago but the software simply was not adequate. It has taken us all this time to get adjusted to it. We have now got to cope with the Duckworth-

Lewis method which calculates targets at rain-affected matches. All the training we got for this was a half-day seminar at Lord's.

"In the past there was a feeling that we did not want to rock the boat. But there is a lot of anger and resentment about the way the ECB are running roughshod over us, and annoyance about the way Malcolm Ashton was appointed and the way this was announced by the ECB. In a way it's an example of their attitude towards us."

Wounded gorilla teaches thief a lesson in jungle law

Mary Braid
Johannesburg

In the crime wave engulfing South Africa nothing is sacred and, yesterday, "the gorilla got it" in a shoot-out at Johannesburg Zoo.

In a city where car hijacks and armed robbery have become a daily fact of life, even Max, a 190kg primate, cannot take his security for granted. The gorilla was chilling out with his girlfriend Lisa yesterday morning when an armed robber leapt into their zoo enclosure.

The intruder was hotly pursued by four pistol-toting police officers who had chased him from a luxury home in the wealthy suburb of Saxonwold, adjacent to the zoo, after responding to a reported break-in.

The hapless criminal crossed a safety moat and met with Max — in a last desperate attempt to evade arrest. But the



Shot: Max being rushed to X-ray yesterday Photograph: AP

second trespasser of the day was the more ill-advised.

In a first that delighted an army of human crime-victims, the tables turned: it was the rob-

ber who shot Max in the face but, despite his wounds, the furious gorilla just kept on coming.

According to Mark Reynolds, a police inspector, the robber was only saved by the "heroic actions" of the officers, two of whom were mauled by the gorilla. Max, eventually subdued by tranquilliser darts, underwent surgery to remove bullets from his jaw. He was given a clean bill of health last night and returned home to Lisa. The robber, shot by officers in the thigh, was in hospital, and two policemen were being treated for gorilla bites to their arms and buttocks.

"Max was probably trying to protect Lisa," explained Jacqui Thompson, spokeswoman for the zoo. Ms Thompson was as appalled as any victim's friend could be. "It's just terrible," she said of Max's injuries. "Our reaction is shock, disbelief, horror, anger."

No second helping for McDonald's Beef goes back on dinner table

Patricia Wynn Davies
Legal Affairs Editor

McDonald's, the fast-food giant, has in effect conceded that the campaign against its products, practices and corporate philosophy is unstoppable.

Despite winning a not insubstantial part of an epic libel battle against Dave Morris and Helen Steel last month, the corporation has not applied for an injunction to prevent further dissemination of the "What's Wrong With McDonald's" fact-sheet that sparked the £10m 314-day trial, the longest in English legal history. The deadline for an injunction application expired on Thursday night.

The latest version of the leaflet, first published in 1986 and since distributed worldwide, accuses the corporation of "promoting unhealthy food, exploiting workers, robbing the poor, damaging the environment, murdering animals and attempted censorship".

Ms Steel, 31, said: "... they are accepting that they cannot stop distribution of the leaflet." A McDonald's spokesman said that "it was our intention to bring the action in order to establish that the allegations were untrue. That has been achieved."



Global arch: The famous logo of the fast-food giant

But the judge did rule that Mr Morris and Ms Steel had proved that the corporation was "culpably responsible" for cruel practices towards animals, had exploited children in its advertising, and paid low wages that helped depress pay for other catering workers.

Mr Morris, 43, and Ms Steel are working on an appeal against the parts of the judgment that went against them; that the leaflet's wording meant that McDonald's had been wrongly accused of causing starvation in the Third World, destroying vast areas of central American rainforest, and serving unhealthy food that caused a real risk of cancer, heart disease and food poisoning.

Charles Arthur
Science Editor

People's fears about the risks of catching "mad-cow disease" from eating beef appear to be receding. Domestic sales of beef last month were slightly above those for the same time in 1995 — the first time that has happened since consumer confidence in beef slumped in autumn 1995.

The Meat and Livestock Commission (MLC), an industry group, said the figures show "a huge vote of confidence" by consumers.

The figures, covering both fresh and frozen beef, were boosted by the decision during June of the fast-food chains Burger King and McDonald's and schools to start using British beef again.

The chains stopped using it in March 1996, shortly after the Government announced that a new form of the fatal brain disorder, Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease (CJD), was probably linked to exposure to bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE) — almost certainly through eating infected food.

So far, 19 Britons have been diagnosed as having the "new variant" CJD, and scientists

have been gathering evidence that the two have a direct link. Beef sales started falling in autumn 1995, when fears about BSE in food escalated after a former government medical adviser said he would not eat beef.

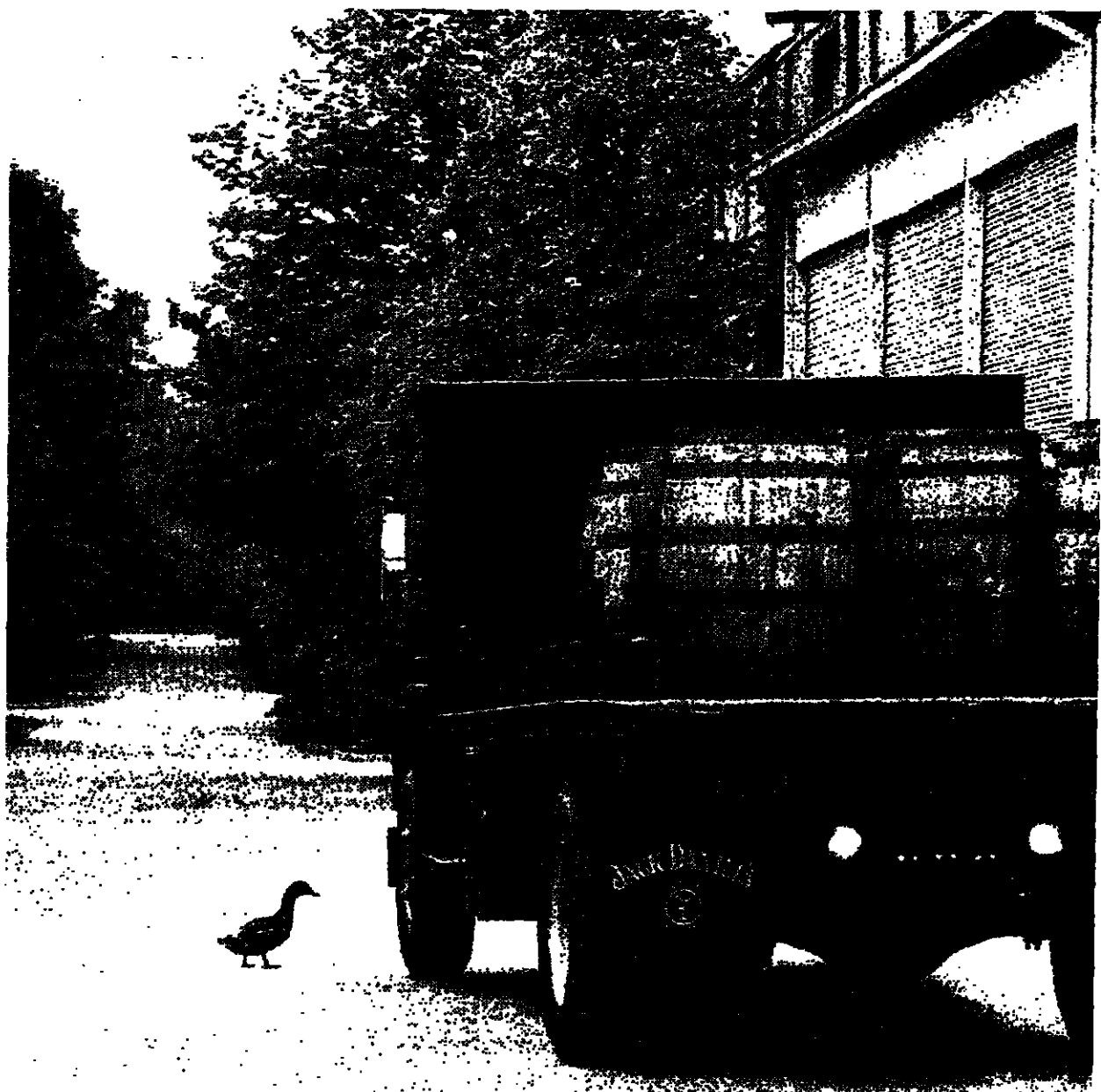
Soon after the March announcement, overall beef sales fell by a third. But they proved remarkably quick to recover: in May 1996 they were running at 94 per cent of the 1995 levels.

Yesterday's figures were 0.6 per cent up on June 1995. Supermarkets also reported a rise in sales.

Sainsbury's said sales figures had risen over the past couple of months and were now five to seven per cent up on pre-BSE levels.

"Sales went up quite quickly after the initial slump to about 75 per cent of pre-crisis levels," said a spokeswoman.

"They were running at about 90 per cent for a while, now they seem to have exceeded levels before the BSE crisis hit. "I suppose it could be because people are stocking up for barbecues, even though the weather in June was certainly not very suitable for eating outdoors."



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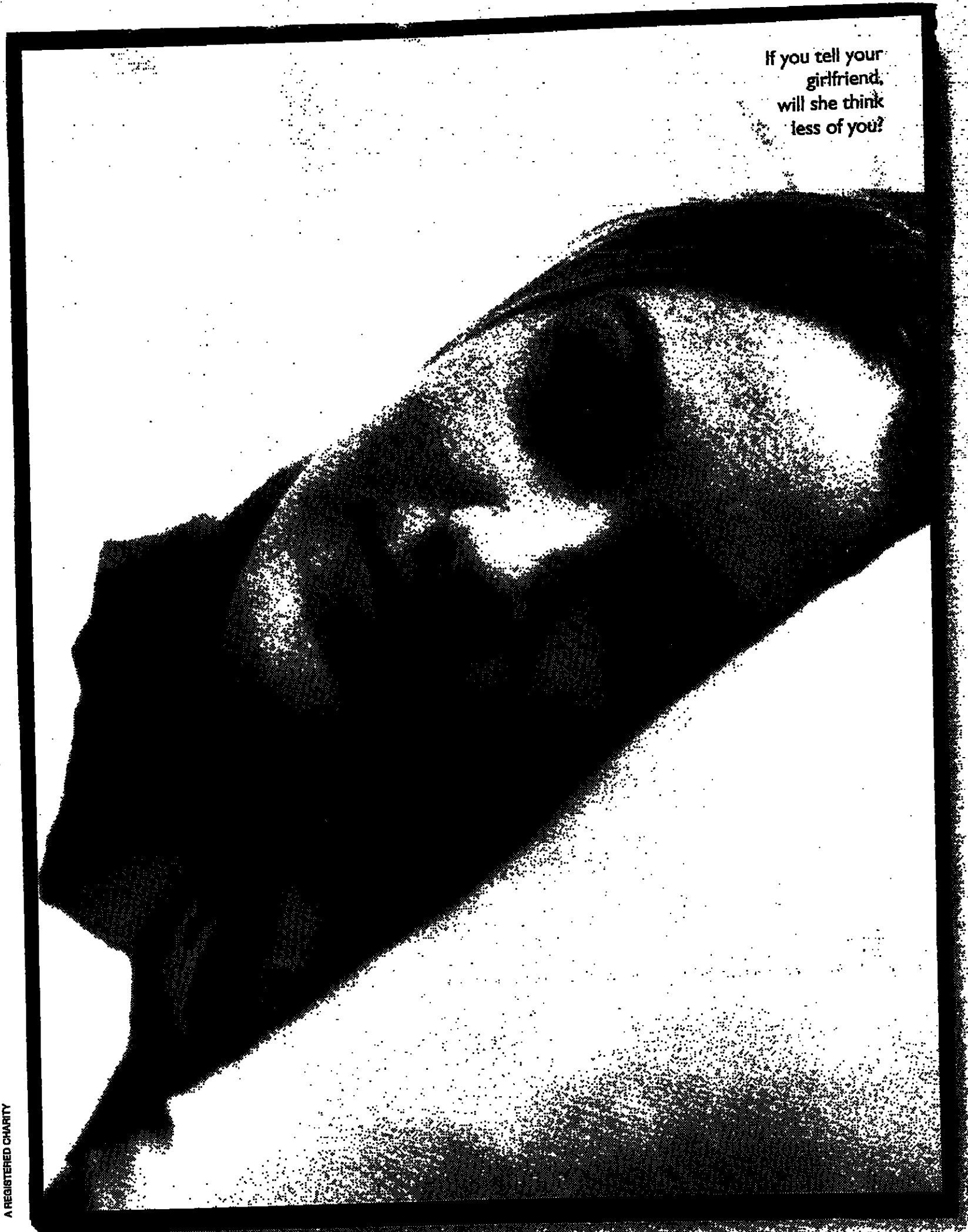
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SOMETIMES
IT'S EASIER
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDWARD BYKES



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will she think
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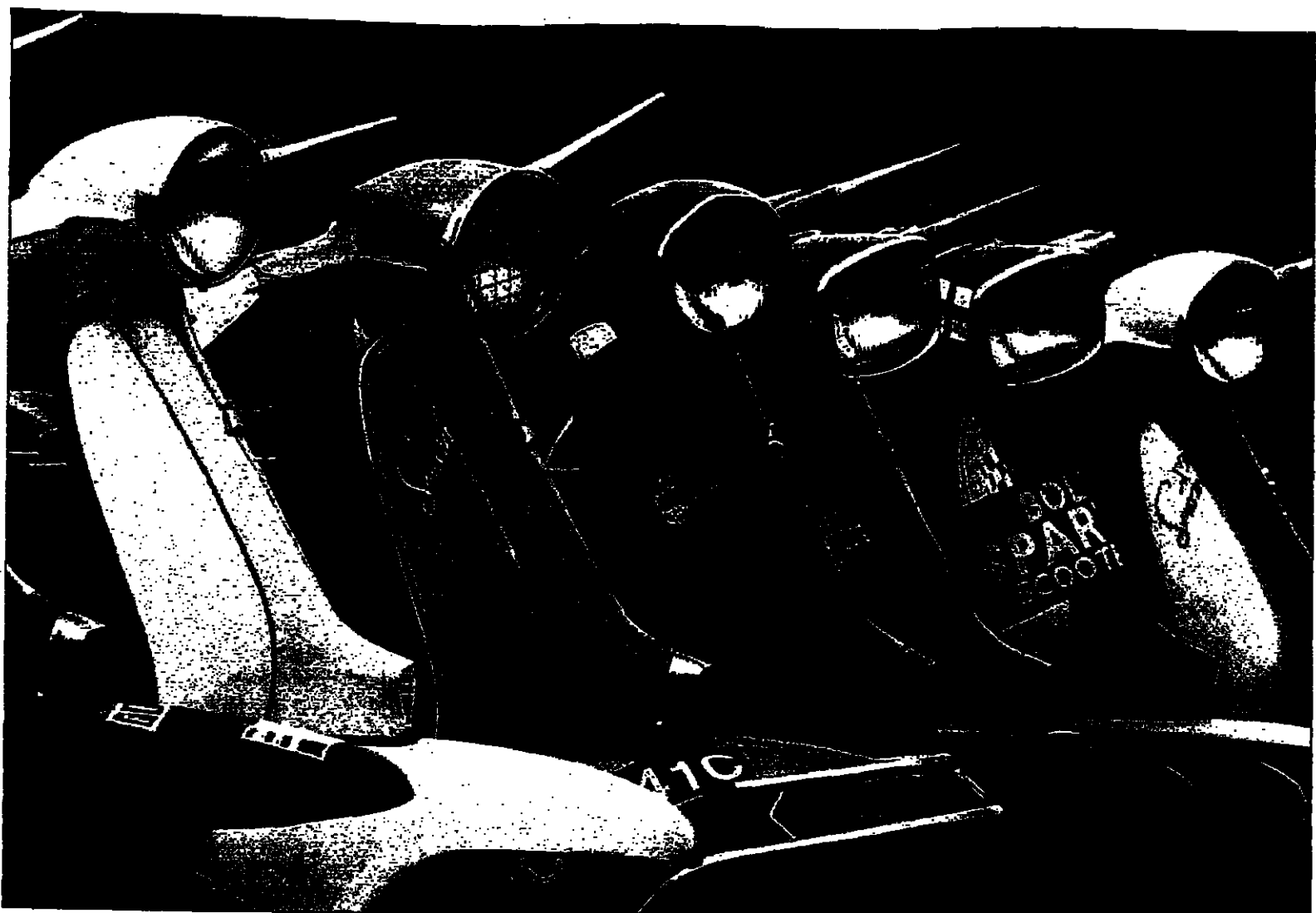
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Wheel nostalgia: Six of the 1,500 scooters at a Lambretta club meeting in Kettering, Northamptonshire, this weekend Photograph: Brian Harris

Family prepared to exhume body to solve 11-year-old murder riddle

Michael Streeter

The tragic saga of Edward "Ebby" Walsh, an Irishman stabbed to death in west London, is as complex, convoluted and controversial as any Inspector Morse inquiry.

It is a mysterious story of murder, the alleged disappearance of the victim's body and claims of a cover-up – and his family have been fighting for 11 years to discover just what happened in the hours and days after his death in Notting Hill.

Yesterday, however, their campaign received a major setback when the Home Office ruled out an inquiry. Officials in London have told counterparts in Ireland, where Walsh was born and supposedly buried,

that no investigation could be justified after such a long period and with no "fresh" evidence.

Now, without any immediate prospect of a formal inquiry, the family are unable to afford the £50,000 cost of an exhumation – though such a course seems the only way to solve the riddle.

The dead man's brother, Raymond, who has led the campaign, said: "The response of the Home Office is unacceptable. After 11 years we still don't know the truth of what happened to my brother."

He points to a catalogue of blunders, discrepancies and missing evidence surrounding Ebby's death in December 1985 at a late-night cards game. This culminated in fears that the body they received for burial in

the family plot at Rahoon, County Galway, in early 1986 was that of another man.

The family have been unable to get hold of records of the subsequent Old Bailey murder trial – when a fellow card-player was acquitted – including statements supposedly identifying the body by police, officials and other witnesses.

There are even doubts over the exact date of his death, who accompanied him to hospital and whether he was dead on arrival. A second post-mortem examination was recorded as taking place on 8 February 1986 – the day after the body was assumed to be that of Walsh was taken to Ireland.

Raymond Walsh said yesterday that exhuming their brother's

body may be the best course of action – it had been suggested at the burial that they should not open the coffin because the corpse had decomposed badly. No Irish doctor would examine the body.

After his brother's death, Mr Walsh was only allowed to view the body from a distance and could only see the nose; he has always maintained that he refused to identify the corpse as that of his brother. Statements to this effect are among those he has been unable to trace.

Three years ago an Irish pathologist examined a post-mortem photograph and one taken of Walsh a month before his death; he said that they bore little likeness to each other. Such details have persuaded

Mr Walsh to keep fighting to find out what happened to his brother, whom he described as an "ordinary" man from an "ordinary, law-abiding family".

"We had hoped that the Labour Government might have a more honest approach, but it's just the same old passing of the buck," Mr Walsh said.

Labour MP Tony Benn, who last year called for a public inquiry into the case, yesterday described the Home Office response as "unsatisfactory" and said that he would be speaking to the Irish authorities and Raymond Walsh.

A Home Office spokeswoman expressed sympathy for the family but said that exhumation was a matter for the Irish authorities.

Marriage of Charles poses risk to church

Colin Brown
Chief Political Correspondent

The Parliamentary aide to Lord Irvine, the Lord Chancellor, yesterday said a constitutional crisis over the marriage of Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles would lead to the disestablishment of the Church.

The warning by Tony Wright, a Parliamentary private secretary, will be seen as part of the softening up exercise for the public to accept the eventual marriage between the Prince and his mistress, in spite of the denials by Downing Street and the Palace that it is contemplated.

The controversy over the marriage is likely to strengthen the opinion among some MPs that the Government's constitutional reforms should include cutting the links between the Church and the State.

The establishment of the Church of England requires the Heir to the Throne to be the head of the Church, and also guarantees the Church of England bishops their own bench in the House of Lords, but denies a constitutional right of representation to other faiths, including the Catholic Church, although the Chief Rabbi and the Roman Catholic Archbishop have seats.

Dr Wright, a modernising Labour MP, said it was laughable for the Church to complain about Prince Charles failing to provide a proper role model.

"Since the Church of England was created to solve Henry VIII's marriage problems four centuries ago we have had a whole train of disreputable and dissolute monarchs, and this didn't seem to pose a problem for the Church," Dr Wright said on BBC radio. "Suddenly we have got Charles wanting to marry Camilla and the sky is going to fall in. It's an absolute nonsense."

He said the Church of England could either have a supreme governor who could manage his own life, or be told by the established church he



Charm offensive: Supporting Camilla Photograph: Reuters

could not. "In which case we shall have a constitutional crisis and it will end in disestablishment."

It follows the attack on Prince Charles as an "admitted adulterer" – perhaps unrepentant – by his own local vicar, Fr John Hawthorne, vicar of St Mary the Virgin, Teitbury, which includes Highgrove, the prince's country residence.

Fr Hawthorne said: "If the Prince continues to have an adulterous relationship or if he marries than I cannot see how he can be Defender of the Faith of a Church whose laws, whose rules and teachings, he so obviously rejects."

The prince has met a string of Cabinet ministers in the past week, and is due to see Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, on Monday, in a series of meetings

which were ostensibly to discuss the contribution the Prince's Trust could play in the Government's welfare to work plans. But they have also been seen as a first step to gaining Tony Blair's support for the marriage. The Prime Minister's sanction would be crucial but the Prince's friends believe it is essential first to have the support of the public.

Last night's party at Highgrove, thrown by the prince to celebrate Mrs Parker Bowles' 50th birthday, was part of the charm offensive to overcome the public hostility over the replacement of Princess Diana.

The Prince has made it clear that he will not give up Mrs Parker Bowles and he has been seeking advice from confidants on how to introduce her to a wider public.

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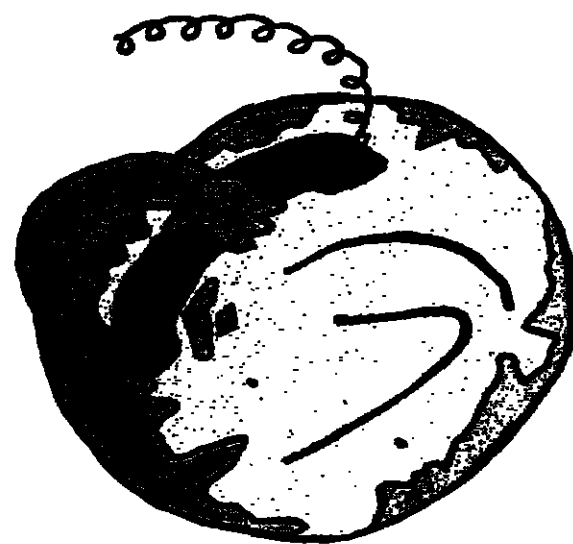
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the road to Ulster peace

How Blair cleared the clouds of mistrust

Pragmatism and an act of faith has brought ceasefire closer

David McKittrick
Ireland Correspondent

On a visit to Belfast late last year, Tony Blair, as Leader of the Opposition, spelt out the question which will assume central importance following a new IRA cessation.

He set out the issue like this: "When the IRA ceasefire was called originally, we all took this as firm evidence that there was a real desire on the part of Sinn Féin to put the past behind it. "When it ended, renewed violence did not just cause dismay. It caused fundamental doubts about the desire for peace. All the way through this process people ask this question - is participation in the peace process a tactic in an otherwise unbroken armed conflict, or is it a genuine search for a new way forward? If it is the latter, then the door is open - but only if it is the latter."

Since coming to power Mr Blair has addressed the various issues pointed to by Sinn Féin as obstacles in the way of a new cessation in a methodical, almost mechanistic way. Republicans had said a number of issues had to be addressed before another cessation was possible.

They had to be sure, it was said, that Sinn Féin would be admitted to negotiations if a



Grieving relatives at the funeral in Craigavon, Co Armagh, yesterday of Bernadette Martin, the Catholic teenager shot dead while sleeping at her Protestant boyfriend's house. The funeral comes on the day the IRA was set to renew the ceasefire broken 17 months ago by Docklands bomb (left) and by further attacks such as that on Enniskillen (right)



ceasefire were called. They had to be confident that the de-commissioning issue would not be raised to block their entry. They also had to be confident that it could not be used further down the line, either by the British government or Unionist parties, to have them ejected from talks. They also asked for a time-

table to be laid out for negotiations, apparently to ensure that discussions could not be spun out forever. In addition, they wanted the Government to move on "confidence-building" measures, which principally seemed to mean movement on the treatment and possible release of republican prisoners.

These were exactly the same terms which republicans had put to John Major, via SDLP leader John Hume, in the latter half of last year. But in his response, in November last, Mr Major showed himself disinclined to meet the republican demands. Within weeks of Labour's election victory, Mr Blair made

clear that he wished both to speed up the previously leisurely pace of political talks and explore the possibilities for a new ceasefire. His first move was to sanction meetings between government officials and Sinn Féin. In the weeks that followed, he made a number of important moves which in effect met re-

publican concerns. Mr Blair set down a timetable for talks, establishing next March as his goal for agreement. This took almost everyone by surprise, first because he had so readily adopted the Sinn Féin suggestion, and second because the deadline was such an ambitious one.

The British and Irish governments laid down the law on the weapons issue, making it plain that despite Unionist protests that prior de-commissioning would not be insisted on, and that de-commissioning would be in parallel with negotiations. This was denounced by the Rev Ian Paisley and strenuously opposed by David Trimble's Ulster Unionist Party, but yesterday London and Dublin made clear that they did not intend to alter their stance in any important regard.

The Unionists and other parties will have the opportunity in next week's inter-party talks to debate de-commissioning over three days, beginning on Mon-

day. The crunch comes on Wednesday when they vote. At that point Mr Trimble may face the choice of remaining in the talks to sit across the table from Sinn Féin, or of walking out. This would leave Sinn Féin at the talks table while the majority Unionist community's representatives would be absent. Some in his party would not countenance meeting Sinn Féin; but many others fear the prospect of excluding themselves from negotiations.

Mr Blair's moves to meet Sinn Féin's demands were not made against a tranquil background. The IRA maintained an undeclared suspension of violence during the spring elections, but returned to sporadic violence which culminated in the killing of two police officers in Lurgan, Co Armagh in mid June. Each violent incident was followed by calls from Unionists and others for an end to the contacts, but the Government withstood such pressures.

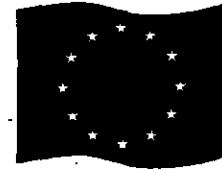
Doing so appeared to be a mixture of acts of faith and pragmatism. The calculation seems to have been that at worst Sinn Féin's pre-conditions would be stripped away, leaving the republicans exposed as bluffers; or it might actually work, with a return to the 1994 cessation.

To most observers, this policy seemed logical enough, yet the speed of last night's developments took almost everyone by surprise. The events of the marching season, while not as disastrous as last year's, were nonetheless disruptive both between the two communities and in terms of the Government's relations with nationalists.

It now seems that the IRA judges that Tony Blair will handle Ceasefire Mark II very differently from John Major's treatment of ceasefire Mark I. That ended in tears; the question now is whether all sides have learnt enough lessons to make mark two a more successful and long-lived venture.

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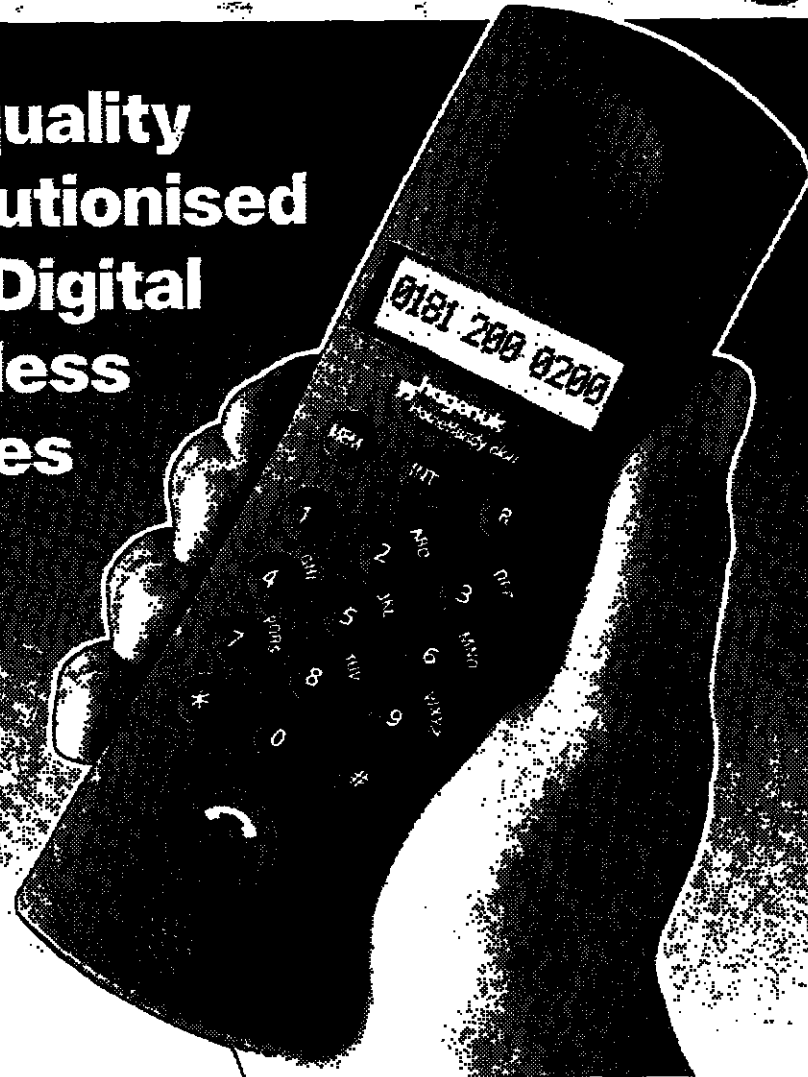
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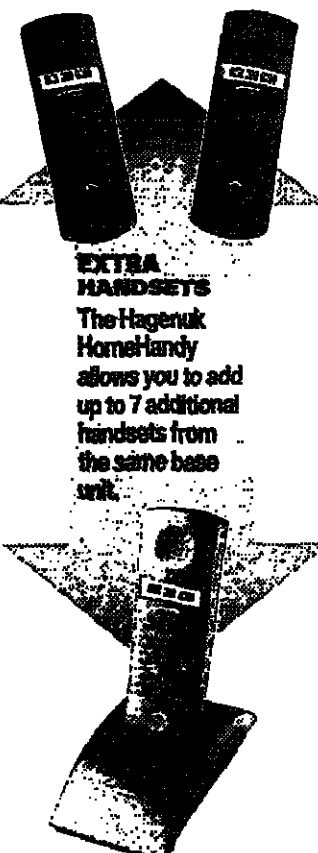
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Sinn Féin talks were key to renewed peace

Colin Brown
Chief Political Correspondent

On her appointment as Secretary of State, Ms Mowlem mounted a charm offensive in Ulster, where people from both communities found it refreshing to have a warm-hearted woman, with a hands-on approach, instead of the aloof image of her predecessor, Sir Patrick Mayhew.

But it was clear the policy essentials were driven from Downing Street. Within 17 days of winning power, "Tony Blair acted to break the deadlock in the peace process inherited from John Major. He offered talks between government officials and Sinn Féin before a new IRA ceasefire, ending the ban imposed by his predecessor.

Mr Blair went to Ulster on 16 May to give Sinn Féin a last-chance offer: "My message ... is clear. The settlement train is leaving. I want you on that train. But it is leaving anyway, and I will not allow it to wait for you." He coupled this with an assurance to Unionists that he did not believe there would be

a united Ireland in his lifetime, nor in the lifetime of the youngest person in the room.

Mr Blair also benefited from a better relationship with President Bill Clinton than Mr Major had. White House pressure on Sinn Féin may have proved crucial in bringing about the ceasefire. The turning-point came with the IRA killing of two policemen in Lurgan on 16 June. Mr Blair used a poignant letter from a little girl to hammer home to Americans the desire for peace, when he met Mr Clinton at the Denver G-7 summit on 22 June.

On 25 June Mr Blair made his Commons statement setting out terms for allowing Sinn Féin into cross-party talks after a renewed ceasefire. It was coupled with the British and Irish governments' *aide-memoire*. For the first time, he set out a clear timetable that was not open-ended. It was intended to put pressure on Sinn Féin. The big change was that Sinn Féin would no longer have an open-ended delay before they could be brought into the talks. Mr Blair assured them they could

be brought in within six weeks of a truce. Two meetings between officials and Sinn Féin were cancelled by Mr Blair after the Lurgan killings, but contacts continued.

While Ms Mowlem was engaged in the day-to-day business of trying to keep all sides on track for the all-party talks, Ulster entered the marching season. Ms Mowlem became engaged in a fire-fighting exercise, meeting residents of a road in the town of Portadown where Orangemen were due to march again. The decision to allow them to march was followed by rioting, made worse when opinion papers were leaked, suggesting the decision had been taken three weeks before.

Drumcree was a disaster but Ms Mowlem kept up secret contacts with Sinn Féin, as the Ulstermen pulled back from the brink by calling off a weekend of marches where trouble was expected. It was rumoured she was out of favour with Number Ten but Mr Blair made clear she had his confidence. Last night's announcements will have justified him in his faith.

Death and terror tactics heralded by bomb blast

Steve Boggan and Louise Jury

The last IRA ceasefire, which had fostered 17 months of peace and hope on the streets of Ulster, ended at 7.02pm on 9 February last year when terrorists detonated a huge bomb in London's Docklands.

Two died in that blast and the deaths, bombings and tit-for-tat murders have continued unabated. The latest killing happened on Wednesday when a loyalist gunman shot 18-year-old Catholic Bernadette Martin she slept.

In between, the tension has twice been brought to boiling point by the insistence of Orangemen that they be allowed to parade through streets now peopled by Catholics.

For two years running, the intransigence of both sides has been played out on the streets of the small town of Drumcree. In July 1996, there was violence and rioting after the Royal Ulster Constabulary allowed the

Orangemen to march. This year saw the worst scenes of disorder in the province for years when the Orangemen were again allowed to march.

Immediately after the Docklands bombing, which caused an estimated £400m in damage, it became obvious that IRA sleepers had been preparing for some time for the ceasefire to fail. One of them, Ed O'Brien, 21, died when the semtex bomb he was carrying went off on a bus in Aldwych, central London.

The following month, terror tactics in the capital continued when two bombs underneath Hammersmith bridge failed to go off. Four weeks later, a small device was detonated in an empty house in Earl's Court, west London. In June, a huge bomb devastated Manchester's Arndale Centre. More than 200 people were injured.

In July 1996, an IRA cell was thwarted in its attempts to reduce London to chaos by bombing strategically important electricity sub-stations in and

around the capital. On 13 July 1996, violence resumed in Northern Ireland when a huge car bomb devastated a hotel in Enniskillen, injuring 17. After a brief lull, the violence continued in October when two car bombs went off at Thiepval Barracks in Lisburn, the army's Northern Ireland headquarters. One soldier died and 31 people were injured.

The spiral of violence continued this year. In February Lance Bombardier Stephen Restorick was shot dead at a checkpoint. In March, two bombs were set off at Wilmslow railway station in Greater Manchester at the start of a campaign of massive disruption on motorways and railways, culminating in the abandonment of the Grand National after a coded bomb warning.

The shootings, and the discovery of a 1,000lb bomb in west Belfast earlier in the month, led many to believe the IRA was planning to escalate its campaign, not wind it down.

50 من الاربعة

Nepali boy faces a life alone as 'father' goes to France

Alexandra Williams

The businessman who successfully battled for seven years to keep a Nepalese boy in Britain is leaving the country.

Richard Morley has been struck by tuberculosis and is to stay with a friend in a luxury villa in Saint Tropez until he recovers.

Mr Morley, 43, is having to sell his castle in the Forest of Dean and has no plans as yet to buy another home for Jayaram Khadka, the son of a man who saved his life in Nepal, who will stay behind in Britain.

Consequently, the future of Jay is "up in the air", as he faces the prospect of living in hotels more than 600 miles away from Mr Morley, whom he now calls "father".

Jay, 20, said: "We have no fixed plans. Life is unpredictable. We have been thrown into mayhem because of my father's illness."

Mr Morley, who was diagnosed with TB four weeks ago, said he will fly to France as soon as he feels well enough to travel.

He said: "We are having a family conference to decide

what to do with Jay. Jay is a British resident, not a citizen, so he can't live in France like I can. He has a big problem.

"He has been denied an education and so he's completely unemployable. He can either become a dustman or stay at home for the rest of his life. The latter is the preferred option."

"He will stay here but also has plans to visit Nepal to set up charity projects in Kathmandu."

Mr Morley brought Jay to Britain after the Nepalese boy's father died. He owed Jay's father a debt of honour for saving his life after an accident in the Himalayas. But when he arrived, the previous government threatened Jay with deportation. Mr Morley embarked on a seven-year battle to obtain permission for Jay to stay.

In May, the new Home Secretary, Jack Straw, reversed the decision and granted him residency.

But days later, Mr Morley collapsed and was later diagnosed as having TB. Ironically, he will now be staying in a different country from the man whom he fought to keep in Britain with him. He is selling Clearwell Castle, his family's home for the

last three years, because of financial difficulties incurred during the fight. He said: "Our savings have been worn out. We're financially rotted up. I'm feeling very ill and just want to recover. The overcast

skies and threat of rain are no good - I need a Mediterranean climate."

"My TB prevents me from living in Britain and Nepal and Jay can't live anywhere else."

Mr Morley declined to name

the person with whom he was going to stay, but said he was "a celebrity".

Dr Peter Davies, director of TB research at the Cardiothoracic Centre at Broadgreen Hospital, in Liverpool, said

moving abroad was not necessarily the answer: "There are three drugs for sufferers that will cure TB, being in a hot climate is irrelevant."

"Sufferers have a chronic cough but this is caused by

bugs chewing your lungs up, not the damp weather..."

Mr Morley is head of his "molecular" family, consisting of six men and two women, ranging from the ages of 19 to 43.

Mr Morley, who is unmar-

ried, began his social experiment in 1982. He believes that it is important to enjoy close and lasting relationships with others and argues that the increasing destruction of traditional families means that an alternative should be sought.

The members of Mr Morley's family have not formalised their plans for the future. Mr Morley said: "We live very much as a family but I don't know what we are going to do. We think people need families. We are not a bunch of geriatrics living together - we have young members who will eventually take care of the older ones."

"The traditional system doesn't work a lot of the time. I watched with great interest the television programme *Should homosexuals have equal rights with heterosexuals?* presented by John Humphrys. I know we've offended a large number of traditionalists but we think society will change - we have to look at different ways of living together."

Photograph: PA



Banks puts ship treasure hunt on hold

Louise Jury

The 10-year effort of a treasure hunter to raise the richest wreck believed to lie in British waters was in jeopardy last night after the Government granted the site an emergency protection order.

Tony Banks, the culture, media and sports minister, issued the order on the *Hanover*, a mail ship, to prevent any "unauthorised interference because of the historical and archaeological importance".

The decision is likely to spark a row as the treasure hunter, Colin Martin, has spent upwards of £1m in trying to find the site of the packet which sank off Cornwall in 1763 laden with gold, diamonds and cannons worth £50m at today's prices. As recently as Thursday, his salvage company recovered 14 cannons from the ship, which lies on the seabed off Perranporth.

Last night, Mr Martin was taking legal advice and vowing to continue. He condemned the department's decision as "disgusting" because the company had been acting in a "perfectly correct manner".

"We're carrying on exactly as before because the ship is in danger. We removed the guns, so there's nothing to keep it there and it's going to end up smashed to pieces if there's a storm," he said.

Earlier this year, the Post Of-

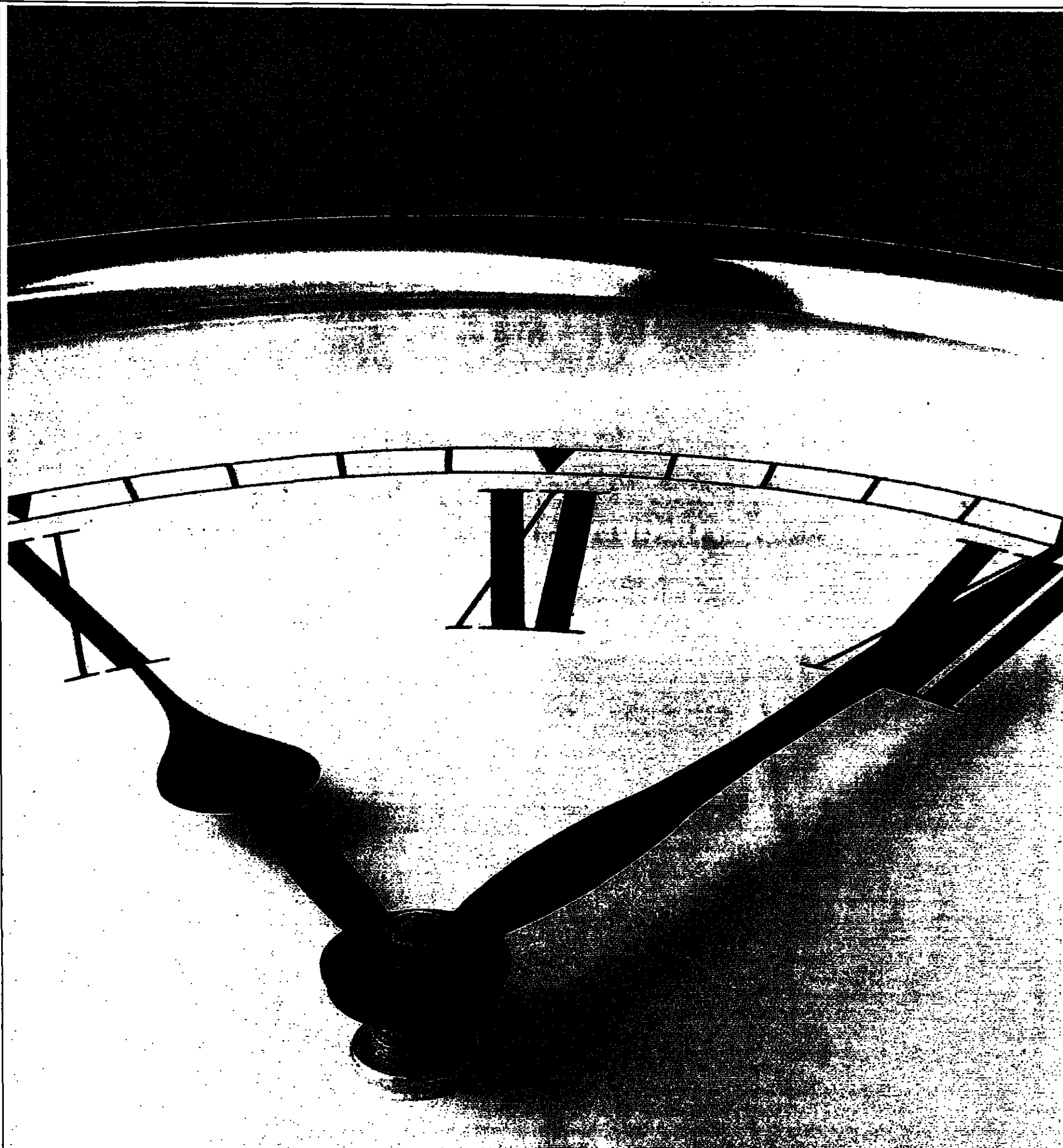
fice applied to get the wreck designated because it claimed ownership. It said the *Hanover* was part of the packet service which was the forerunner of the modern Post Office. But no order was granted.

However, a Department of Culture archaeological diving unit has been observing the salvage operations. The department decided to step in yesterday because the site was considered to be under "immediate threat".

To proceed, Mr Martin, 35, and his company, Hydrasolve, will have to apply for a diving licence. These may be granted to commercial divers but they have to satisfy the department they have a proper plan and expert advice.

The department spokeswoman said: "We need to be satisfied that the method of operation is acceptable and is not going to damage the archaeology of the site. The ship is a historic ship from the 18th century and had a valuable cargo."

A Post Office spokeswoman said it had not lobbied the department to obtain the order. But she added: "We are relieved that the wreck and its contents can now be surveyed and possibly salvaged in line with best practice. It will enable this part of our heritage - both national and Post Office - to be properly studied."



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Put away the rubber chicken: chardonnay and crostini will fuel Labour's garden party campaign

Colin Brown
Chief Political Correspondent

The garden party, the traditional bastion of Conservative ladies and vicars, is set to become New Labour's secret weapon in the battle to win a second term of office.

The new intake of Labour MPs have been asked to host summer garden parties for supporters as a way of consolidating their hold on their constituencies.

And just in case they are not quite sure of the ropes, they have been issued with a list of helpful hints: "It should be a relaxed event - nice wine, good food!"

A party should be held between 3.30pm to 6pm on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. Suggested dates are 26 July and 30 August. Hold it in the back garden "if it is big enough", MPs are told. If not, find a special garden, such as a local large house that puts on similar functions.

"Make the effort to talk to everyone who attends - they can tell all their friends they talked to their MP," the list suggests.

It is also important to allow the guests to bring a friend because "it is easier to attend an event with a friend than on your own".

The garden party has three main advantages, MPs are told: it makes members feel that they are part of the Labour government by speaking to an MP; it heightens the MP's profile among members; and it gives the MP the chance to listen to members.

There is one drawback - MPs are not told who is going to pay for the barbecued bangers and Chardonnay.

But the new MPs have been advised that garden parties are a "great opportunity to collect subscriptions - members will really enjoy coming to a party hosted by their MP. It will be a very special event for them".

There will be no rest for the new MPs during Parliament's summer recess. In addition to garden parties, they are being urged to spend this summer hosting conferences for local business leaders, sending direct mailshots to supporters and having two weeks of "roving surgeries" to improve contact with constituents. They will need a holiday after that.



Aid of the party: Labour plan to reclaim what used to be a traditional Tory domain. Photograph: Martin Parr/Magnum

Blair rallies 'yes' vote in Wales

Tony Heath

The Prime Minister gave his wholehearted backing to a Welsh Assembly when he visited Wales yesterday for the first time since the election.

Tony Blair's foray into the Principality - a forty-free zone since 1 May - marked the start of Labour's drive to secure a "yes" vote in the referendum on 18 September, a week after the Scottish poll. He confidently forecast that a decisive yes vote would be achieved, reversing the 4 to 1 defeat of the 1979 devolution poll.

At Newport's Royal Gwent Hospital he stressed that the health service stood to benefit because an elected assembly would be able to decide spending priorities. At present the division of £7bn of public spending in Wales is decided by the Welsh Office.

Mr Blair said: "By giving responsibility to an elected body the people of Wales will be able to decide on priorities they believe can best cater for Wales."

After opening a £750,000 day-care centre at the hospital for cancer patients he told nurses: "I support devolution and I firmly believe that the people of Wales want a strong Assembly."

The prime ministerial party later drove to Llancaiach Fawr Manor, a 17th-century house visited in 1645 by Charles I in an attempt to drum up support for the royalist cause. As Mr Blair mounted the rostrum for an hour-long question and answer session before a 200-strong invited - but non-political - audience, he quipped: "We all know what happened to him."

He said: "The governance of Wales should be made more acceptable to the people of Wales. Britain has the most centralised government in the Western world."

As the "yes" campaign slips into gear a credible "no" campaign has yet to emerge. The Tories are handicapped by having no MPs in Wales and it was left to Bernard Jenkin, an Essex MP, to visit Bridgend yesterday to talk down the Government's plans. The White Paper on Welsh devolution is due to be published on Tuesday. Yes to devolution, page 17

How entrepreneurial ethos bled a health trust

Jeremy Laurance
Health Editor

The dangers of encouraging an entrepreneurial culture in the health service are highlighted in a report which shows how it led to fraud, corruption and theft in one health trust.

The saga of illegal practices and dubious deals at the South and east Wales ambulance NHS trust is disclosed in the report by the National Audit Office, which also revealed that more

than 1 in 10 NHS trusts was facing serious financial problems last December.

The Government published a list of the 47 worst-affected trusts in England (plus one in Scotland and two in Wales) and said the overall financial situation in the NHS had deteriorated since December.

The British Medical Association said an immediate injection of a further £500m was needed this year to avert a winter crisis, with patients queuing

on trolleys and being ferried round hospitals in search of a bed.

Inquiries into the trust, which ran up a £1.4m deficit, found a catalogue of problems ranging from the misuse of credit cards by members of staff to the purchase of useless equipment. One member of staff who used a fuel card to buy petrol for private use was convicted of theft.

A computer system costing £125,000 was formally accepted

by the then chief executive, David Triggs, in April 1996, even though it did not work. It has never been used.

A former manager of the ambulance fleet, Steve Whitehart, bought a redundant ambulance and persuaded mechanics in the trust's garage to convert it into a camper van for his holiday in France at a cost of £2,500. No attempt was made by the trust to recover the money until the auditor investigated. It has now been repaid.

As losses mounted in the early years of the trust 1993-95, managers resorted to desperate measures to balance the books. They appointed management consultants to seek savings on a contract that guaranteed them £1 for every £1 of annual savings identified. A preliminary report, which cost the trust under £10,000, said savings of £300,000 a year were possible. Under the £1-for-£1 contract, which required more detailed work, the consultants revised

this estimate down to £550,000 and received the maximum agreed payment of £556,000 - but only £182,000 a year had been saved by May 1996, with the potential for only a further £51,000. An official said: "They were like gamblers chasing losses with ever high stakes."

Mr Triggs and John Curteis, the chairman, resigned in February 1996.

The new chief executive, Alan Davies, who was appointed in July 1996, yesterday said he

was confident the financial management of the trust was now under control. However, Sir John Bourn, head of the National Audit Office, says in his report that the Welsh Office should continue to monitor the trust closely and "communicate any lessons of general applicability" more widely.

A spokeswoman said: "It is an example of what can go wrong with local autonomy harnessed to an entrepreneurial style."

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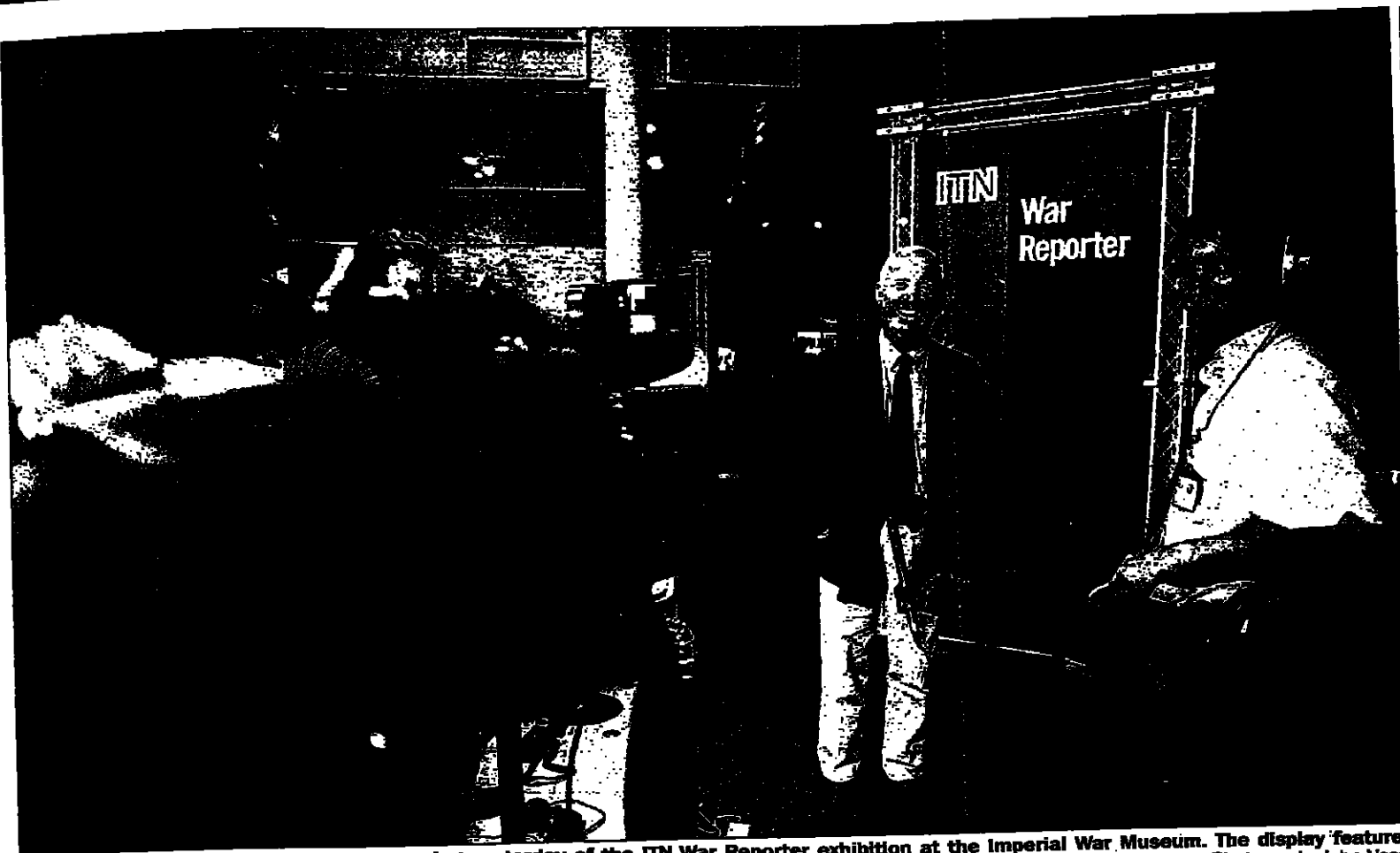
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Front line: Michael Nicholson at the opening yesterday of the ITN War Reporter exhibition at the Imperial War Museum. The display features footage from Suez, the Falklands and Bosnia, and visitors will be able to read news items and see themselves on screen. Photograph: John Voos

Bad teachers will be sacked in four weeks

Judith Judd
Education Editor

Government plans for new procedures to dismiss grossly incompetent teachers within four weeks are unfair and politically motivated, teachers said yesterday. Stephen Byers, the school standards minister, who announced the scheme, told the Commons: "A grossly incompetent pilot would not be allowed to remain in the cockpit of a plane, a grossly incompetent surgeon would not remain in the operating theatre. Teachers should not be treated differently. A grossly incompetent teacher should not be allowed to remain in the classroom adversely affecting the life chances of the children for which they have responsibility."

He said the new fast-track procedures would be directed, for example, at teachers who could not control classes. At present, there are five separate stages for disciplining poor teachers, and the process, from a warning to a disciplinary hearing, can take 18 months.

Doug McAvoy, general secretary of the National Union of Teachers, said: "Teachers will question whether procedures are fair if arbitrary time-limits are imposed. What may work in one month in one case, may need a longer period of time in another. The need is to identify fair and effective procedures, not short-circuit them."

Eamonn O'Kane, deputy general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters' Union of Women Teachers, said that fair procedures should not be swept aside in the interests of a political objective: "We don't think it is wise at this stage to enter into open discussion about an issue which needs to be discussed in a lot more detail."

But Rowie Shaw, director of professional services at the National Association of Head Teachers, said: "We have no objection in principle to procedures being speeded up as long as we are still maintaining the principles of natural justice."

Mr Byers, who was opening a debate in the Commons on the schools White Paper, said the real challenge was not the 300 schools identified as failing but the need to raise standards in the 40 to 50 per cent of schools that were "coasting".

He promised to reverse a Government defeat in the Lords which would allow assisted places pupils at private preparatory schools to retain them until they were 13, instead of 11. It was, he added, "a classic example of privilege defending privilege".

Meanwhile, Stephen Dorrell, the shadow Secretary of State for Education, told the State for Education, told the Council of Local Education Authorities conference in Bristol that "the heavy hand of government" revealed in the White Paper would deprive individual teachers and schools of their freedom. In his first speech since his appointment to the education portfolio, the former health secretary said the proposals added up to "a formidable list of interventions".

He accused David Blunkett, the Secretary of State for Education, of "a statist vision" and of telling teachers how to teach. "We are all entitled to hold the professions to account for the results that they deliver, but responsibility for delivering excellence in schools rests with the teaching profession."

Eight recovering from E.coli caught at Glastonbury

Paul McCann

Whatever Glastonbury festival-goers may do to their bodies each year, they were warned yesterday to wash their hands afterwards if they want to avoid contamination with the potentially deadly *E. coli* bacterium.

A government health body issued the advice yesterday after it was revealed that eight of the 90,000 people who attended the festival last month had contracted the bug which killed 22 elderly people in an outbreak in Scotland last year.

The National Health Laboratories, investigating the Glastonbury outbreak, said yesterday that the eight were recovering well but the youngest victim, a two-year-old, remains in hospital with kidney problems.

A spokeswoman said that given the length of time since the festival they did not expect to see any further cases. *E. coli* symptoms take between three and seven days to appear and the festival finished three weeks ago.

The blame for the outbreak was being placed either on cow dung getting mixed with the mud that covered the festival and most of those attending it, or an unhygienic food stall.

Glastonbury's organisers said yesterday that the cows that graze the festival site would be tested for *E. coli* next week, but the source of the outbreak might never be found.

"It is an incredibly complicated investigation," said Professor Hugh Pennington, who led the inquiry into the Scottish outbreak. "Glastonbury is the only common factor, but did they get it from the environment or did they all eat at the same hamburger stall?"

Allison Lyon, spokeswoman for the National Health Laboratories, admitted that many of those who attended the festival may not have been able to distinguish *E. coli* from the normal after-effects of three days of hedonism at Glastonbury.

"It's a basic public health message," she said. "Good hygiene is paramount and you have to wash your hands when there's mud."

Sean Dunne of Mendip District Council, which grants the licence for the festival, said the outbreak was probably due to extraordinarily wet weather.

"Torrential rain caused the whole ground to liquefy," he said. "And people wouldn't normally frolic in cow dung."



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David Aaronovitch, page 17

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Spirit of old Russia reclaims new Moscow

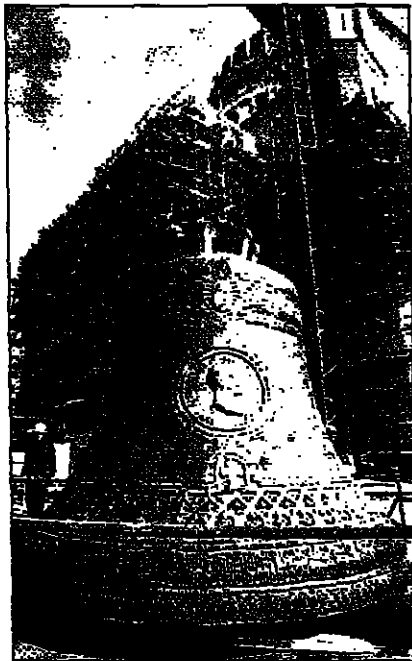
After six years, Rupert Cornwell returns to find a city transformed – up to a point

Rupert Cornwell
Moscow

Could this be Moscow, the child asked, his face pressed to the window, eyes staring with disbelief, as the night-time city flashed by, a stream of lights, bustle and abundance where once all was drabness?

The child was me, returning with a Labour Foreign Secretary after six years to the city I left during the death throes of Communism. That much was obvious then, even to a child.

But this new jumble of first impressions was stunning. Karl Marx seemed to have surrendered to Marlboro Man, dirty snow ploughs to a forest of cranes over a renaissance city. Far



Rebirth: Work progresses on rebuilding Christ the Saviour Cathedral in Moscow (centre), which will include a 27-tonne bell (far left). The city has also recently gained the controversial statue of Peter the Great (left). Photographs: Corbis/Reuters

more important, albeit slowly and not without discomfort, a world view is shifting too.

The monuments of central Moscow, touchstones of the national mood, tell their own

story. Where once stood an all-year heated swimming pool there is now a gilded entrance to heaven itself. Stalin knocked down the Cathedral of Christ Saviour in the Thirties and

wanted to replace it with a gigantic Palace of the Soviets. But the marshy ground could not stand the weight and Josef Visarionovich's poor subjects had to make do with a pool.

Now, just like the merchant classes who dotted medieval Europe with cathedrals, Moscow's new elite, in the shape of mayor Yuri Luzhkov and a clutch of supporting financiers, have built

their monument to the Almighty – a replica, only larger, of the former church.

Mr Luzhkov is a wonderful, disorienting example of the old's seamless metamorphosis into

the new. Watch him holding court this week for the visiting dignitary, and the Soviet Union might not have died: the same configuration of delegations confronting each other across a long table in an even longer room, the same furnishings – even Mr Luzhkov himself, a hugely popular entrepreneur now as he turns up the city for its 850th anniversary later this year, but in looks and demeanour every inch the *apparatchik*.

Only the portrait at the end of the room is different. Ten years ago, a Foreign Secretary would have been contemplating Lenin. Today, none other than Peter I stares down on proceedings: yes, Peter the Great, adorning the mayor's office in a city whose superstitious, semi-Asiatic ways he loathed so much he built a new capital 300 miles to the north, on Russia's one maritime outlet to Europe.

And Russia's most determined Europeaniser has been grounds for another Luzhkov spectacular, a hideous 150ft tall monument consisting of a statue of the Tsar balancing precariously on a pile of ships' hulls. It is meant to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the foundation by Peter of the Russian navy – though what, one might ask, has Moscow to do with that? A few days ago, Communist extremists threatened to blow the thing up in reprisal for plans to remove Lenin's body from his mausoleum, but they subsequently backed down.

So as the Communist tundra melts, and Moscow at last races into the late 20th century, it is to the late 17th century that it looks for inspiration. And thus is confusion piled upon confusion. The Russia of the General Secretaries lives on not only at City Hall, but in a host of other ways. Red stars still adorn Kremlin towers and the statue of Lenin rampant still bestrides Oktyabr'skaya Square. And even though the embankment where the British embassy stands has returned to its pre-revolutionary name of Sofiiskaya, a marble plaque reminds that until lately, for 30 years, it was called Moriza Torea, after the postwar French Communist leader Maurice Thorez.

'We have stopped being a superpower. We are learning to be a European power'

But a moment later you wonder. Just along the street from the British embassy is an ornate entrance way facing the Kremlin. It leads into a courtyard. Inside is a rusted red ZIL limousine, precursors of the sleek black ZIL which ferried Robin Cook around Moscow. It must be 40 years old, and surely untouched for the last 30 of them.

Beyond is a smaller, hall derelict church used for theological studies. The cracked windows have been repaired with boards and pieces of cloth, saplings sprout from its roof. All around are piles of discarded household junk, and the unkempt vegetation of the Moscow high summer.

The scene is neither communist nor capitalist, neither European nor Asiatic. Just unalterably, eternally Russian. It would have driven Peter mad.



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Russia wants to be full member of the EU

Full membership of the European Union is Moscow's overriding ambition, the Prime Minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, said in Brussels. "All the issues and problems we are discussing are directed towards the one objective, that at a certain point Russia would become a member of the European Union. We are doing everything to achieve it." In what was seen as a blunder, President Boris Yeltsin spoke last year of his aspiration that Russia should join. Yesterday Mr Chernomyrdin insisted that although it would pose enormous challenges, joining remains the goal. Jacques Santer, the European Commission president, who met Mr Chernomyrdin yesterday, stopped short of saying Russia had attained the free market required, but praised reforms which, he said, were starting to bear fruit. **Katherine Butler – Brussels**

Bosnia Nato force stands firm

Nato Supreme Commander General Wesley Clark said Bosnian Serb retaliation for a raid on indicted war criminals would not intimidate the peace force. He indicated that the Nato raid last week against two Serb suspects wanted by the UN had rattled nationalist leaders loyal to former Bosnian Serb president Radovan Karadzic, also an indicted war criminal. Earlier, a hand grenade went off outside the flat of an international police monitor in Gradiska, 30 miles from Banja Luka, in Serb territory. **Reuters – Sarajevo**

Mandela takes birthday break

President Nelson Mandela of South Africa closed the gates on his public life for a two-day 79th birthday party with his family. Yesterday he returned with his companion, Graca Machel, from a visit to Britain, Indonesia and Thailand. Officials did not know if Mrs Machel, widow of former Mozambican president Samora Machel, and Mr Mandela's regular companion for a year, would join the party. **Reuters – Johannesburg**

ETA men denounce murder

Three jailed ETA guerrillas condemned their Basque comrades for killing a Spanish politician. In a statement read at a Basque prison they said that with the killing of Miguel Angel Blanco, ETA had "managed to accumulate more hate than in 38 years of terrorism." It was another sign of divisions among radical separatists after Mr Blanco's killing last weekend. **Reuters – San Sebastian**

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The forgotten tribes search for their brave new world

Imre Karacs, in the wilds of Estonia, attends a powwow of the 'alternative' United Nations

Otepää — In a village theatre deep in the Estonian forest, Rosemary Roe takes the stage. She speaks in a soft voice about the destitution of her people — the Aborigines of Australia — about her nephew, driven to suicide at the age of 11; about drugs, crime and hopelessness. She has travelled thousands of miles to tell the world and here, at the end of a dirt track 150 miles south-east of Tallinn, someone is at last listening.

Ms Roe's audience hang on her every word and politely wait for their turn to regale one another with more horror stories of the late 20th century. The Tibetans and the Ogoni are here, there is a good turnout from the ethnic cauldron of the Indonesian archipelago, and the resilient Chechens in their astrakhan hats are flashing their new gold teeth.

Thirty-eight delegations, representing about 100 million of the planet's unrepresented, have made it.

Welcome to the fifth general assembly of the Unrecognised Nations and Peoples Organisation, the 'alternative UN' for the world's dispossessed.

It was the biggest event in Otepää this week, though it is doubtful if it can be compared to a UN jamboree in scale.

The distinguished delegates were billeted in a ramshackle Soviet-era hotel by the side of the lake once blessed by the Dalai Lama.

The rooms were Spartan, the corridors, lined with brown linoleum, were straight out of a cell-block design.

The food was simple, and for entertainment the delegates had been advised to bring their swimming trunks. In the evenings, the organisers put on a show.

For three nights the programme consisted of Finno-

Ugic folk songs, then came Finno-Ugic folk dances, and last night's gala climaxed in Estonian popular songs. The Hungarians of Romania must regret not showing up.

But it was cheap. UNPO, a registered charity, is kept afloat by various Western foundations and donations from the Dutch, Danish and Norwegian governments.

Most of the staff, based in The Hague, are unpaid volunteers. Out of its meagre resources, the organisation produces reports on human-

rights violations, monitors conflicts and elections, and lobbies the gravy-train end of international organisations.

You do not need to be oppressed to belong to this club, but it helps. With the glaring exception of Scania, a linguistically distinct region in southern Sweden better known for the eponymous truck, all members have suffered discrimination in their recent history, and some have been subjected to attempted genocide.

They come to UNPO because there is nowhere else to turn. Ms Roe tried getting people in her own country interested in the plight of Aborigines, but to no avail.

"I am here because I am just pissed off with Australia altogether," she says after her speech.

Her sentiments are echoed by another delegate from another supposedly advanced country. Germaine Tremmel, Chief of the Lakota and a direct descendant of Sitting Bull, claims to have spent four years in a US jail because she fought for the rights of her people.

"We can never win against the federal government in court," she says. In any case, "we do not accept their laws."

To join UNPO, applicants must demonstrate that they represent a "group of human beings which possesses the will to be identified as a nation or people".

Members should respect human rights and strive to resolve conflict peacefully. The definition goes on for a few more paragraphs, but even with the small print it is still considerably looser than the criteria laid down by the UN.

The flexibility is deliberate. Set up in 1991, mostly by Tibetans and the nations emerging from the carcass of the Soviet Union, the founders wanted to ensure no peoples were forgotten. Hence the tolerant inclusion of Scania and a few doubtful minorities.

Many of the founders have, nevertheless, graduated to full nationhood, with all the perks that entails. Of the first batch, Armenia, Estonia, Georgia, Latvia and Palau have gained entry to the United Nations, and the Chechens, threatened with extinction two years ago, appear to be on the verge of independence.

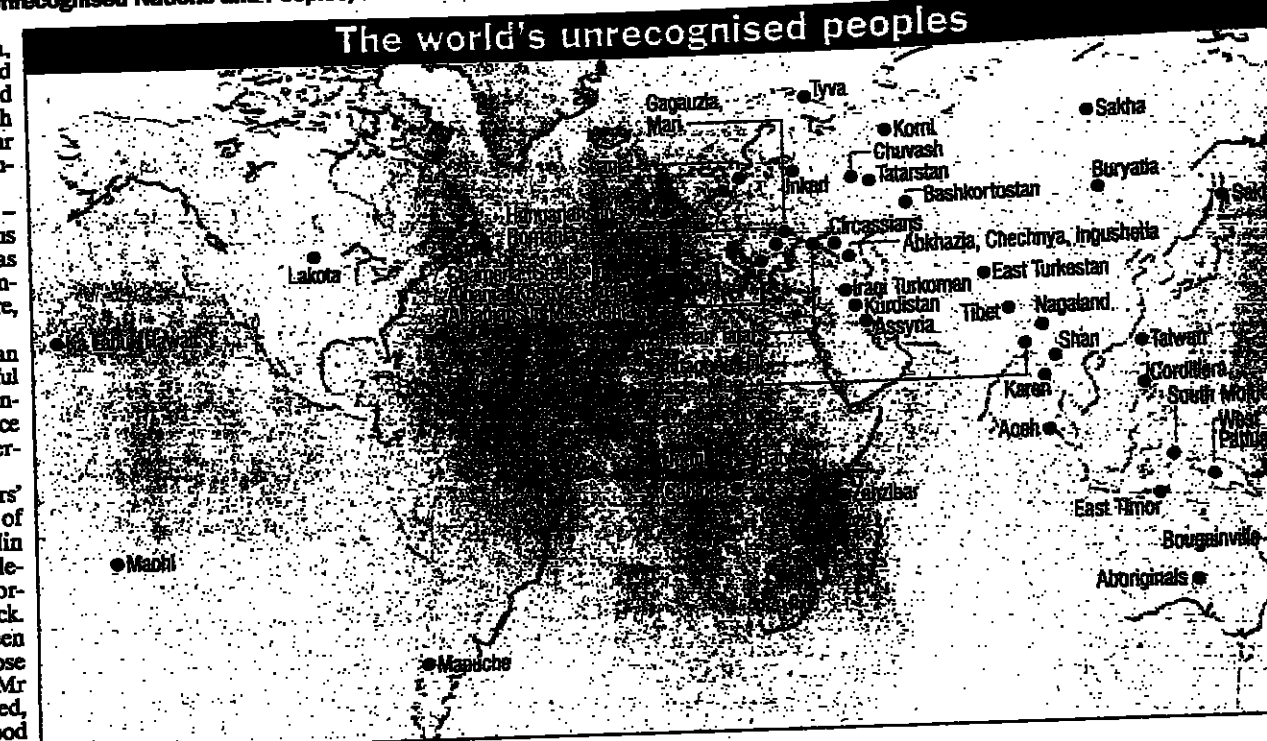
A happy ending, perhaps? — Unlikely. Wickedness seems inexhaustible, and just as UNPO and other international organisations put out one fire, another forest is ablaze.

Take Abkhazia, a Caucasian land impoverished but peaceful for two years after a Russian-sponsored war of independence against Georgia, a founder-member of UNPO.

The Russian peace-keepers' mandate expires at the end of this month, and Muradin Urchukov, the Abkhazi delegate, is fearful that the Georgians will march straight back. "If we had a choice between two evils, we'd rather choose Russia than Georgia," Mr Urchukov says. The oppressed, history tells us, make very good oppressors.



Flag day: Members of the Unrecognised Nations and Peoples, with new chairman, Zanzibar's Seif Shariff Hamad (front centre) Photograph: Gerhard Jörn



'I am here because I am just pissed off with Australia altogether'

Aborigine delegate, Rosemary Roe

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سكنا من الامم

Education doesn't end with a university degree

Figures this week confirmed the recent amazing performance of the United States economy - prices are stable, unemployment is dropping and productivity climbs ever upwards. It has the feel, at least temporarily, of a virtuous circle. Productivity depends on people's skillfulness in their jobs, their attitudes and capacity and these in turn are related to public education. It's important to understand that phrase correctly. It is not just college degrees or modular courses. Education is also measured by attitude, willingness to master new techniques, new machines, new ways of doing things. In the American case it seems that "school" is most often companies themselves. American employees go to work to learn and by learning improve corporate output.

Education is of course about a lot more than employees helping make their companies more profit (even if some of that enhanced profitability translates into more material prosperity all round). The point is that the contexts for learning are many and various and only a few of them resemble ivy-clad academic halls or even down-at-heel inner-city former polytechnics. British employers do not, unhappily, have much of a reputation for taking the improvement of their staff seriously, yet the office and the shop floor are necessarily sites for knowledge acquisition. Much fun was had this week

when the Plain English Society - a smug bunch - yet again chortled over the supermarket shelf-stacker who gets called an ambient replenishment operative or some such, yet that circumlocution points to the fact that even this menial task nowadays involves a command of systems and technologies undreamt-of even five years ago - to do the job even a lowly part-timer has to be prepared to master skills and new knowledge. We don't, either here or in the United States, know a great deal about the often informal processes by which employees learn, outside, that is, of the course of instruction their employers lay on; but learn they do, often sitting with Nelly or following informal leaders - the kind of person (every office has one) who has mastered the IT system and gives of their knowledge to colleagues.

To buy a book or a tape or a CD-Rom is, potentially, to engage in self-education; to watch a TV programme or a film or a video ditto. Once we listened with mother. Then and now we also listen to friends, colleagues and bosses and learn from them. This is - portentous phrase for a process often unconscious - lifelong learning. A recent voluminous study by the Economic and Social Research Council found that, despite a plethora of reports on the "learning society", we still know very little about how people,



whether in classrooms or informally, do actually learn - to be in the same room as a lecturer, white board and professor is no guarantee at all. Despite that, all the weight of policy and spending falls on formal institutions of teaching and learning. We will spend the next week earnestly debating Sir Ron Dearing's report on the future of higher education - rightly, since, one way or another, his work touches all our futures. Yet it is hard to escape a sense of imbalance between his unassailable proposition that the only stable source of comparative advantage for modern Britain is the quality of our people and his focus on the universities.

Of course there is a case for continued expansion of higher education. The American example above helps make it. Wherever it is Americans learn in order to become more productive, it surely does them no harm that so large a proportion of the young age group enters higher education and that so large a proportion of other ages return to learn. But we have to note how fragile the evidence remains that pursuing three years of study for an undergraduate produces identifiable results, either in terms of values imparted or knowledge imbibed, let alone skills acquired. It is not philistine to wonder whether an arts degree is indeed an adequate preparation for a commercial career. For too long higher education planners have fobbed

us off with generalisations about the qualities of mind which studying the humanities imbues. Three years of history or Spanish may well be a "good education" but that proposition needs to be specified a lot more tightly than the Dearing Committee has done. Are universities "learning institutions"? The evidence is more inference than deduction.

Which is not to surrender to the old argument by Ivan Illich and such Sixties types that institutional learning is somehow malign. On the contrary there does seem to be a positive relationship between the learning habit inculcated early and matured in universities and both further education and educability. The phrase you hear this time of year from final-year undergraduates about never having to read another book turns out, thankfully, to be an untrue prediction. Dearing envisions a student's relationship with their university lasting "for decades", popping back for short courses, advanced degrees and so on. It's an attractive picture, with the added advantage of further justifying the Dearing argument that there needs to be a fairer division of the cost of higher education between those receiving and the employed population at large. But it must not masquerade as life-long learning. In that, universities and lecturers are a part, an important part, but nothing like the whole story.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wider consultation needed in Government defence review

Sir: Polly Toynbee, in her polemical attack on the defence review ("A Boy Scout motto: prepared for what?", 14 July), is correct to identify, amongst all too many senior officials, a continuing cold-war mindset and a reluctance, verging on a refusal, to open their minds generally. She is completely wrong, however, to believe that we can secure a better and fairer life at home and do good in the world without having effective, fully equipped military capabilities.

Sir: Michael Alexander (letter, 16 July) can fairly and properly defend ministers' intentions to make the review process as open as possible and bring in contributions from all with something to contribute. But the lists of those actually invited to the two seminars held so far undermine his implicit claim that participation was fully representative.

It was, in fact, highly selective, largely composed of a particular favoured few, amounting to less than 5 per cent of the 150-200 academics doing serious work on defence and security issues in this country and almost entirely ignoring those

working on strictly military issues - which is what the review is actually about.

Officials (and ex-officials like Sir Michael) will have to do much better than this if the review process is to justify the open government objectives to which ministers rightly attach such importance. HUMPHRY CRUM EWING, Research Fellow, Centre for Defence and International Security Studies, Lancaster University

Sir: Having read Polly Toynbee's comments on the Strategic Defence Review Seminar and the response of its chairman, I would like to offer a suggestion. Clearly the review has been prompted by the amount of money that the armed forces consume. The solution is so obvious, I cannot understand why it has not been proposed before.

The answer is competitive tendering. In a world of increasingly fast communications and multinational businesses, all that aggressors or defenders need do is to define the terms of the contract, and

then invite applications from those who would like to undertake the task. The contract would be awarded to the group who tendered the lowest price.

There would have to be safeguards. Without the idea of "nation", motivation would have to be supplied by a system of incentives (perhaps an extra payment for winning a war, and so on). One would also have to ensure against a monopoly situation: clearly there would be a need for at least two competitors (and preferably many more) in a World Conflict Market.

Of course there will be the predictable reactions to such a suggestion, but we experienced similar responses, from those with vested interests, to Margaret Thatcher's reforms of the Eighties. In today's society, where Tony Blair seems to be building on the foundations of his illustrious predecessor, I am confident that my above idea will be taken seriously. BRIAN MOORE, Topsham, Devon

Sir: Out running in the beautiful Eden Valley on Monday morning, my ears were assailed by the horrendous noise of combat aircraft preparing for war in our skies.

We were told in advance that the Labour government's defence review would exclude Trident and the Eurofighter. The certainties of the Cold War over, the military strategists were left with the difficult task of identifying and defining new threats to justify continuing public expenditure on projects already committed to. International instability and unpredictable rogue states would take the place of Soviet expansionism. Trident would be deployed to replace Polaris and the Eurofighter would replace Tornados. Polly Toynbee is right to suggest that imperial delusions hobble rational decision-making and that our politicians are corrupted by defence contractors and trade unions.

Quite soon I expect to hear the sound of the first Eurofighter above my home in the Eden Valley. NIGEL CHAMBERLAIN, CND Regional Worker, Penrith, Cumbria

High price for students to pay

Sir: Deciding how to solve the funding crisis in higher education will indeed be "the most difficult policy decision on education faced by the Government", as you report (17 July). It is, however, plainly ridiculous to suggest that this can be done in an equitable way by making students pay upwards of £1,000 for their tuition.

Introducing tuition fees and abolishing maintenance grants, an option also said to be included in the Dearing report, would undoubtedly deter those from less privileged backgrounds from going on to higher education. It would ensure that many students finished university with debts of £20,000 plus.

The Government must address the fact that Britain has significantly lower rates of participation in higher education than, for example, France and Germany and has the lowest level of government expenditure on higher education as a percentage of GDP of any country in Europe.

The only solution that will guarantee access to education is for government spending to be increased in line with the increase in student numbers. That might require progressive taxation and a thorough review of government spending priorities. But it would maintain Labour's contract with millions of present and would-be students and their families who were told Labour opposed fees before the general election.

MARK TWEDDALE, President Elect, Bradford College
ADAM MATTHEWS, President, Sheffield University Students' Union
LIZ HUTCHINS, Women's Officer, Sheffield University Students' Union
SOPHIE BOLT, Academic and Welfare Officer, Goldsmiths' College Student Union
DES MINTON, President, Bradford College
PAUL CORNELL, Education and Welfare Officer, University of East London
EMMA NEVILLE, Welfare Officer Elect, Bangor University
RAJ JETHWA, Dearing Watch

Sir: As two professionals maintaining our daughter at university, your article "Students forced to live off their parents" (12 July) held few surprises. Although we enjoyed the relatively generous grants of the late Sixties, we do not object to funding her, but as a consequence have been forced to support her unemployed boyfriend as well.

He was denied unemployment and social security benefit when he admitted that his girlfriend, with whom he lives, was in receipt of £80 per week from her parents. This amount was adjudged by social security officials as being sufficient to keep them both.

If our daughter were also unemployed and in receipt of no student "income", the state would support them both. Alternatively, if she had evicted her boyfriend he could have claimed both unemployment benefit and rent allowance. K G AND C W BUCKLEY, Oldham, Lancashire

Trap the trappers

Sir: David Lamming (Letters, 16 July) points out that if I warn drivers of a police speed trap I can be prosecuted. Can someone explain the difference between this and the signs warning drivers of speed cameras? Both warnings are acting as a deterrent, which is the overall objective of radar and camera traps. Should the authorities responsible for the signs also be prosecuted? FRASER YATES, Ipswich, Suffolk

LETTER from THE EDITOR

Child pornography; anti-Semitism; satanism ranting; criminal conspiracies; libellous commercial rumours; neo-Nazi assignments; and an arrogant, nerdy new language of abuse... these are among some of the delights of the Internet as reported in *The Independent* and other papers in recent days. Hardly a week passes without new nasties reported in some dark corner of cyberspace. So many people will have been rather cheered to think that, however briefly, big chunks of it crashed in the US and Europe this week. Thus, as Charles Arthur, our science editor, nicely put it, "the information superhighway turned into the information bridleway".

Yet it's clear that the Internet is here to stay, an ever-burgeoning realm of the electrical and digital civilisation we belong to. It defeats censorship and spreads liberal, consumer culture as well as the bad stuff. To be against it is like being against printed books in the later 1500s. But, although it is true that the printing press quite quickly spread political and religious dissent (think of Tyndale's Bible), it is perhaps a melancholy reflection on our civilisation that, with print, it was the Bible whose message spread and with the Internet it has been the Spice Girls'.

Oh yes, and good newspapers, too: though Internet missionaries keep telling me that "we will bury you" I don't believe that. One of this paper's founders, Matthew Symonds, used to fantasise about an alternative world where everyone used only computer screens and laptops. Into that world, Matthew speculated, an inventor would come with a daring new product which could be folded up, carried, didn't require cables or batteries - and yet which told you what you needed to know about the world. The inventor of the newspaper, he reckoned, would be an instant global hero.

Robin Cook's announcement on his commitment to an ethical foreign policy, which he discussed in yesterday's paper with Rupert Cornwell and Steve Crawshaw, has been described, even by admirers, as a rod for his own back and a risky move.

Old Etonian mandarins are said to be sniggering behind their hands. One FCO man, I'm told, even described the policy as "bollocks" in a draft letter that was mistakenly sent for signing to Mr Cook himself. Luckily, the Foreign Secretary was duly amused at the slip, taking the view that some staff are still debilitated by the political equivalent of shellshock following Labour's victory.

They should think a little harder about the history of their own institution: the great Foreign Secretaries of the past, including Palmerston and Bevin, would have considered it a foul insult to be told that their department didn't have a firm ethical dimension. Similarly, what would we think of

The Internet defeats censorship and spreads liberal culture... To be against it is like being against printed books in the later 1500s

any domestic department that didn't base its policies on human rights? So what's the problem? Well, "China" and "Indonesia" for two. But acknowledging the dilemmas of the real world shouldn't stop any self-respecting government trying to set a general pro-rights, pro-democracy course; and the weeks after we handed back our last big colonial possession are a good time to start.

Meanwhile, the main peace-keeping job for Downing Street may yet be between Mr Cook himself and his long-term admirer, Gordon Brown. They are the two biggest departmental beasts in the New Jungle and yet, as they grow, their eyes rarely meet. I am sorry to report some no doubt unwarranted suspicions in government that Gordon's late-arranged speech on monetary union was scheduled in order to knock the Foreign Secretary and his ethics off the news bulletins. Tsk, tsk.

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

You try to arrive at the truth by telling a pack of lies if you are writing fiction, as opposed to trying to arrive at a pack of lies by telling the truth if you are a journalist - Melvin Burgess, author, winner of the Carnegie Medal for children's fiction with *Junk*; his book about teenage drug addiction

I can claim to have been present at the precise moment when Prime Minister John Major went completely off his trolley - Kelvin MacKenzie, former editor of *The Sun*; who was called into Downing Street over a complaint that his paper had reported the Premier's hair was turning white

The trouble is that when one is politically invulnerable, that is when carelessness wallows over the back of the head with a large wet blotter - Jerry Hayes, former Tory MP

For Charles and Camilla to be remarried in church would mean the complete collapse of any marriage discipline and chaos in its attitude to the behaviour of its clergy. How could the Church seem to condone adultery by a prince and condemn it among lesser people? - Dr George Anstey, Archdeacon of York

I am not interruptive and partisan. I am never bloody-well rude - John Humphrys, broadcaster

Our music is painfully, insufferably earnest - Bono of U2, rock star

The spiral from poverty to violence

Sir: David Mepham (Letters, 17 July) is right to find the causes of war in poverty but it runs even deeper than that. Helmer Camara, an archbishop who championed the poor in Brazil in the 1970s, wrote about the spiral of violence.

Poverty, with its hunger and ill-health, is the violence of the comfortable against the poor. The second stage is the violent revolt of the poor against the injustice of their poverty. The third is the violence of the forces of law and order financed by the comfortable when they put down the revolt. It would be economically and socially less costly to tackle poverty in the first place.

In the United Kingdom there are signs that we are already in that violent spiral. The poorest 10 per cent have experienced a real reduction in their income and their expectation of life over the past 18 years. The reasons given for the

diminishing life span are malnutrition, stress and inadequate health care. The difference in life expectancy between the richest men and the poorest men in our society is about seven years. Violence and its violent repression is increasing.

The Government has set up committees to consider the relationship between taxation and benefits and to examine ways of combating the effects of poverty on health. I hope they will both address the relationship between violence and poverty and act soon, effectively and radically enough to increase the expectation of life of the poorest and close the gap of life between them and their richer fellow citizens.

The Rev PAUL NICHOLSON, Trustee, Zacheus 2000 Trust, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire

Royal Ballet School is a leap behind

Sir: As he is Chairman of the Governors of the Royal Ballet School, it was predictable that Lord Sterling's letter (17 July) would defend the school's status and pupils, but he was also profoundly wrong about the standards they achieve in world-class ballet terms. He claims that former pupils are "now some of the brightest stars in the international ballet world", but only Doreen Russell truly falls into this category.

Anyone who - as I do - regularly sees performances by the schools of New York City Ballet and the Paris Opera Ballet will know that they are a quantum leap ahead of the current Royal Ballet School output. This is confirmed by the astonishing technique and maturity of the

younger members of the NYCB and Paris companies: those of the Kirov, now astonishing and delightful London audiences, are no less impressive.

Incidentally, it is extremely rare for an Industrial Tribunal to award the maximum compensation - as it did to Linda Goss - merely "because her redundancy was not handled correctly on technical procedural grounds". The tribunal may have dismissed the rest of her allegations but almost certainly had them in their minds when awarding the maximum amount.

Lord Sterling clearly protests too much; the Royal Ballet School is not what it was. MICHAEL VARCOE-COCKS, London W6

Debt in itself cannot lead to prison

Sir: The headline "Catalogue debt sends women to prison" (17 July) is misleading. Because of the 1974 Consumer Credit Act, having a catalogue debt in itself cannot lead to imprisonment.

The power to imprison for debt is used by magistrates as a last resort against people who refuse to pay fines, council tax or child maintenance. This will only occur once the debtor has been given many opportunities to pay by instalments.

People with debt problems can always receive help in coming to an agreement with their creditors by visiting their nearest Citizens' Advice Bureau.

MIKE HERSHELL, Money Adviser, South Shropshire Citizens' Advice Bureau, Ludlow



Nineties look from Smith



Forties look from Miller

Max Miller: fashion icon for the Nineties

Sir: The "Aristocrat Deluxe" collection by Paul Smith, featured in *The Long Weekend* (12 July), with its upholstery fabric suits for men, is not a new look. Max Miller, the

comedian, was wearing exactly that on stage in the 1940s, always with a snappy white hat. K I CARTER, Blaenauferch, Dyfed

Junk fiction

Sir: When the late Robert Westall (twice winner of the Carnegie Medal) won the Federation of Children's Books Award for *Gulf*, his novel inspired by the Gulf War, read both on the BBC's *Jackanory* and Radio 4's *A Book at Bedtime*, a 13-year-old judge wrote: "Each book of yours, Mr Westall, opens the door a tiny bit further, lets another ray of light peep through. That light is an ability to see the world through the eyes of others. The door is intolerance, and the doorknob? Fiction."

If *Junk* ("Heroin novel wins children's book prize", 17 July) fulfils those criteria, should we not all be delighted? MIRIAM HODGSON, Editorial Director - Fiction, Reed Children's Books, London SW3

Leaks could be worse

Sir: Imagine a pipe long enough to stretch around the world one-and-a-half times. Imagine this same pipe contains 10 million separate joints and is buried deep below ground. Now imagine the pipe springs a leak. That's the problem facing the country's 18 water supply companies ("Six firms losing war on leakage", 17 July).

Ian Byatt, the director-general of the Office for Water Services, suggests that the smaller water companies may be being complacent in tackling leaks in their pipe network. I would suggest that real complacency by the companies would mean leakage levels dramatically higher than we are seeing today. PAMELA TAYLOR, Chief Executive, Water Companies Association, London SW1

Memories are made of this

A glamour queen, a fabulously rich tycoon many years older, holidays on a luxury yacht in the Med. Sound familiar? Reggie Nadelson recalls when Jackie Kennedy went sailing with Aristotle Onassis

Consider a modern fairy-tale: Once upon a time a beautiful woman, still young, still vibrant, a woman once married to the leader of her country, is spotted on a huge yacht off the southern coast of France in the company of the man who will be her second husband. It is his yacht. He is rich and powerful and foreign. He is decades older than she is; he is also shorter. Her in-laws pursue their lips and lift their eyebrows. The press pursues her with ruthless ferocity; she tries to keep them away from her two children who are also with her on this yacht in the Med where she is sometimes spotted.

There is no respite for our glamour queen, though, and it's not clear that she really wants it as she toys with the press: now angry, her privacy invaded: now a coquette, promising revelations. This is not just some society beauty, either, not just a Jet Set Superstar. She is the most photographed woman in the world. She is a national icon. An international totem. Her possessions sell at auction for millions. Diana, Princess of Wales? Or Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis?

I look at the pictures of the Princess of Wales and Mohamed Al Fayed on his yacht, and I can't help it, I'm reminded of Jackie Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis. I know, of course, that Al Fayed is happily married, and Diana is a guest of his wife's; but there are visual echoes. In October 1963, Jackie Kennedy, the widowed Queen of Camelot married, depending how you saw it, a prince or a toad. Aristotle Onassis was rich and powerful and foreign, and the world of big boats seemed his natural habitat. If you glimpsed Jackie and Ari, even before they married, they were always on his yacht somewhere in the blue Mediterranean.

Remember the yacht, the *Christina*? The El Grecos? The amphibious plane? The bar stools made of, was it whale testicles? Onassis had the kind of money Jackie needed, not just to maintain her 30 grand a year habit in undies, but to make her safe and, as she saw it, free. And Onassis, at first, at least, was solicitous. He was fun.

You see the pictures of Diana on the yacht, laughing, swimming, posing, hiding, the older man hovering nearby, helpful, smiling. Like Jackie, Diana is the most photographed woman alive, the most famous, the most desired. Like her, she has two children she adores.

Diana is roughly the same age Jackie Kennedy was when she was widowed. Like Jackie, Diana is the child of divorce and the

orphan of a miserable marriage. Jackie Kennedy was well educated and well travelled, it's true. But she grew up in the Thirties and Forties and, like other upper-class girls, like Diana 30 years later, in fact, she was raised to marry and breed.

Both women found that, having won first prize, they had husbands who wandered. Worse, they'd bought into vast political dynasties, each with its own complicated rituals: Jackie hated the Kennedy passion for competitive sports, the touch football at Hyannis, the culture which preferred sport to art. Like the British Royals, it was a clan ruled by a requiring matriarch: Rose was queen of the Kennedys. Like the British Royals she deeply admired from the time her husband, Joe Kennedy, was ambassador to Britain. Rose was obsessed with family and form.

Jackie's marriage to JFK "was made miserable by his obsessive womanising," wrote Godfrey Hodgson in an obituary. "Even more difficult was the way she found herself emotionally excluded by the clannish rituals of the Kennedy family."

Jackie stayed with JFK because, as much as anything, she had her own ambitions, her own agenda. Being First Lady made her famous. Gave her a canvas to develop her style. Being widowed made her a myth. By the late Sixties, Jackie was all things to all people: mommy to the presidential children; style saint; charity dame; châteline of the nation's emotional centre.

Marry Onassis? Break faith with the martyred president? Show a crack in the iconic facade? Would our queen betray Camelot for mammon, we wondered? The thing that pushed her to do it, to leave her country, though, and this is perhaps the real difference to a Diana, is that she was frightened. When Jack Kennedy was murdered in 1963, she was scared. When Bobby Kennedy was murdered in 1968, she was scared to death.

"They're killing Kennedys," she said. "I hate this country," she exclaimed the day after Bobby's funeral. "I despise America and I don't want my children to live here any more. If they're killing Kennedys, my kids are number one targets... I want to get out of this country."

The bride wore Valentino. The groom wore elevator shoes, although he still only came up to her nose. When Onassis married Jackie Kennedy, he was 62 (or possibly 68, the birth-date was never really clear). He was very, very

rich. Very foreign. Some people said he bought and sold politicians and by-passed both the conventions and the laws of a dozen countries.

Back in those relatively innocent times, the world didn't just raise its communal eyebrows at the marriage, the planet spun off its axis, and even in space, astronauts shook their orbital heads in disbelief. *How could she?*

"The Reaction Here is Anger, Shock and Dismay," cried *The New York Times*, and there was worse: "America Has Lost a Saint. Jack Kennedy Dies Today for a Second Time."

Looking back, though, it was the only possible marriage she could make unless she wanted to freeze to death on her pedestal.

"Jackie you're going to fall off your pedestal if you marry him," a friend said. She replied: "That's better than freezing there."

I see Diana and think of Jackie. It seems like *déjà vu*.

And what about the guys? What about these rich, beguiling foreign men? Have we a clue here to the kind of man Diana might eventually choose? Like Aristotle Onassis, Mohamed Al Fayed is very rich. Onassis grew up in Smyrna, an ancient, thriving port town; Al Fayed comes from Alexandria, in the commercial centre. The Onassis family lost its money when the Turks captured Smyrna and murdered most of his clan and, at 16, he set off for Argentina where he made a fortune first in tobacco, then in supertankers. From the Fifties on, there were various allegations about improprieties in business, but Onassis was too rich, too well connected. Another snapshot from his yacht was of Kennedys and kings and the bulk that was Winston Churchill, by then, parked on deck.

Onassis built his fortune and his legend. Mohamed Al Fayed's father was a school-teacher and he, too, much in the way of presidents and royals, perhaps embellished his myth: part of its dazzle is in the legendary hospitality of the man who owns the Ritz in Paris and Harrods in London, who hangs out with the Queen at the Royal Windsor Horse Show. He gives tons of money to charity. In private, it said he can be very funny.

Al Fayed, as everyone knows, has been linked to recent political scandal, one way and another, but all he ever wanted, it seems, was a British passport. Wants its legitimacy, as he sees it. And why not? Even Onassis was taken with the British idea.

"The person Onassis wanted to marry," said one source, "was Queen Elizabeth. She would have been the top, but he couldn't have her. So he settled for Jackie."

And it made her. She fought her in-laws - the Kennedys begged her not to marry Onas-



sis - and won, the way Diana would win her battles with her husband's relatives decades later. Asked his opinion of Jackie Kennedy not long before they married, Onassis said, "She is a totally misunderstood woman. Perhaps she even misunderstands herself. She's being held up as a model of propriety, constancy and so many of those boring American female virtues... She needs a small scandal to bring her alive. A peccadillo, an indiscretion. Something should happen to her to win our fresh compassion. The world loves to pity fallen grandeur."

If Jackie Kennedy had remained the national widow, she would have withered. If she had married an approved suitor - Lord Harlech, for instance, as was rumoured, or an American banker - she would have become merely another upper-class society housewife.

Jackie wanted more. She had dazzling style. She wanted freedom and privacy, wanted to control her publicity, and that took money. She liked money. Liked lots of it. The Kennedys kept her on a short leash and short of cash. Onassis pampered her. Onassis took her dancing at New York nightspots with Nureyev and

Fonteyn. He paid attention to her kids. He gave her big jewellery and probably some big laughs. Marrying Onassis, most of all, kept the myth of Jackie alive, and Jackie always believed in myth. After all, it was Jackie who re-invented JFK's presidency as Camelot. (After his death, she mentioned to a reporter that it was his favourite musical and made the connection with the Kennedy years at the White House.)

Marrying Onassis made Jackie Kennedy, widow, into Jackie O. She became the Beautiful People's Beautiful Person. She could breathe out and be a bad girl, the "American Geisha" as Truman Capote called her. "Every one knew she was not cut out for dignity," said Coco Chanel. "You mustn't ask a woman with a touch of vulgarity to spend the rest of her life with a corpse."

Remember the image? The headscarf and dark glasses, the capri pants and Hermes bag? Jackie O was always stepping on to a yacht or off a private plane. We hated her. She became the bad Queen. We hated her for a while, but we thought about her all the time.

Princess Diana with Mohamed Al Fayed on his yacht (top); Jackie Kennedy and the Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis leaving his ship in the Sixties (bottom). Photograph (top): Sime/Rex

Men's Bones Matter



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karen krizanovich

Weddings. Spare me. The last time I caught the bouquet, it was on fire. Nevertheless, this morning I'm off to a big one at a family manse in the country. I'm already sweating like a racehorse. Men don't have a clue what a pain in the neck it is to "get it right" at weddings. They think they've got it tough.

Men get ready like this: it's the morning of the wedding. The man rushes to the wardrobe and yanks out either a morning suit or the only suit that doesn't have a pattern of dog hairs all over it. Moth holes are toyed with, then ignored. He throws a hissy fit because some bastard's stolen his clean shirt. Once found, he makes special. "Would you iron this for me?" eyes at his spouse. A minor panic sets in for cuff links, then a major one when he remembers he's forgotten how to attach his collar. This would never happen to James Bond.

Half an hour later he stands, a perfect look-alike for Cary Grant (ignore the navy socks). He, the lucky swine, is ready to quaff champagne and bray with his wobbly friends.

For women, every wedding is a cat-walk event. The bride has it the worst, of course. It is her big day and there are usually plenty of mothers, sisters and friends there to ruin it. A bride must, at least once, combust into tears and want to call the whole thing off before she walks down the aisle to sickness and death, er, eternal happiness.

It's the poor female guests I feel for. We have to wear something different - and new - every single time. It can't be black or white and it has to suit the ever-changing weather. (Alas, rubber dresses are not allowed unless you're a rock star or newly freed from the loony bin.)

There's the shoe issue. Low heels do nothing for your legs but are great for grassy marquees. High heels look terrific but sink into mud and can give off the vibe that you're gagging for it. The latter is OK if you're going to the wedding to snag a man. Otherwise, girl, no.

On to hats. Big ones get sat on. And in the eye. Little ones get sat on. And you can't wear the same one twice because even people with Alzheimer's remember them. I tried sidestepping the whole issue by wearing a hairpiece. Made the error of wearing it twice in a row, though. A "friend" came up at the second wedding and quipped, "Oh, I thought that was you. You're wearing the same hair."

However, I think I'm sussed today. Got the gift, got the tights, got the hat. Been waxed, manicured, coiffed and the dog hairs were sucked off the passenger seat last night. All that's left to do is pick up ye olde frock from the seamstress. Wait, there goes the phone. Hi, I was just coming over to get the dress. What?! Exactly what's "Something awful" happened?" supposed to mean?

Take your pick: see Michael Jackson grab his crotch at Wembley Stadium or

watch a whole bunch of baggy-clothes-wearing, soap-aphobic, stubble-sprouting delinquents try to top themselves at Wembley Arena. I know which one scares me the most: "Give me an M, give me an L..."

The World Championship Skateboard Finals - officially called Vans Generation '97 (sic) - is the largest competition ever held for skateboarding, the only sport (excuse me, lifestyle) that takes pride in bad spelling. Grown men should know better. But these members of the great unwashed do such amazing things with skateboards that afterwards I had to go home and change my shorts.

Kitted out with vertical ramps, tracks, iron handrails and a ramp-bound Jaguar saloon smack dab in the centre, friendly old Wembley Arena was transformed into Mad Max, except no jokes or Mel Gibson. More than 90 gritty, grimy competitors whizzed around the ramps one at a time, slipping, falling, limping manfully away. The arena heaved with speeding imbeciles - or so it seemed.

Just as I was about to yell over the tannoy, "Oh All of you! Grow up!", a skater - dressed like a pizza delivery boy in muffin - zooms up on to an iron handrail. He rides the metal spine of his board across the whole length of railing, then - whoomp! - lands perfectly. This is much more impressive than it looks on TV. Get that move wrong, matey, and it's the boy's choir for you. His "ollic" (skate slang for jump) and

"grind" (slide) was so "phat" (good) that all of Wembley went "cookoo" (cuckoo). So what if they have rotten tails? This is Serious Athlete City.

In the throng, I finally see someone I know who washes - Phil Young, editor of the boarding/BMX magazine *Ergo Sum* and one of the presenters for Channel 4's *Boardstupid*. Phil's a hardcore skater who's amazed that Vans Generation '97 hasn't turned into a riot. If skating loves anything more than poor grammar, it's anarchy.

"Skateboarding at Wembley," he says looking over the horde of fans. "Five thousand kids who couldn't give a monkey's. Fanatical. Serious. Their commitment to skate is tremendous. You have to hurt yourself an awful lot to learn tricks like that. It looks easy."

Noting that I am one of the few women here watching a sport females have yet to infiltrate (Phil says they have too much good sense for that), I feel I've seen it all. The ollics. The boardslides. The broken arms. Not hardly. Vans Generation '97 culminated with overturning the trashed Jag then flicking cigarette ends on to the pool of petrol bleeding from its tank. Oh those boys.

Like good ol' Jacko, skaters have a world of their own. You can't run out, slap on a pair of Vans (skateboard trainers that look, sort of, melted), buy a board and be one of 'em. Skateboarding isn't for kids anymore. Gosh mum, it's for addicts.

Mir mortals

We send them miles above the Earth in an 11-year-old Russian rust-bucket - why do we do it?

david aaronovitch

I have not had an easy week. But whenever I have felt it all becoming too much I have consoled myself with the thought that, at any rate, I am not on the Mir space station. I am not cowering with two other chaps in the escape pod at the end of a malfunctioning heap of patched up metal and badly soldered wires. And it was not I who accidentally pulled out a vital plug on Thursday, suddenly shutting down what Sci-fi films used to call "life support systems".

It is, of course, amazing that anyone is up there at all. We do not watch Russian television, drive Russian cars or eat in Russian fast-food joints. Let alone (if we are even moderately nervous flyers) commit our safety into the hands of Aeroflot or Air Tashkent. Should the Russians build a Siberian answer to Disney World, complete with scary rides (the Anna Karenina train journey in Tolstoyland, or the Chekhov adventure, where you don't move for two hours, for instance) I for one will not be risking my children's lives there. Yet we happily dispatch men and women by rocket, to sit miles and miles above the Earth's atmosphere in an 11-year-old Russian rust-bucket, much of which is held together by pieces of chewing gum and coat hangers. Why do we do it?

As we know, in the early 1960s Russia was "ahead". A paradise for scientists and engineers, the foothills of the Urals were dotted with happy colonies of white-coated brainboxes: colonies with names like Akademiorgdok, Magnitogorsk and, of course, Tefalsk. From these wonderful concentrations of intellect emerged the Russian space effort (and the military fort too), the Sputnik, Laika the space-dog and Yuri Gagarin, the space-hunk. The Russians were both technically advanced and - a modern corollary - very sexy.

Then, bit by bit, this image dissipated. The Yanks got to the Moon, and - at the same time - those actually encountering Soviet technology face-to-face became disenchanted.

Queues for such luxuries as silk or potatoes might be a sign that this was one anti-consumerist society that had got its priorities broadly right, but it didn't tell us why the hotel looms didn't work, nor why the luggage racks on internal flights would occasionally drop off. This was not, we realised, insouciance. Russia was (in the Rattnerian sense) crap. So this explains Mir, doesn't it? Well no. It is certainly true that if Mir was American, they'd have junked it long since. Having no history, the Transatlantics are uneasy with anything of any antiquity, and unashamed about trading in. The probable reason why we haven't heard much about the Mars buggy this week, is that they've got bored with it already and are now asking Mr Clinton for a new one ("Tell the President this one keeps banging into rocks, for Chrissake!").

By contrast Mir has suffered 1,500 breakdowns in 11 years, 60 of which have not been repaired. And, because it is a long way from the nearest B&Q, it has had to be mended in a peculiar variety of ways using "local" materials, ie. what the visiting crews had in their pockets at the time, or could be fitted under the captain's seat in a shuttle.

The basic structure of Mir must be pretty solid then; like the good ol' wartime T34, it does its job well. But its survival is therefore, I would argue, a triumph of improvisation - something that Britain used to be very good at (remember the small ships at Dunkirk and the Squeezey bottles on Blue Peter?), but which immense wealth almost always destroys. If you want to see how a society can get by on nothing more than its wits, then look at the way the Russians have maintained their ancient Oldsmobiles and Chevrolets in the face of the US trade embargo.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is that we need to preserve a few poor but clever societies on the planet. Should we send real people to Mars - or even further - they will have to make do with what they can find. "Help will be with you in three light years" won't do the trick.

Who will be the master of the science genie?

by Trevor Phillips

The nerds are out of control; but it's not their fault - it's ours for being stupid, lazy and credulous about science. This century has been dominated by the creation of atomic and chemical weaponry, transformed by the design of reliable birth control and revolutionised by the silicon chip. The planet has been shrunken by the satellite, the internal combustion and jet engines. Yet we still don't seem to get the point. The unprecedented speed and spread of technological discovery is the only thing that matters; yet we do not, will not, treat it seriously or take control of it.

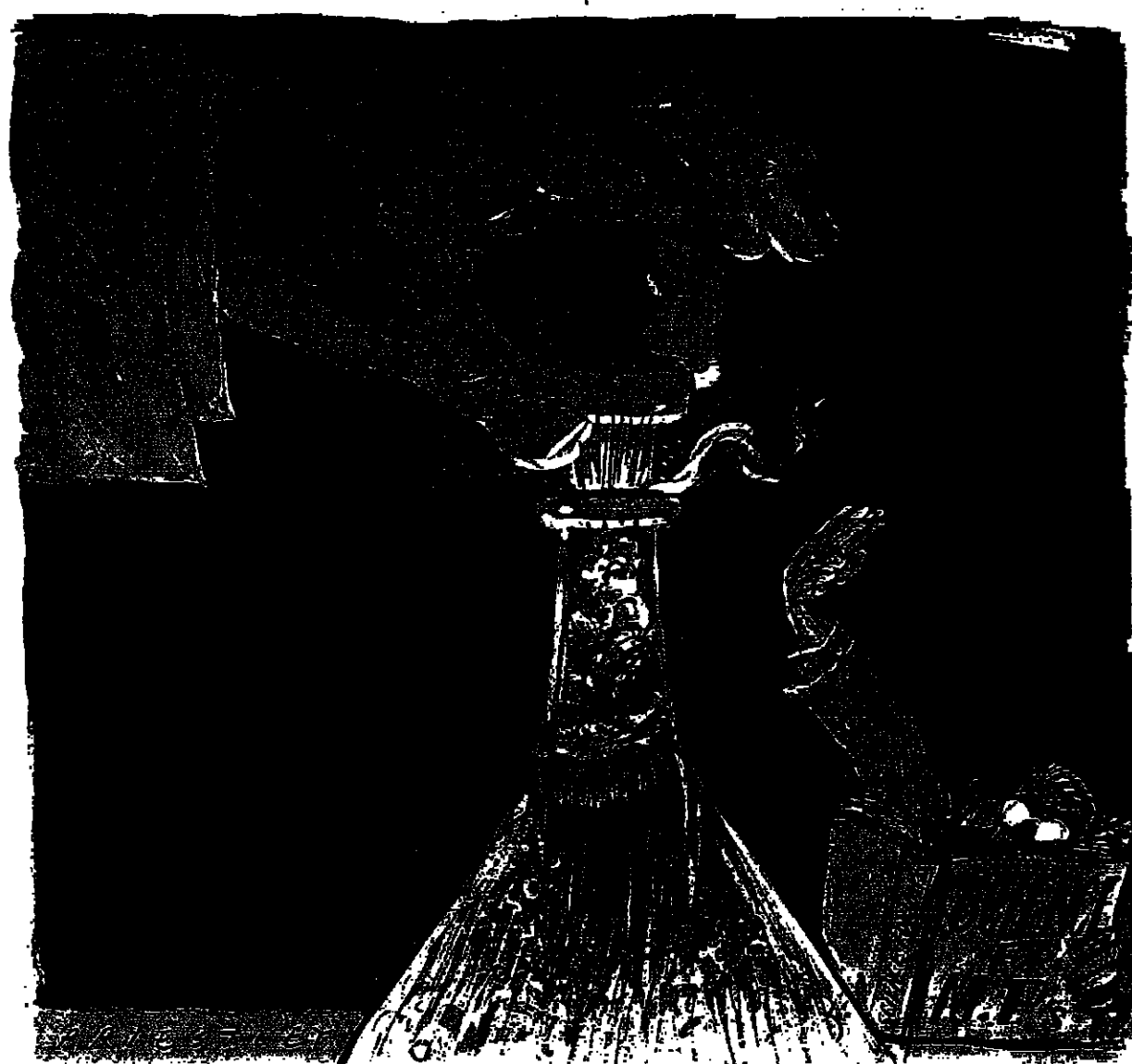
Did many of us care that the Internet virtually crashed this week? Not really. But give it three years, when Bill Gates of Microsoft promises (threatens?) that half of all Americans will be wired up, and doing their business, shopping and being paid through the Net; get ready for ructions. Closer to home, the Norwich Union Building Society discovered to its embarrassment this week that rumours circulated on e-mail were not, as the correspondents probably thought, the Nineties equivalent of coffee-machine gossip; they were, instead, nearly half-a-million pounds' worth of libel. And let us not even contemplate the extent to which the interactive media are becoming the highway for anti-human pornography and racism; let us merely note that things which could never have found an audience of a hundred before can now be made available to millions at the touch of a mouse.

This week's advance for science is the so-called artificial womb produced in Japan, which will no doubt trigger yet another dumb and ill-informed "moral" debate about scientists' right to play God. The facts don't actually support that this is what's happening - the "womb" is really just a superior piece of intensive care kit - but it carries the echoes of Frankenstein's doomed attempt to animate life without divine intervention.

We shudder, and say that it can't happen here - but we've said that about virtually every scientific advance since the war. If things get too sticky, as in the case of fertility techniques or BSE, our elected representatives throw up their hands in despair and cry "I don't know what's going on" and turn it over to a committee of philosophers, who have even less clue than the politicians. Last and most desperate of all, it falls into the hands of the lawyers, whose very rationale is to make the issues unintelligible. The poor naive scientist, whose only interest is in understanding why some little corner of the universe works, and to try to explain it to the rest of us, is left carrying the can for public policy.

Our problem as a society is that scientific discovery is moving along so fast - we have turned out more new inventions in the past 50 years than in the whole of previous human history - that our culture can do little more than consume its products. Our democracy has no tools by which to give the people real choices about how best to use new knowledge. Yes, the market will ultimately provide a crude measure of the people's assent or otherwise; but it will not do the other things that a proper democracy does - such as protect the rights of the vulnerable, or try to combat a debasement of public tastes and morals.

Few of us have much clue how the machines we use work, what makes them go wrong or what impact they have on the wider environ-



Society's problem is that scientific discovery is moving so fast ... the scientists have to be forced by the media and the Government to be more open about their work

ment - until the damage is done. In relation to the motor car, for example, we are only now closing the door on the stable years after most of the horses have bolted. And we blame the scientists.

As a society we are still ambivalent about scientists. Having served my own time at the bench in our leading temple to science and technology, Imperial College, I can confirm that those who labour to create lather-day miracles are no more or less remarkable than anyone else. They like football, go to movies, have children and moan about their bosses. Yet our culture carries two hugely oversimplified pictures of them. One is Indiana Jones - wearing learning so lightly that you wouldn't notice the horn-rimmed spectacles and white coat, and given to glamorous adventures on the edge of the unknown. Into this category we can put handsome doctors who produce new treatments and techniques to confound disease and death. We can also point to the astronauts who risk their lives to see if The Truth Really Is Out There. Our Man on Mir must already be on his way to his first million from the movie rights to his story alone.

But there's another image of the scientist which is more disturbing, and in some ways closer to the truth. This is not because scientists are bad guys, but because we fail to care enough about them and their work. This image is that of the super-brainy, hyperactive child, endlessly curious and intrusive, poking his or her fingers into every dark hole just to see what's there. With children, we erect a protective framework, making the

home a little safer, being a smidgeon more vigilant. But with atom-smashers, or gene therapy, or space vehicles, you can't just say "That's far enough". With the sums involved and the huge promises made for the enhancement of the human condition, who could say no?

I don't go all the way with those who say that scientific advance is the new religion. Religious belief does not, by and large, involve true revelation or discovery; prophets

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tend to tell us what we want to hear in terms that we already understand. But science does demand faith and it does have its high priests. Scientists introduce us to things we didn't even know were there, and in doing so they transform our way of living. Without the steam engine and railway, there would be no great cities. Without the printing press, there would have been no revolutions. Without the Pill, there would be no march towards equality of choice for women. Mostly science has made things cheaper, better or simply more widely available. Occasionally it has offered a completely new human experience - being able to talk to someone you can't see or hear with the unaided voice via the telephone is possibly the best example of the latter. But all these changes come to most of us accidentally, or at the behest of clever, powerful or rich people.

For a democracy, this is not good enough. We are not all equal in talents; but we should all have the right to a say in the shape of our culture. However, we can't use that right without three things happening. The scientists have to be forced by the media and the Government to be more open about their work; the days of the refusal to publish for commercial or professional reasons should be numbered under the Government's Freedom of Information plans. Second, we have to be educated in the language of science. That means tougher standards in maths, and more hours given over to science in the curriculum, either by extending the school year, or by dropping other subjects.

Third, the task of deciding on how we handle the consequences of scientific discovery should be kept out of the courts if at all possible - lawyers are neither equipped nor able to guide us by themselves. How one might do this is hard to say, and it would be an issue that the Prime Minister or the Home Secretary, both lawyers themselves, might turn over to someone with the right qualifications. The name of the distinguished physicist Lord Flowers comes to mind. Or, if they wanted a scientist with a keen mind, legal training and vast experience of public life, with lots of time on her hands, they don't have to look very far. Step forward, Baroness Thatcher.

Wrong-footed by the Welsh question

"Those opposing devolution are living in a political Jurassic Park." The words of some wide-eyed nationalist? Left from the script of a Welsh version of Michael Dobbs' *The Final Cut*? Not a bit of it. The put-down came from Tory peer Viscount St Davids when devolution enthusiasts met earlier this month in Llandrindod Wells to launch the campaign for a "yes" vote in September's referendum for a Welsh assembly. In a Tory-free Wales it takes a bit of courage to stand up in front of an audience of Labour, Liberal Democrat and Plaid Cymru supporters even if you're about to break ranks with the party you once whipped for in the House of Lords. But there was nothing synthetic about the standing ovation that rang round the mid-Wales town's Metropole Hotel, owned somewhat ironically by a leading Tory family.

More importantly perhaps, political nous comes into Lord St Davids' conversion. Thoughtful Tories are waking up to the fact that should the assembly come into being their opposition could for ever leave them on the sidelines of politics west of Offa's Dyke. The party has no Welsh MPs and only 42 local councillors to Labour's 730. Opposition to devolution could empty the



Tony Heath
With falling support there, Tory opposition to Welsh devolution could see the party permanently sidelined if an assembly goes ahead

water from a bath already baby-free.

And unless the Tories achieve some representation in a Welsh assembly their long Celtic goodbye will be complete.

But first there's the referendum which is to be held on 18 September - two months after next Tuesday's White Paper comes out.

The line-up is beginning to look a trifle one-sided as opinion polls edge up in favour of a "yes" vote. All political parties except the Tories pushed for devolution in some shape or form in their election manifestos. Ron Davies, the Welsh Secretary, says: "Labour won a huge majority and we have a clear mandate to bring in devolution in the form we pledged." That involves a 60-member body, 40 - one for each Westminster constituency - elected on the first-past-the-post system and 20 by proportional representation with four drawn from party lists in each of Wales's five Euro-constituencies.

If as seems likely Wales votes "yes" it would be inconceivable for the Tories to stand aside in assembly elections. After all, their candidates collected just under 20 per cent of the poll at the general election against Plaid Cymru's 10 per cent. Yet they were wiped out while the nationalists won four seats. A compelling case for PR? That

policy is not on William Hague's agenda but the statistics are causing heads to be scratched.

An umbrella "yes" campaign has signed up a cross-section of Welsh society ranging from the Archbishop of Wales, Alwyn Rice Jones and the Archdruid of Wales, Dafydd Rowlands, to the actor Philip Madoc and Tyrone O'Sullivan who led the successful workers' buy-out of Tower colliery, Wales's last deep coal mine. David Jenkins, secretary of the Wales TUC, a clutch of academics and dozens of local councillors are also on board. The pro-devolutionary political parties will also run their own campaigns. Tony Blair has promised to go on the stump in Wales as well as in Scotland.

The Tory party fights for a "no" vote. William Hague has pledged to participate, presumably in company with his party's strongest Welsh card - his bride-to-be Ffion Jenkins, a daughter of the Welsh establishment.

From his tax haven in Jersey the nonagenarian Sir Julian Hodge promises to spend some of his £60m to thwart devolution. He describes himself as a socialist but not a member of the Labour Party. Lord Tonypantry (formerly Sir Speaker George Thomas) is in opposition along with Llew Smith, the left-wing Labour MP for

Blaenau Gwent. After his spat with the Welsh Secretary, Smith has been granted the freedom to state his objections. A handful of Old Labour MPs, notably Allan Rogers (Rhondda), Alan Williams (Swansea West) and Ted Rowlands (Merthyr Tydfil and Rhymney) are less than enthusiastic chiefly because of the PR element.

Opponents point to the debacle of 1979 when Wales rejected devolution by 4-1. Neil Kinnock, who played a prominent part in the "no" campaign 18 years ago, is today a convinced supporter of an assembly which *inter alia* would bring under its control the quangos responsible for overseeing the expenditure of some £2bn of public money. Back in 1979 the Callaghan government was out on its feet. The gloom swirling around Britain hung heavy over Wales, political smog that on 3 May 18 years ago saw Mrs Thatcher sweep to power. The Tories won 11 Welsh seats and the long devolution rethink began.

Today the situation is markedly different. The Government's honeymoon persists and Tony Blair basks in the sunshine of a huge majority. Wales observes the success of regional government in the European Union. Cardiff would love to be another Barcelona or Stuttgart, a cap-

ital city fit for the millennium, although there may a little way to go before it catches up with these examples.

Will an another tier of government be heaped on an already overburdened people? Perhaps not. Last year Wales lost a tier when its eight county councils and 37 district authorities were abolished, and a mere 22 all-purpose bodies arose from the ashes. Twenty-two plus one is less than half of 45.

And how much would an assembly cost? Officially we await the White Paper. But Michael Ancram, the Tories' constitutional affairs chief, who visited Wales earlier this week, put the annual running cost at £15m. The Conservative Jonathan Evans, who lost his Brecon and Radnor seat in May, swiftly corrected him: "No, £30m." It seems you take your choice over the money.

Opinion polls put support for an assembly at 39 per cent with 27 per cent against and 34 per cent undecided. Can the "don't know" be herded into Jurassic Park? Lord St Davids believes that would be disastrous: "If we do not take this opportunity to govern ourselves we lose the moral right to be considered a nation." If even Tory peers see it this way, can there be much doubt that Wales will be voting yes this year?

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Salvatore Fiume

Salvatore Fiume was a fount of nonconformist colour in the critic-led world of post-war Italian figurative art.

He was born in the town of Comiso – an area of Sicily with a keen sense of history, relatively immune from the Mafia plague – but left at the age of 16, first for Urbino, where he studied book illustration, and then for Milan and Lombardy, where he became his home for the next 60 years. Here he struggled to support himself and his family for over a decade, trying on different pseudonyms and even turning his hand to writing (a short-story collection, *Iva la Gioconda*, was published in 1943), before his market breakthrough came at last in the late Forties.

Fiume stressed in later years, when he was living in a converted spinning mill near Como, that the twin pulls of much of his work – now towards a crude archaicism, now towards a refined Arabian drapery – derived not from the mix-and-match cultural borrowings of modernism but directly from his early surroundings, in which traces of prehistoric civilisations were overthrown by North African leavings.

In the first part of his career Fiume was influenced by the geometric fantasies of De Chirico and the blank, archaic cityscapes of regime painters such as Mario Sironi and Carlo Carrà, most obviously in the "anthropomorphic colossi" of his *Isole di Stalio* paintings, which he exhibited at the Venice Biennale in 1950. Later, though, he let the colour flow in, and his paintings became more illustrative just as his book illustrations (for the *Aeneid*, for the Bible) strived for the painterly. Only in his sculpture did he retain a more archaic purity,

working totemic figures that owe an equal debt to the prehistoric fertility statues of his native island and to the neolithic carving of the Val Camonica, near his adopted home.

Fiume was known above all as "il pittore delle donne" – the painter of women (but also the "women's painter"). He had no illusions about the origins of the religious awe and morbid fascination which the opposite sex provoked in him: it was a legacy, he said, of "the rigid, physical separation between men and women" which was still practised in 1920s Sicily. The artist's youthful epiphany, like Joyce's or Dante's, involved a young girl whose symbolic value was boosted by her reassuringly fleeting appearance in his life.

I was 14 at the time, and she was the first girl who had ever looked me in the eye... I asked her, stammering, if she wanted to go for a walk... and we walked to the edge of Comiso on opposite sides of the road, so as not to be noticed. Then I took her hand and we climbed a hill that overlooked the whole town. Nothing was said.

It was this experience, Fiume believed, that marked him out as an artist dedicated to "the service of women – all women". Though he was happily married to a former fellow student, Ines Gualazzi, until her death in 1976, Fiume pursued and encouraged a Don Giovanni reputation. In Africa he fulfilled a lifelong ambition by living for a time at the centre of a harem, and in his seventies he travelled to Polynesia on the trail of Gauguin – or rather, on the trail of Gauguin's models.

His languorous reclining odalisques – probably the most recognisable threads in what was a sometimes worryingly varied output – are painted flat, with a Matissean lack of shadow, their doll-like lips and eyelashes setting them uneasily between archetype and cliché. Goya's *Maja Desnuda* springs to

mind: there is that same tension between the despatching and the evaluation of the object of desire, though Fiume's nudes slip more easily towards the decorative.

But Fiume would never have acknowledged that as a limitation. Decorating was part of his mission. Fiume was a jovial bon vivant, not a garret artist, and in his long career turned his hand to wine labels, festival posters, opera sets (including a celebrated *Aida* at Covent Garden) and ocean liners as well as work in all the more traditional media: painting, frescoes, mosaics and sculpture.

His rapid output and cheery mixing of styles led to his exclusion from the canonical accounts of Italian post-war art; but he went on regardless, taking on increasingly imposing public commissions. Probably the most important of these were his 1967 apse mosaics for the Basilica of the Annunciation in Nazareth; but he also worked on the Time Life building in New York (in the Fifties), designed a standard for one of the *contrade* taking part in Siena's Palio and – before long – became a recognised genre – left a series of "stone paintings" in the Babile Valley of Ethiopia. Salvatore Fiume's roving curiosity and his scorn for the modern artist's carefully metred output led to the occasional lapse – including a best-forgotten portrait of the monk Padre Pio – but his talent and energy always rose to the surface. Invited to dinner, he would hand his hostess a bunch of flowers painted on cardboard, and duly signed. This was his calling card, seduction in and through art.

Lee Marshall

Salvatore Fiume, artist: born Comiso, Sicily 23 October 1915; married Ines Gualazzi (died 1976; one son, one daughter); died Milan 3 June 1997.



The painter of women: Fiume's 1958 *Ritratto di donna*

Jane Wadsworth

Jane Wadsworth came to public prominence for her work on the 1994 National Survey of Sexual Attitudes and Lifestyles, notoriously banned from public funding five years earlier by the then Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. When it was eventually funded by the Wellcome Trust, it became the largest and most authoritative survey of sexual behaviour ever undertaken.

A middle-aged woman with dandy ear-rings as a journalist once dubbed her, Wadsworth seemed an unlikely individual to be analysing and describing the intimate activities of the British public. Her background was cultured but conventional. She was born Jane Arnott during the Second World War, the eldest of four children, and moved to Sevenoaks when her father was demobbed and established his GP's practice there.

Jane had a quintessentially Home Counties upbringing. She attended West Heath School and learned to love music, to ride a horse and to sail; she then went on to read Mathematics at St Andrews University. These formative experiences endowed her with a graciousness and social ease that were her hallmark, but also with a reserve which some found intimidating. She met her husband Michael Wadsworth in her first job,



Wadsworth: rigorous

as a computer programmer, in London, then moved with him to Edinburgh, where their first child, Emma, was born. She never quite gave up paid employment while her children were young, and when the family returned to London she worked part-time at the Institute for Social Studies in Medical Care, beginning a lasting family connection with the social scientist Ann Cartwright.

When Wadsworth's second child, Harry, went to school, she did an MSc in Medical Statistics at the London School of Hygiene and then took a series of research posts in London, Bristol and Exeter. She collected friends in every place she worked.

In 1983 she joined St Mary's Hospital Medical School, Paddington, as Lecturer (later

Senior Lecturer) in Medical Statistics. She played a central role in a number of clinical studies there, most notably the National Childhood Encephalopathy Study with Professor David Miller and a major study of pelvic pain syndrome with Professor Richard Beard.

She was not a theoretical statistician, though she had a thorough knowledge of statistical techniques and was skilled in applying these across a wide range of research projects. Her real interest was in helping younger colleagues and clinicians who would arrive in her office with an armful of data, thinking that somewhere in it there might be the answer to a question that needed asking.

She had a gift for communicating with doctors and for reconstructing their initial efforts into realistic research projects. She was enormously generous to those who wanted to collaborate with her but firmly showed the door to those who tried to treat her like a handmaiden. She hated self-promotion in others and would not tolerate it in herself. In the increasingly competitive academic world, however, this meant that her contribution, though widely appreciated by her colleagues, had not yet led to further promotion.

With the onset of the AIDS epidemic, she became involved in early work to establish the

pattern of HIV infection in Britain and to describe its likely spread. This led to the first ever attempt in the UK to conduct a survey about sexual behaviour using a random sample of the population.

This was uncharted territory for sex research. Jane Wadsworth was excited by the possibilities it opened up and for the first time took a leading role in initiating her own research programme. Her personal life was more difficult over this period, however, and the end of the 1980s saw the painful break-up of her marriage.

After several years of painstaking groundwork, Wadsworth and her co-investigators Julia Field, Anne Johnson and Kaye Wellings embarked on a study which entailed asking 18,876 men and women detailed questions about their sex lives. *Horizon* filmed it for television and Jane Wadsworth became a media star, recognised the next day by her greengrocer and the ticket collector at her tube station. She was delighted by her newfound fame but never took her feelings too seriously.

In 1994 she and her co-investigators published *Sexual Attitudes and Lifestyles*, and a popular version, *Sexual Behaviour in Britain*, which was serialised in the *Independent* on Sunday. Those who were looking for the sensational findings of Kinsey or the titillating ac-

counts of a Hite Report were to be disappointed. The tabloid press were inclined to dismiss the results as boring and predictable. But Wadsworth took pride in the fact that the rigorous nature of the survey legitimised sexual behaviour as a subject for serious scientific study.

The National Survey of Sexual Attitudes and Lifestyles provided both the model and the gold standard for sex surveys in a number of other countries. This brought invitations for Jane Wadsworth to lecture all over the world; these she enjoyed to the full, travelling often with her new partner, John McEwan. She had an immense enthusiasm for life and died too young, aged 55.

Mary Boulton

Margaret Jane Helen Arnott, medical statistician: born 1 May 1942; Scientific Officer, Department of Medical Physics, St Bartholomew's Hospital, London 1976-79; Research Associate, Department of Child Health, Bristol University and Paediatric Research Unit, Exeter University 1979-83; Lecturer in Medical Statistics, St Mary's Hospital Medical School, London 1983-89; Senior Lecturer 1989-97; Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society 1976; married 1966 Michael Wadsworth (one son, one daughter; marriage dissolved 1991); died London 12 July 1997.

András Fodor

Of all literary genres poetry is closest to music, yet there are comparatively few poets whose work is much influenced by contemporary music. The Hungarian poet and critic András Fodor was one.

Fodor was born a railwayman's son in southern Hungary and went to school in the town of Kaposvár, continuing his studies in Budapest, where his talent was rewarded with a place in Eötvös College, Hungary's most elitist and prestigious institute of higher education. It was during the years spent here that he began to publish poetry and first made his name with a long poem entitled "Bartók". He maintained a deep interest all his career in Hungary's greatest modern composer, witness his collection of essays and poems *Vallomások Bartókról* ("Confessions on Bartók", 1978).

It was also in the Eötvös College that the young Fodor met a British student researching Bartók, the music critic Colin Mason. They became lifelong friends. Fodor twice visited Mason in London (in 1957 and 1970). During his second visit the art historian and philosopher Lajos Filipek suddenly died. Fodor, a close friend and faithful disciple, was shattered by the news and the circumstances in which he was given this information gained significance after Mason's own unexpected death in February 1971.

It led Fodor to compose a cycle of poems entitled *Két szöveg* ("Double Requiem", 1973) in which he bemoaned the loss of the two persons who had been most influential and memorable in his life. Much later he also published a diary, *Ezer este* (*Nights with Lajos Filipek*, 1986), in which he documented the Hungarian polymath's great influence on Hungarian intellectuals during the Kádár regime.

As for Fodor's musical interests, these eventually resulted in

a monograph on Igor Stravinsky, another towering figure of modern music, in 1976.

As a poet Fodor learned equally from Gyula Illyés and Anzil József (on the latter he wrote two popular monographs, one in 1971 and one in 1980). Fodor's poetry is often traditional in form and not particularly striking in its message, but is aesthetically pleasant and satisfying. His collection *Józan reggel* ("A Sober Morning", 1958), published soon after the 1956 uprising, was attacked by Marxist critics for its "apolitical humanism" and engagement with a poetry closely connected with the poet's family life and personal experiences; often his poems read like verse travelogues.

Sometimes, though, he can give a luminous account of a particular aesthetic experience – e.g. "San Miniato al Monte" or "A Woman Dancer in Madras". His best poems are odes to the joy of existence or elegies about the transience of human life which is mitigated by friendship and love. His poems were collected several times, most recently in 1989 under the title *Pinkódi himnusz* ("Messenger of Pentecost").

Fodor studied Hungarian and Russian literature at university and also held a degree in Librarianship. From 1959 he worked in the Documentation Centre of the Hungarian National Library. He translated many foreign authors into Hungarian: Pushkin's *Ruslan and Ludmila*, a selection from the work of the Polish poet Tadeusz Rózewicz, Longfellow's poem *Hiawatha*, and selections from the poems of such English poets as Philip Larkin and Derek Mahon. His selected poetic translations were published in 1967 and 1980.

With the documentary diary on Lajos Filipek the middle-aged Fodor suddenly revealed his talent as secret chronicler of

the past. He followed it up with diaries from 1947 to 1950 devoted to the productive years, and the closure by the Communists of the Eötvös College (*A Kollegium*, "The College", 1991). Keeping a diary was apparently a lifelong occupation of Fodor's, for he continued with *A hevenek évek* ("The Years of Heaven", the first two volumes of which covering 1970 to 1974 were published in 1995, with a further volume in 1996).

In these colourful diaries Fodor gives a panoramic picture of Hungarian literary life under political pressure, often drawing ironic portraits of unsuspecting



Fodor: secret chronicler

contemporaries and describes his journeys abroad, e.g. to England, Poland and Romania. In the 1950s Fodor was on the editorial staff of the periodical *Csillag* and from 1983 was chief contributor to the monthly *Kortárs*. From 1981 to 1986 he was Deputy President of the Hungarian Writers Association. His many awards include the Attila József Prize (1956, 1973, 1980), the Pushkin Prize (1987) and the Kossuth Prize (1992).

George Gombosi

András Fodor, poet, critic, translator, diarist: born Kaposvár, Hungary 27 February 1923; married Sarolta Máis (two sons); died Budapest 27 June 1997.

Wolfgang Fassler

Like many another heroic tenor, the Austrian singer Wolfgang Fassler started his career as a baritone, before becoming a stalwart interpreter of Wagner's Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Walther, Tristan, Siegmund and the *Götterdämmerung* Siegfried, with which he made his Covent Garden debut in 1996.

His repertoire also included such disparate tenor roles as Cavaradossi, Gounod's Faust, Hermann in *The Queen of Spades*, Samson, Florestan and Richard Strauss's Bacchus. He graduated from the smaller German opera houses to the larger European theatres in Zurich, Munich, Hamburg, Paris, Rome and Copenhagen. His career was still on an upward curve when it was cut short by his untimely death in a car accident.

Fassler was born in Vienna,

where both his parents were connected with the musical theatre. He studied at the Vienna Music High School, first piano and double bass, then singing, as a baritone. In 1970 he appeared with the Vienna Chamber Opera as Figaro in *Le Nozze di Figaro* by Mozart. He sang *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Die Fledermaus* and *Die Schöpfung* by Haydn. He sang *Tristan und Isolde* in a production of *Tristan und Isolde* (1988) staged by Jonathan Miller.

After *Bacchus* in Rome (1991), Fassler sang Parsifal at Essen, where he repeated *Tristan* in a production by Wolf Siegfried Wagner, the son of Richard Wagner. He made his American debut in March 1995 at Baltimore as Samson in *Samson et Dalila*, then sang Siegfried in *Götterdämmerung* that autumn in Seattle. He made his Covent Garden debut as Siegfried in March 1996, returning for one performance in November.

Elizabeth Forbes

Wolfgang Fassler, tenor: born Vienna 9 March 1944; died 24 June 1997.

Fassler: compelling

Births, Marriages & Deaths

IN MEMORIAM

JOHNSON: Peter on 19 July 1994. Love you always and forever. Warren.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Weddings, Funerals, etc.) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3DL, telephone 0171-293 2012 or faxed to 0171-293 2010 and are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (obituaries, obituary notices, etc.) must be submitted in writing (or faxed) and are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. Please include a daytime telephone number.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

TODAY: The Princess Royal, President, Save the Children Fund, attends an open-air Gala Concert in Balmaloch Castle Grounds, Balmaloch, Banffshire. The British Racing Drivers' Club, attends the Historic Festival, at Silverstone Circuit, Towcester, Northamptonshire. TOMORROW: The Duke and The Duchess of Gloucester attend the Royal International Air Tattoo at Royal Air Force Fairford, Gloucestershire.

Changing of the Guard

TODAY: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. The British Royal Gurkha Rifles mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11am. Band provided by the Coldstream Guards. TOMORROW: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. The British Royal Gurkha Rifles mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11am. Band provided by the Coldstream Guards.

Birthdays

TODAY: Sir Robin Auld, a Lord Justice of Appeal, 68; Mr David Bone, MEP, 42; Sir Norman Brain, former diplomat, 90; Sir Henry Brooke, a Lord Justice of Appeal, 61; Mr Cameron Cochrane, former Headmaster, Feilding College, 64; Sir Andrew Collins, High Court judge, 58; Viscount Cullinan of Culross QC, circuit judge, 64; Professor Roy Duxworth, former Dean, London Hospital Medical School, 68; Baroness Elles, former Vice-President, European Parliament, 76; Sir Linda Gilroy MP, 48; Miss Evelyn Glenine, percussionist, 32; Sir Anthony Graham, chairman, BMA Services, 67; Mr George Hamilton IV, country singer, 60; Maj-Gen Donald Isles, former Director General, Weapons, 73; Dr Carol Jordan, astronomer, 56; Sir Herbert Laming, Chief Inspector, Social Services Inspectorate, 61; Dr Mary McGowan, ophthalmologist, 74; Sir David Money-Coutts, former chairman, M & G Group, 66; Mr Dominic Muldowney, music director, Royal National Theatre, 45; Mr Lie Nastase, tennis player, 51; Mr Adrian Noble, artistic director, Royal Shakespeare Company, 47; Sir Fredrick O'Brien QC, former Sheriff Principal, Lothian and Borders, 80; Air Chief Marshal Sir David Parry-Evans, Chief Commander, St John Ambulance, 62; Mr Ivor Roberts, actor, 72; Mr Dennis Stevenson, chairman of the trustees, Dale Gallery, 52; Sir Lawrence Verney, Recorder of London, 73; Professor Adrian Webb, Vice-Chancellor, Glamorgan University, 54; Mr Henry Wendt, former chairman, SmithKline Beecham, 64.

TOMORROW: Sir Christopher Benson, chairman, British Telecom, 64; Sir Peter Brabeck-Letford, 64; Sir John Dacie, haematologist, 85; M Jacques Delors, former President, Commission of the EEC, 72; Mr Desmond Douglas, table tennis player, 42; Sir Antony Driver, former chairman, South West

Thames Regional Health Authority, 77; Mr Elyon Eilledd, chairman, BTR, 62; General Sir Jack Hamilton, former Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, 77; Mrs Sylvia Heal MP, 55; Sir Edmund Hillary, mountaineer, 78; Mr Charles Hodson, television reporter, 42; Miss Sally Ann Howes, actress, 68; Mr Roger Hunt, footballer, 58; Mr Edward Knight MP, 47; Mr John Lodge, rock musician, 54; Mr Charlie Magri, flyweight boxer, 41; Mr Jonathan Morris, actor, 37; Lord Palumbo, former Chairman, Arts Council of Great Britain, 62; Sir Jeffrey Petersen, former diplomat, 77; Mr Walter Plowright, microbiologist and veterinary surgeon, 74; Mr Michael Quinn, chef de cuisine, 51; Mr John Rees, director, Harrow Development Trust, 54; Dame Diana Rigg, actress, 59; Mr Ted Rogers, comedian, 62; Viscount Slim, deputy chairman, Peel plc, 78; Mr Vivien Tausky, former director of opera, Guildhall School of Music, 37; Miss Elizabeth Tucker, former Headmistress, Headington School, 61.

Anniversaries

TODAY: Births: Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1908; Samuel Colt, inventor of the revolver, 1814; Hilare Germaine Edgar De-De, painter, 1834; Deaths: Matthew Flinders, explorer of Australia, 1814; Thomas Cook, travel agent, 1892. On this day: The Spanish Armada was sighted off the coast of England, 1588; Queen Caroline was forcibly prevented from appearing at the Coronation of King George IV, 1821; the first Men's Singles tennis final was played at Wimbledon, 1877; the Paris Metro was opened, 1900; the western half of England, Wales and Ireland was hit by the most severe earthquake to have occurred in the country for over 100 years, 1984. Today is the Feast Day of St Ambrose, 340; St Ambrose the Great, St James of Nisibis, St John Pelegrino, the denise of those years.

Saints Justa and Rufina, St Macrina the Younger, St Symmachus, Pope. TOMORROW: Births: John Charles Walsham, first Lord Reith, first director-general of the BBC, 1889; Dame Cicely Veronica Wedgwood, historian, 1910; Deaths: Sir Richard Wallace, founder of the Wallace Collection, 1890; Andrew Lang, scholar, author and fairy tale editor, 1912; John Norman Macdonald, statesman, 1970. On this day: Euston Station opened, 1837; the 10th Olympic Games opened in Berlin, 1936; 10 soldiers were killed after IRA bombs exploded in Hyde Park and Regent's Park, London, 1982. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Anselmus, St Aurelius of Carthage, St Elias of Jerusalem, St Flavian of Antioch, St Gregory Lopez, St Joseph Barsabas the Just, St Margaret of Antioch, St Wilgefortis or Liberata, St Wulmar.

Lectures

TODAY: Victoria and Albert Museum: Gill Saunders, "Public and Private: women's lives in 19th-century art", 2.30pm. British Museum: Hilary Williams, "Wren, Thornhill and St Paul's Cathedral", 1.15pm.

TOMORROW: National Portrait Gallery: John Cooper, "John Nash and Regent's Park", 3pm.

Indian Army Association

The Imperial Indian Services held their final Tamasha yesterday at the Portsmouth Guildhall. Over 900 members of the Indian Civil and Political Services, Police, Navy and Army commemorated all those who had ever served in India pre-1947 and marked the 50th anniversary of the demise of those years.

Why money does not grow on apple trees

Noticing how poorly the children look, the social worker asks them if they have eaten recently. "Yes, Miss, yesterday Mummy made little cakes from wet newspapers. We eat them, drink some water and feel nice and full inside." So wrote Susan George, reporting a story from Brazil, in her book *A Fate Worse than Debt*. The Bible has things to say on debt too. "Lord, who shall... dwell on your holy mountain? He shall... who takes no interest on a loan" (Psalm 15).

We live in a world where all lives are interconnected. To state the case baldly, vast numbers of children are starving partly because we cannot contemplate a reduction in our effortlessly luxurious and wasteful lifestyles. And we and they are linked by the interest on a loan.

"Usury today is a dead issue." Thus wrote John Noonan, in his learned history of medieval views on usury, published in 1957. It is a sad irony that the thinkers he described were better prophets than he. Pope Innocent IV argued that usury led to famine: if the rich can charge to lend money at interest, they stop investing in land; farmers can no longer afford the animals and tools they need; so the poor go hungry. And that is not far from what has been happening, on a global scale, in the late 20th century.

Another favourite medieval argument was that money is not like an apple tree: it does not bear fruit. Therefore it is worth the same when you return it after a year. Why should you pay for borrowing it? It is nearly impossible for us to think back, behind the centuries of modern commerce, which have depended on the fiction that money breeds money. Money grows of its own accord, so we believe. But the me-

faith & reason

Medieval doctrines on usury were not as barmy as is often supposed. The lingering consequences of Third World debt are proof of that, argues Margaret Atkins.

Medieval were right. Our money does not magically expand when we leave it in the bank. If we get richer, it is because someone else in the world, often someone poorer and hungrier, is working to make our money make money for us. There was much wisdom in the medieval fear of charging for loans.

Gradually, as the economy grew more complex and more international the theologians were persuaded to follow where the merchants led. The concept of "interest" was invented. It seemed reasonable to be compensated for what you lost by not being able to use the money you had loaned. Usury was thus redefined; but it was not defined out of existence. The laxest moralist still recognised that loans at exorbitant rates were unjust; and that loaning at interest to the needy was an offence against Christian love.

The problem is that our own imaginations are enslaved, and not to God. From the dreaming spires of Oxford to the Scouser's Kop, we see everything in terms of cash. The desire for money, unlike

hunger and thirst, has no natural limit. The more we have, the more we want. How can we free ourselves from this vicious spiral?

The Christian answer is that God breaks the chains. Long before Adam Smith, the word "economy" referred to God's work in the world, the dealings of a God who gives and forgives. Because God had given freely to His people Israel, they were to give with generosity to the poor and stranger. A striking sign of this economy of gift and forgiveness was the jubilee year, to be celebrated every half-century, when those who had been dispossessed were given back their land.

The New Testament brings these themes to a climax. The Son of God himself gives his life for our forgiveness and reconciliation. As he hangs dying on the cross he prays, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." And he teaches his disciples to pray daily for the breaking of the chains of debt and unforgiveness: "Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors." We are not bargaining with God here: "We'll forgive them if you forgive us." No – it is God who has already taken the costly initiative. Our imaginations can be freed from the stranglehold of profit-seeking only when we acknowledge what we ourselves have been given and forgiven.

There are 900 days to go to the millennium. The group Jubilee 2000 is campaigning to celebrate with a true jubilee; to liberate the desperately poor from the burden of international debt. You can keep your Millennium Dome. Jubilee 2000 has a proposal that is truly imaginative and exciting.

Jubilee 2000, PO Box 100, London SE1 7RT

Data Bank

FTSE 100
4877.2 -73.8

FTSE 250
4484.1 -16.0

FTSE 350
2339.5 -29.5

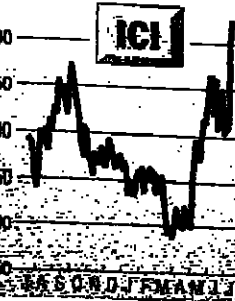
SEAQ VOLUME
1.1bn shares

55,911 bargains

Gifts Index
N/A

Share spotlight

Share price, pence



Footsie ends the week in retreat after early advance

The volatility which has been a feature of this year's long bull run was evident again yesterday when Footsie swung between extremes of a near 50-point advance and a 100-point retreat. It settled at 4,877.2, down 73.8.

New York wrought the damage. Disappointment over Microsoft's second quarter figures and another bout of interest rate worries sent the Dow Jones Average tumbling. Equities had opened on a firm note with Footsie stretching to within a whisker of 5,000 points. The effort proved too much and even before New York's misery became apparent the blue chip index was in retreat.

The nervous roller-coaster ride was a fitting finale for a week of incredible activity on the stock market. In the first three days Footsie jumped 164.7, falling 87 in the final. Yesterday's early Footsie

advance was due to manoeuvring ahead of the July futures expiry.

Many of the recent high flyers came crashing nearer earth. HSBC, where a 2,500p target price was nailed to the shares this week, fell 87.5p to 2,090p. Abbey National and Standard Chartered were others experiencing double digit falls.

National Westminster Bank had to contend with the failure of any Prudential Corporation bid to materialise. The shares fell 26p to 866.5p. The Prudential 28p to 586p, perhaps indicating a lingering suspicion that, if not NatWest, it has a spectacular strike in its sights.

Royal Bank of Scotland lost 8.5p to 636p, with Charterhouse Tilney suggesting the shares could go to 750p. It says the profit outlook is improving at the Direct Line insurance business and the Citizens operation in the US; group profit



MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

stock market reporter of the year

its should advance by nearly £100m to £740m this year.

Royal & Sun Alliance, the insurer, rose 8.5p to 497p as SBC Warburg described the shares as a "trading buy".

Two food shares took the blue chip honours. Associated British Foods edged ahead 13.5p to 557.5p and Asda, the supermarket chain, rose 3.5p to 147.5p, highest since chairman Archie Norman arrived in the early 1990s to rescue the then ailing group. Trading was heavy with Seaq turnover put at 43.8 million shares. Merrill Lynch was thought to have led the buying charge, creating in some quarters suggestions of corporate action.

Tomkins, the conglomerate which delighted the market when it decided to indulge in a share buy-back, moved to a 12-month high with a 6.5p gain to 298p.

The buns to guns group had set its face against handing cash back to shareholders, preferring to board its riches for acquisitions. Last week came the change of mind with £100m of its £250m excess money earmarked for share buying.

Imperial Chemical Industries ended 1.5p higher (after 11.5p) at 922.5p. The transformed chemical group plans a \$4bn fund-raising to reshape its borrowings. Interim figures

are due next week with profits expected to be sharply lower at £160m.

BT remained in a sorry state, off 10.5p to 430p as the scrambling and scurrying to sort out arbitrage positions following the MCI fiasco continued to undermine sentiment. Before MCI's shock profit warning BT was riding at 501.5p with speculators playing between BT and MCI shares. Many have been left cruelly exposed by the BT reaction.

Telephone hopeful Ionica, trading in its when-issued form, touched 435p despite arriving as the market took fright. The shares closed at a higher-than-expected 421p.

Barr & Wallace Arnold motor 34p to 343.5p after declaring a 120p special dividend following the signalled £41.8m sale of its leisure division.

The remainder of the group, Ford, Peugeot and Vauxhall dealerships, may

make further special payments.

SkyePharma ended 3p off at 73.5p. At one time the shares were down 11p. Delays in the development of new drugs are behind the weakness.

Brumcliffe Aggregates added 4p to 36.5p after admitting a bid could be on the way. Aggregate Industries has 23 per cent and can go to 27 per cent. Bodfari (Quarries), an unquoted Welsh group, has been a persistent buyer and has approached 10 per cent. The group is valued at nearly £20m.

Engineer Norman Hay hardened 2p to 35.5p as it sold its 7.2-acre Heathrow site for £7m; the property had a book value of £5.7m.

Taking Stock

The Trocadero leisure enterprise remains fireless; providing a serious setback for Nigel Wray, the entrepreneurial investor whose interests range from the Burford property group to Nottingham Forest football club which is on its way to market.

The Troc's misfortune stems partly from difficulties at Segaworld, the interactive theme park. In a bid to inject life into the group Burford agreed to pay £210m for the Troc's freehold properties. But the shares have refused to respond, although the company has £73m cash, the promising Ed Blayton copyright business and high hopes Segaworld will recover.

Food group Geest freshened 13p to 298.5p on speculative buying. The company is a long-running takeover candidate.

Share Price Data

Prices are shown except where stated. The yield is shown as a percentage of the share price. The price/carnings (P/E) ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share. The price/dividend (P/D) ratio is the share price divided by last year's dividend. For a detailed description of the index, see the back of the paper.

The Independent Index

The index is a composite of share prices by volume from London Stock Exchange, Simplex and other sources. It is a free index of the market. For a detailed description of the index, see the back of the paper.

Anyone with a tone-deaf telephone can use the service. For a detailed description of the index, see the back of the paper. Call cost 50p per minute. Call charges include VAT.

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sport

Hamed set for stay on plateau

Boxing
GLYN LEACH

The evidence suggests that the honeymoon period in the love affair between the British public and Naseem Hamed, the World Boxing Organisation and International Boxing Federation featherweight champion, has come to a close.

Hamed, who tonight defends his titles against unknown Argentinian, Juan Gerardo Cabrera at Wembley Arena, might even be in danger of being taken for granted. Hamed's previous London appearance in 1997, the IBF title-winning victory over American Tom "Boom Boom" Johnson in February, drew a capacity crowd to the London Arena. Hamed's promoter, Frank Warren, optimistically projects a 9,000 crowd this evening for the Sheffield southpaw's seventh WBO title defence. But advance ticket sales have been slow for Wembley Arena's first boxing show since Lennox Lewis was stopped in two rounds by Oliver McCall in September 1994. As with Hamed's 93-second blow-out of Billy Hardy, two months ago in Manchester, tonight's fight, and more particularly the opponent, has failed to capture the public's imagination.

The momentum of the 23-year-old Hamed's meteoric rise to stardom over the last three years has slowed. A devastating puncher and a flamboyant performer, Hamed is as attractive as he has ever been, but difficulties in arranging meaningful fights have left him stranded high on a plateau, staring up at a summit that is beginning to look beyond his reach in the immediate future.

This was to be the year in which Hamed unified the four major versions of the world nine-stone championship, but it seems increasingly unlikely that he can achieve his aim. Frank Warren admits he has been frustrated at being unable to arrange fights with the World Boxing Association and World Boxing Council champions, Puerto Rico's Wilfredo Vazquez and the Filipino Luisito Espinosa.

Vazquez is talking telephone numbers and Espinosa suffered a terrible cut in his last fight that will take a long time to heal properly, Warren explained. "On top of that, the IBF are insisting that Naz's next defence must be against their mandatory contender, Mexico's Hector Lizarra, otherwise they'll strip him." With only four months left in the year, Hamed and Warren's problems are apparent.

Hamed's sizeable ego is driven by achievement. He is undefeated in 26 fights (24 knock-outs), and has won four championships in three weight divisions since turning professional in April 1992. Without doubt, Hamed is the dominant fighter in and around his weight class and is on the brink of worldwide stardom. Six of his previous contests have been shown by American TV, but tonight, for the first time, Hamed's fight will be screened live in the United States by ABC, the nation-wide terrestrial network.

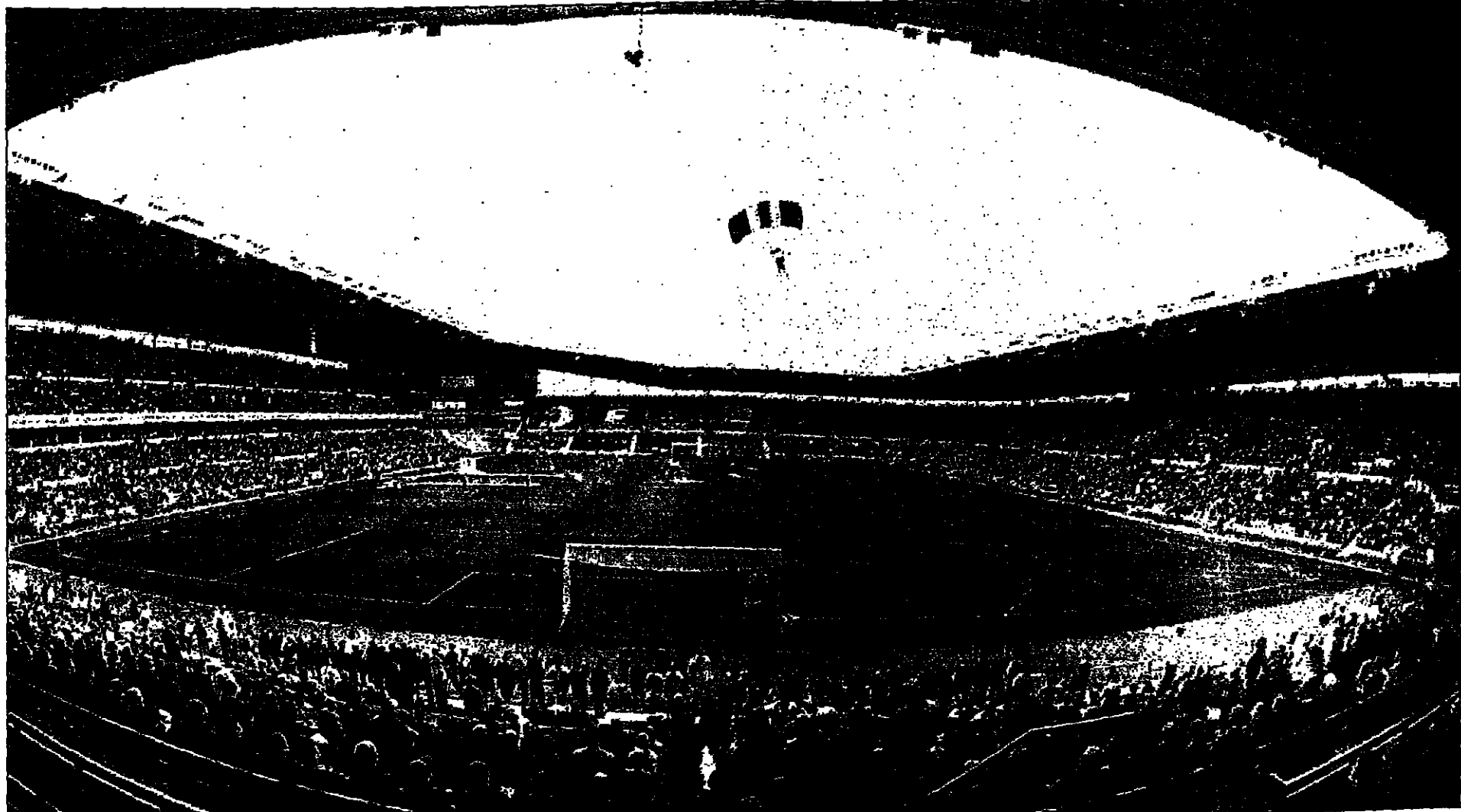
However, there is a fear that without the motivation of major fights, Hamed's career might come off the rails. Over the past year he has seen three worthy prospective opponents - Marco Antonio Barrera, Wayne McCullough and Azumah Nelson - surprisingly beaten in relatively routine contests. The danger is that the same fate might befall Hamed.

Tonight's challenger Cabrera, a 23-year-old from Cordoba, is a late substitute and would have to get extremely lucky in order to beat Hamed. But the Argentinian, beaten twice in 26 fights, has displayed unusual confidence for a Hamed opponent and, with 20 of his 24 wins coming by knock-out, his hard enough to cause concern.

Cabrera will be Hamed's third Argentinian opponent, his predecessors having met early defeat, but the challenger warns that he must not be taken lightly. "My countrymen came to lose," Cabrera said. "I know those fighters well and they were beaten before they left Buenos Aires. But I am not frightened. I can hit as hard as Hamed and I'm as strong as he is. I believe I will knock him out before the sixth."

Cabrera has never been stopped. But perhaps worryingly in light of recent events, one of the two losses on his record came by disqualification for low blows. The other defeat was on a technical decision, when Cabrera was badly cut due to accidental head clashes. But Cabrera has not been in this class before and the strong likelihood is that he and not Hamed will be stopped before half-way.

Tonight's undercard features two first-class British title contests between champion Kevin Lueshing and Geoff McCreesh for the welterweight title, while David Starie makes the first defence of his super middleweight championship against Dean Francis. In both fights the champion is expected to retain his title by late stoppage, but the challengers, like Cabrera, punch heavily enough to cause upsets.



The entertainment for the opening of Derby County's new 31,500-capacity ground yesterday included the Red Devil sky-divers.

Photograph: Peter Jay

Queen (and Mickey Mouse) go to Derby

A capacity crowd saw Pride Park's official opening. Phil Shaw reports

As Jim Smith introduced the Queen to his Derby County squad, lined up as if on FA Cup final day, the Pride Park Stadium's first capacity crowd could only speculate about what was making the manager and the monarch titter.

Perhaps, given the penchant of the modern player for partying, one of them had asked for a reciprocal invitation to Charles' 50th birthday bash for Camilla. Or maybe Her Majesty had simply enquired: "So which one is Roberto Baggio?"

Derby's ambitious attempt to procure one of the prince's of Italian football may not have borne fruit, but yesterday's opening ceremony provided a vivid demonstration of how

their ability to compete for such players will be enhanced by the move to a new home.

Some 31,500 people - around 14,000 more than they could fit in the confines of the Baseball Ground - had made their way to the site which barely nine months earlier might have passed for a Martian landscape. More than 20,000 have brought season tickets, increasing Derby's financial muscle at a stroke.

The Queen's tight schedule meant an early start to the celebrations. By 8.00am, two hours before her arrival, a marching band was entreating busloads of school children. Later, with the atmosphere building nicely, a "warm-up" set to work on the crowd.

"I've got Stefano Eranio with me," he bellowed, introducing Baggio's former Milan colleague to his new supporters.

"What do we shout? One, two, three!" The baffled spectators failed to respond. Undaunted, he announced the newcomer just wanted to say one word. "Hello, everything." Eranio muttered, seemingly equally bemused.

Before long the Red Devils sky-divers were parachuting in with Derby's new home kit. Even on royal occasions, clubs never miss a marketing trick. So when the Queen arrived in a

burgundy Rolls-Royce, one half expected to see "Windsor" and "1" emblazoned on the back of her yellow jacket.

After meeting the players, officials and dignitaries, she was ushered to a table on the pitch to sign a picture that will doubtless adorn a boardroom wall. It was if Smith had told her: "Now I just want you to sit in on that left wing, Ma'am."

After pulling a cord to unveil a commemorative plaque, Her Majesty was presented with Derby shirts for Princes Harry and Wills (reputed to be Manchester United fans) and a

miniature Ram embedded with sapphires and diamonds. She then climbed into a vehicle resembling an open "Popemobile". With Prince Philip, Smith and the chairman, Lionel Pickering, she did a circuit of the ground.

It was only last November that Pickering, who rescued Derby from the debris of Robert Maxwell's reign, laid the first brick at a desolate site on a wet and windswept morning. What has sprung up, at a cost of £23m, is not unlike Middlesbrough's Riverside Stadium, the wrap-round stand roofs proving a unified feel.

Smith, who delivered the Premiership status without which the development might have put an unbearable strain on Derby's

resources, was understandable effusive. "When you think what's been achieved in such a short time, it's fantastic," he said. "Everyone in Derby and Derbyshire can be proud of it. I hope to make them proud of the team too."

After the Royals departed, to be replaced by Mickey and Minnie Mouse at the head of a parade of Disney characters, there was the incongruous sight of Derby's owner being besieged by autograph hunters.

Persuading Baggio to sign has proved more a forlorn hope, though Derby's followers have the chance to see other leading Italians, as well as Jürgen Klinsmann, when Sampdoria visit for the inaugural match on 4 August.

England theme underpins Pearce's new Toon

NICK HARRIS

Stuart Pearce is expected to make his debut as a Newcastle United player today after completing a free transfer from Nottingham Forest last night.

The 35-year-old England defender signed a three-year contract and immediately joined the Newcastle squad in Birmingham where they play a friendly match this afternoon.

Pearce sees the move as a necessary way of maintaining his international ambitions. He said:

"Playing for England means so much to me, and I'd love to be able to make it to the finals next summer. To stand any chance of doing that I need to be playing my club football at the highest possible level."

Pearce will replace the left-back Robbie Elliott, who was sold last month to Bolton.

Martin Edwards, Manchester United's chief executive, has defended his club as it emerged that Ryan Giggs, Gary Neville and David Beckham will be absent for tomorrow's 40,000 sell-out against South China in Hong

Kong. With some fans demanding a refund, United might be investigated by Hong Kong's consumer watchdog, the Consumer Council, but Edwards said: "We've got 15 internationals here out of a squad of 20."

Fabrizio Ravanelli could become the most expensive player in the Nationwide League after turning down a £7.5m move from Middlesbrough to Everton. However, Bryan Robson, the Boro manager, is reluctant to rule out the move until he hears from Ravanelli's agent. "As far as I'm concerned it's only sheer

speculation that the Everton deal is off," he said.

Boro have taken Andy Dible on a fortnight's trial as cover for Gary Walsh. Boro's first choice keeper, Mark Schwarzer, has a knee injury, and the England Under-21 keeper, Ben Roberts, has an elbow problem. Both players will miss the start of the season.

David Hopkin finally committed his future to Leeds United yesterday, telling Crystal Palace that he wanted to go ahead with a £3.25m transfer. The Palace chairman, Ron

Noades, said that the club had offered to match Leeds' terms.

The Football Association has dismissed reports that they are holding up the £12m transfer of Juninho to Atletico Madrid.

A Spanish newspaper had questioned why the FA had sent a letter to its Spanish counterpart on Thursday saying that it could not process the 24-year-old's transfer. But FA spokesman Steve Double denied that it was anything more than an administrative problem that would be resolved as soon as they had notification from Middles-

brough that Juninho's contract with them had been cancelled.

Brighton will not be allowed to join the Vauxhall Conference should they be thrown out of the Football League. The club face an extraordinary general meeting of Football League chairman next Thursday after failing to meet the deadline for a £500,000 bond to secure their Third Division status.

Conference secretary John Moules said: "Our rules are quite clear. We're only allowed to operate with 22 clubs and we currently have 22."

30 minutes

100 minutes

200 minutes

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Kintyre in right place for Sprint

Racing
GREG WOOD

The worst news for many punters this week came when Bowman's, a bookmaker operating principally over the phone via credit or Switch accounts, called a halt to trading with debts estimated at £200,000 or more. Talk of a rescue thanks to a takeover by a firm called Global Leisure plc looked less than encouraging when it transpired that Ron Lloyd, Bowman's managing director, is listed as Companies House as the sole director of Global Leisure plc, despite an earlier claim by Lloyd that he was introduced to the company via a third party. At the moment it is looking like odds against any payments will be made to clients who are owed money.

Another surprising feature of this unfortunate business was hidden away in one of yesterday's trade papers. A punter rang the paper to complain that Bowman's owed him £3,000, and had done so for three weeks. Incredibly, however, he also admitted to having staked two separate bets of £200 with the firm as recently as last Saturday and Monday, by which time he should surely have been harbouring serious doubts about the likelihood of being paid. "I would like to get my hands on Mr Lloyd," the man said. And no doubt every doggy timeshare salesman in Britain would very much like to get their hands on him.

Punters, it seems, are often their own worst enemy, and it is a moral to be borne in mind on a Saturday such as this, with plenty of televised racing but very little of it, by the standards of a summer weekend, of real quality. It would be all too easy to have bets here and there, "just for an interest", but it would be far better to concentrate on just the two or three contests which offer solid form. That should not, strictly speaking, include the Weatherbys Super Sprint at Newbury, the most valuable event of the day, given the ability of lightly raced

juveniles to produce sudden improvement, not least when there is a £50,000 purse on offer. There could still be some value for backers, though, since the 25-year-old field does not hold strength in depth. Daunting Lady, third in the Queen Mary at Royal Ascot, is the form horse, and no more than half a dozen of her rivals have a serious chance of beating her.

Daunting Lady's performance at Ascot was not that of a filly who is improving and it is easy to see at least one opponent improving past her. However, Richard Hannan's filly does not hang about, and she could give the stand's side group a useful pull from her high draw. If so, the race could be set up for Looch Kintyre (2.30), drawn even closer to the rail in 23, who has improved with every one of his three races and may do better still today.

Averti will not be far away in the Hackwood Stakes, while at Newmarket, Kalliana, a half-sister

to Kahyasi who won very well on her course debut, is one to watch rather than back in the Listed Aphrodite Stakes.

At their best, all but a couple of the dozen three-year-olds in the Animal Health Trust Trophy would stand a chance of success, so it is only appropriate that Speculator, trained by Willie Haggas, is the favourite this morning, and a worthy one too, following a recent victory and signs that the Haggas string is returning to form.

Preference, though, is for TIGREKLO (map 4.15), who did not run well last time out but was feeling the effects of his fourth in the Britannia Handicap at the Royal meeting. On his Ascot form he has every chance as drawee (next best 4.45), a sprinter in form who has the assistance of Frankie Dettori.

Sham ride for Eddery

Pat Eddery will pick up the reins from Kieren Fallon on Borsha Sham for the rest of the season. Captain Tim Bulwer-Long, racing manager to the filly's owner, Wafic Said, yesterday issued a statement saying: "Pat Eddery has been retained to ride all Wafic Said's English-trained

horses for the remainder of the 1997 season."

Said was unhappy over the tactics used by Fallon when Borsha Sham finished third to Pilsudski in the Eddies Stakes, at Sandown earlier this month after being boxed in on the rails three furlongs out.

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Wafic Said's English-trained

NEWBURY

1.30 Dark Moondancer
2.00 Averti
2.30 Banningham Blade
3.05 Victory Note

GOING: Good to Firm.
STALLS: Round course - inside straight - stands side.
DRAW ADVANTAGE: High for 1st in on straight course.

LEADING TRAINERS WITH RUNNERS: P. Chapple-Hyam - 37 winners from 161 runners; J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners; J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners; J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners.

LEADING JOCKEYS: J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners; J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners; J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners.

LEADING TRAINER'S DAY: J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners; J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners; J. Gosden - 25 winners from 104 runners.

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NEWBURY

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2.00 Averti
2.30 Banningham Blade
3.05 Victory Note

GOING: Good to Firm.
STALLS: Round course - inside straight - stands side.
DRAW ADVANTAGE: High for 1st in on straight course.

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THE 126th OPEN

Clarke enjoys heat in the kitchen



Early leaders are not supposed to be like this. Darren Clarke, if he had conformed to type, would have popped his head into the glare yesterday and disappeared as fast as his reputation would let him.

The history of the Open is full of 18-hole heroes who have shot to the top and then disappeared faster than Nick Faldo's bombomnie. Bobby Clampett did it at Royal Troon in 1982; Greg Turner at Turnberry three years ago and Bill Longmuir is the high priest of the breed having twice been ahead on the road to nowhere. You can have your slice of fame but you are not supposed to linger.

Clarke, though, clearly had not read the script. On a day so still the big names were supposed to tear Royal Troon apart it was the teddy bear shape of the 28-year-old Northern Irishman who dominated the second

round. We waited in vain for the Tiger and got him instead, it was a bit like Winnie the Pooh becoming a man-eater when every one was watching out for Shere Khan.

With Troon still shaking the sleep from its eyes, Clarke grabbed hold of the second round and refused to let go. On four under overnight, he rolled in a putt from 20 feet at the first at just past 8am, holed from 10 feet at the second and got his third birdie at the fourth while most of the nation was thinking about another piece of toast. What had happened to the frightened rabbit we had anticipated? He was seven under and miles ahead of the field.

"I was calm," Clarke said, who finished the day nine below regulation. "It didn't make any difference that I led. It was the first round of the tournament, you know?" We knew, and so should he.

There are people who spe-

Guy Hodgson follows the leader who has bucked the trend of 18-hole heroes

cialise in watching disasters that happen to people presumptuous to lead the Open. They are called journalists and they were astonished that there were no grisly remains to mull over.

"I was fine today, very relaxed," he added as if he had just finished reading the papers after a stroll along the beach instead of hitting a five-under-par 66. "There may be pressure, certainly on Sunday, but at the moment I'll go out and enjoy myself. I've enjoyed the first two days and I hope I'll enjoy the next two." The man can have no blood in his veins.

Just for while did the tell-tale sign of stress seem to appear. Clarke was not taking his driver out of his bag which usually means a player is beginning to appreciate the significance of what he is doing. Elbows began

to nudge neighbours, whippers began to hiss.

"The nerves are beginning to show, he's getting scared," someone said *sotto voce* in the crowd, in which case he had a funny way of exhibiting it. Three more birdies were accrued by the turn and if it were not for trip-ups at the two par-threes on the outward half he would have got to the turn in the rarefied air of 30.

It transpired that his reluctance to take out his longest club had more to do with intelligence than fear, another characteristic not normally associated with Open upstarts. "The wind wasn't blowing too strong," he said, "and some bunkers were in range with mis-hit drivers. I thought I'm better off playing short of them than taking them on."

Short did not mean shy. He saved par from the nerve-jangling distance of six feet at the 12th and with positive confirmation that he could still hold his putter without it shaking uncontrollably, he rolled in two 20-footers at the 14th and 16th. Clarke is not known for opening himself up on the course but he trumped the air enthusiastically with his fist.

"He now realises he's a good player," Andrew Chandler, his manager, said as he wandered proudly in his charge's wake. People were telling him he was, but he didn't believe it.

"I was sent out to get the fish and chips last night, and he had one beer. All the players that I manage know how to party, but they also know when to party. Darren works his ass off, and he's the perfect role model for the other up-and-coming guys like Lee Westwood, Andrew Coltart and David Howell. "I've been saying for months

that the next stage of his development would be in contention in a major."

Well, he is experiencing the heat of the kitchen now - his 133 equalled the record for two rounds at Troon - and on line to emulate two other members of his Northern Ireland club who won the Open, Fred Daly (now deceased) and Max Faulkner. Expect the queue to join Royal Portrush this morning to be headed by one C Montgomery Esq.

Which led to the most startling revelation of them all yesterday: the man leading the Open was given lessons this week by someone lagging a long way behind the expectation. No, not Tiger Woods, but big Monty, who took Clarke under his wing this week and showed him the pitfalls of the course.

An unusual case of the pupil surpassing the master if ever there was one. But Clarke was an unusual leader yesterday.



All eyes are on Nick Faldo's (far left) tee shot at the fourth at Royal Troon yesterday. A seven at the par-five hole did not improve his humour. Photographs: David Ashdown

Fiddler on the hoof takes a late tumble



Nick Faldo's moods are determined by the outcome of his efforts. This is not an unusual trait among tournament golfers but just by looking at Faldo's face you can tell what sort of a day it has been at the office.

If yesterday was not one of the worst, it did not come up to Faldo's high expectations. Going off at level par he finished his second round two over, which prompted the accurate prediction that he would be grumpy in analysis.

Faldo's 40th birthday (the gallery sang to him on the first tee) was just another flick of the calendar. It brought no inspiration. Quite clearly put out by unfortunate experiences, he chose not to show up for interrogation: just a few words outside the scorer's tent then off to the practice ground. "Sometimes you hit a good shot

only to get punished by a bad bounce," he complained.

To be fair, Faldo admitted that a seven at the par-five fourth was self-inflicted. He went from rough on the left to rough on the right and then into a bunker. Three putts after coming out short did not improve his humour. "It was a while before I got that out of my head," he added.

Faldo fiddles so much in preparation for a shot it can be imagined that he would welcome computerised club selection. His caddie, Fanny Sunesson, is guaranteed to pick out movements in the crowd and draw them to his attention. Nobody dares to speak even in a whisper for fear of reprimand.

Only one of Faldo's six major championships, three Opens, three Masters, was won in anything like spectacular fashion. At St Andrews in 1990 he annihilated Greg Norman in

Ken Jones follows the progress of Nick Faldo, whose two-over-par second round failed to satisfy expectations and soured his 40th birthday celebrations

the third round to make the outcome a formality.

In more familiar mode Faldo grinds down the opposition. Boldness rarely enters his calculations. That double-bogey apart, yesterday's round was a good example: 16 pars, one birdie.

That can work when the opposition is crumbling but not when Faldo finds himself well adrift of the opposition. Unable to move his act forward, 11 shots behind the tournament leader, Darren Clarke, he is unlikely to be in contention.

"I didn't scramble as well as I did yesterday," Faldo said. "Couldn't hole a putt. If I'd got one here and there it could have made a big difference.

Maybe a 69 or a 70. I had a good half-dozen chances from 20 feet or less but I didn't make any. I made a mistake at the fourth and put myself under pressure.

"The weather was better today but that does not mean you will score better. That's golf. Every day is different."

Watching Faldo set up for a shot you can almost feel your self growing older. A fiddle here, an adjustment there, a study in concentration. In Faldo's mind the thinking is high technology.

On one tee, Nick Price could be seen studying Faldo's address position intently. Unable to repair the damage of a first-round 78, the 1994 Open

champion was having one of those days when a sight of the clubhouse cannot come too quickly. Playing partners may feel the need to check that they are indeed in the same match as Faldo, because they do not get anything from him in the way of idle conversation. Price could have done with some encouragement because at eight over he was on his way out.

Tommy Holmes, who has yet to win on the US Tour but has made enough in prize-money to figure prominently in the Ryder Cup rankings, improved on his opening round, shooting 68 to ensure further participation.

Faldo is still in the field and refuses to concede that he is out of it. "I must shoot two very good scores," he said, "and if that happens you never know. If the weather gets tough I might get a shot at it." As for birthday presents he claimed not to have received any.

It can be tough out there, tougher than perhaps the galleries imagine. Jack Newton, who lost his right arm in an accident some years after Tom Watson defeated him in a playoff for the 1976 Open at Carnoustie, rates Troon an extremely difficult course. "I reckon on Troon and Carnoustie to be the toughest on the Open circuit," he said. "Here you can hit a great shot and be unlucky with the undulations. If you find a flat lie it's a bonus. No matter what the weather it's still hard to score well out there."

Faldo did not have to be told that, but his experience yesterday confirmed the assessment. Coming down the last, a par would have seen him at one over. Instead he took three putts and left the green scowling. Somebody shouted encouragement but Faldo was not listening. Unlike Price he did not have to think about packing his bags, but he was not in a position to think about winning.

our group had done to cause him to do that. Then I thought, 'Shoot, I didn't move my mark back'. But he hadn't noticed, maybe he was just boning up on the rules. Vijay felt bad about it but I said it was not his fault."

Lehman said that it was checking with his playing partners about getting his ball, which caused him forget to replace his marker. "I was mad at myself and a little ticked off at my caddie. For two of us to miss that was nearly inexcusable."

Lehman two-putted from off the green at the par-five fourth for the first of his three birdies in five holes. Then he holed from six and eight feet at the two short holes, the fifth and the eighth, to be out in 36. His only deviation from par came when he missed the green at the 17th.

The recovery allowed the defending champion to make the cut, but he is unlikely to be taking the claret jug away with him again.

Troon Talk

BY JAMES CUSICK

Runaway on the Railway

The ill-wind which blew hard on Troon's back nine on Thursday broke a few hearts - and a few wallets. The London-based spread betting specialists, Sporting Index, had gauged before the Open that the notorious Railway hole, the 463-yard 11th, would inflict damage on the professionals.

Offering six points for a double-bogey, seven for a triple and so on, Sporting Index put their spread for the field for the entire four days at between 170 and 180 points. On Thursday the professional ranks were seemingly crushed on the 11th with 219 points of bad play scored just that day. And the

cost to the betting firm? Well, (honest, that's his first name) Pyrah of SI said: "The boys in the office are not at all happy. It was our fourth worst day ever and we lost £150,000 just on that hole. This was one we got completely wrong." The spread has now been moved for all new bets to between 455 and 475.

The other sporting disasters, just for the record, were Brian Lara's record innings and the New Zealand All Blacks crushing of Japan 142-18 and a complex equation of goalscorers at a Newcastle-Liverpool match. Mr Pyrah claimed his company has now renamed the 11th 'The Railway to Hell'.



R&A ko USGA OK

Does the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews bear a grudge? They seek retribution which coincides with the week of the year's US television golf advertising. The United States Golf Association's number across the Atlantic, the USGA, admitted: "We are so far from the game's legal history for over 100 years."

Surely the R&A and the old town of St Andrews were the historical guardians. Shouts of heresy were surely heard. So was revenge being planned this week at Troon? The calm and cool Mr Secretary of the R&A, Michael Bonallack, would merely say: "Well, they are the legal guardians - for America." But he would have no talk of placing usurpers in their place. He told the diary: "We saw that advert. It didn't bother us. Quite simply we make decisions independently of each other and we also work closely together." So will there be a British advert to plug the R&A? One Troon insider commented: "Does God take TV ads to plug the Ten Commandments?"

Your round, No 1 in the bar

Who will be the world No 1 after this week? Here are the official permutations: if Colin Montgomerie wins and Tiger Woods is not in the top five, Monty goes top, providing Greg Norman stays out of the top two. Norman goes top if he wins and Woods stays out of the top four.

However, over strong malts in the clubhouse smoke-room, a few members calculated their own rankings. Here are their permutations, unofficially of course. "Malcolm here becomes world No 1 if all professionals retire after Troon and he mysteriously breaks 100 and turns pro." Howls of laughter and a further round of drinks ordered.

QUOTES OF THE DAY

■ My caddie Billy Foster has joined me after a stupid row last year and we're getting on very well. Darren Clarke reveals the secret of his nine-under-par 133.

plauded, Barclay Howard, the Scottish amateur, enjoys his Open debut at the age of 44.

■ I was sent out to get the fish and chips last night, and he had one beer. Andrew Chandler, Clarke's manager.

■ I had two bad holes at the wrong times. I still love the course, though. I love being able to play creatively. Tiger Woods, the world's No 1 and 13 shots off the lead.

■ I'm mad at myself and my caddie, Tom Lehman, the defending champion, on the ball-marker blunder that cost him a two-shot penalty.

■ It's a very maddening game. It drives me mad all the time. It is definitely a tough game to do for a living. Jesper Parnevik.

■ It doesn't matter now if I finish last - just being out there for the experience is enough. The crowds are fantastic. Even if you tapped in a 12-inch putt, they applaud.

■ You're here to take pictures of golf and nothing else. I'll get you thrown out. Nick Faldo, unhappy with a photographer's interest in his girlfriend.

THE NUMBERS GAME

8 The shots it took Tiger Woods to master the par-four 10th hole.

Edlund, Daniel Olsson and Pierre Fulke.

35 The feet covered by Scottish amateur Barclay Howard's putt before it sank home on the fifth.

15 The improvement in Keith Eriksson's score over his first-round 85.

3 The Swedes who have holed in one so far - Dennis

4 The players who did not start the second round - Ian Baker-Finch, Chris Perry, Yoshinori Kaneko and Jose Ozaki.

TV TIMES

TODAY: Live coverage BBC1: 1.05pm-5.10pm in Grandstand (except for coverage of 1.30, 2.0 and 2.30 races from Newbury). BBC2: 5-7pm. Highlights: BBC2: 9pm.

TOMORROW: Live coverage BBC2: 1pm-6.45pm. Highlights: BBC2: 8.50-9.30pm.

WEATHER FORECAST

Morning calm but in afternoon north-west sea breeze will reach 15mph. Sunny periods, temperatures up to 20C.

Howard shows serious bottle

Barclay Howard survived to the final rounds at the Open Championship yesterday bringing a novel meaning to a word he knew too well. Having been half-cut for much of his adult life, making the cut at Royal Troon was something special, writes Guy Hodgson.

Howard, 44, hit a 74 yesterday which left him two over for the championship and ahead of such luminaries as Tiger Woods, Bernhard Langer and Tom Lehman. As far as the Scot was concerned, just to reach the last two days was worth an Open victory. "I'm just delighted to be playing four rounds with these superstars," he said.

To be at Troon at all is a triumph for Howard whose glittering early amateur career included Walker Cup caps. Then came the many lost years as an alcoholic when his golf bag used to bulge with cans of beer and his ambitions extended no further than the next shot of alcohol. Only when he got to his

thirties did Howard pull himself together, his return to sobriety being crowned by qualifying for this tournament.

On the first day he was one of 10 players below par and yesterday he shot to three under when he boled putts of three and 50 feet at the fourth and fifth.

Then the heart-racing realisation of what he could achieve hit him. "I was fine until I came off the 13th," he said, "and suddenly I realised I was so close to making the cut and I froze."

"In the first round I was going for things but today I became very defensive. I felt the pressure."

From reaching the leaderboard, he had bogeys at the seventh, 10th, 14th, 15th and 17th. Suddenly he was puffing maniacally at his cigarettes, a nightmare last and the axe would fall in front of him and when his approach was short of the green the possibility was there.

"I was desperate to make it,"



Barclay Howard lines up a putt on his way to a 74 yesterday

Howard said. "The crowd were fantastic. I could hear shouts of 'dig in Barclay, dig in'. They kept me going."

He chose a safety-first putter to get his ball near and then rolled in a putt from six, nervy

feet to survive the cut by three shots.

His prize will come tomorrow when he will win the silver medal as the top amateur. For a man who gave up the bottle, he will be rewarded for showing it.

'Dumb' mistake hurts Lehman

It would be an embarrassing mistake at any time but Tom Lehman's absent-minded blunder on the second green was magnified by occurring in the championship of which he is the holder, writes Andy Farrell. The American forgot to replace his marker, after moving it out of Vijay Singh's line, and the error cost him a two-shot penalty.

"I have not done anything dumb like that before," Lehman said. "This was a bad time." He had bogeyed the hole anyway so he ended up with a seven. Lehman responded with three birdies on the rest of the front nine, although a bogey at 17 left him at four over.

No one had spotted the champion's mistake and Lehman only realised after he had teed off at the third. "At first I thought I would be disqualified and that it would be an embarrassing walk in from there," he said.

"I had seen our referee, Tim Taylor, looking at his rules book and wondered what someone in

our group had done to cause him to do that. Then I thought, 'Shoot, I didn't move my mark back'. But he hadn't noticed, maybe he was just boning up on the rules. Vijay felt bad about it but I said it was not his fault."

Lehman said that it was checking with his playing partners about getting his ball, which caused him forget to replace his marker. "I was mad at myself and a little ticked off at my caddie. For two of us to miss that was nearly inexcusable."

Lehman two-putted from off the green at the par-five fourth for the first of his three birdies in five holes. Then he holed from six and eight feet at the two short holes, the fifth and the eighth, to be out in 36. His only deviation from par came when he missed the green at the 17th.

The recovery allowed the defending champion to make the cut, but he is unlikely to be taking the claret jug away with him again.

صكزا من الاصل



IMAGE OF THE WEEK There is more than just a touch of a lowering Constable sky as a farmer races to gather in the first of the winter barley harvest near Saffron Walden, Suffolk, before the rain falls. Photograph by Brian Harris. Taken at 1/500th of a second at f5.6 with a 35mm lens on Kodak 160 ASA film. To order a print of this picture - price £15 - phone 0171-293 2534

the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT • SATURDAY 19 JULY 1997

WORDS OF THE WEEK

Lily and Rob were sitting at the table. Rob was shaking something on to a strip of foil.

"Oh, yeah," said Gemma.

Rob handed the foil to Lily. She lit a match and held it under the foil. There was this thick, sweet smell and a curl of white smoke. Lily held the foil to her mouth and "Glop!" she said. She sucked down that curl of white smoke and clamped her lips down. And held her breath for ages. Then she breathed slowly out. She smiled like a snake.

"Now I feel good," she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

Lily waved her fingers in the air like it was spooky and magic and she said, "Heroin, yeah!"

"Is it? Is it really heroin? Is it?" I said. I was horrified. Rob was doing another lot. I was thinking. She's a junkie, she's a junkie, she's a junkie ...

You know those stories. You take one little sniff and that's it, you're hooked for life: you end up on the streets robbing old ladies and putting your hands down old men's trousers for a few quid for the next fix. Rob held out the foil for Gemma and she grinned at me and struck a match and "Glop," she said. I watched her letting the smoke ooze out of her nostrils. But she must have been doing it wrong because Rob and Lily jumped up and shouted at her, "Don't let it go, don't let it go ...!" And Gemma chased the smoke she'd let out with her mouth.

"That's pretty important smoke," said Rob.

I was thinking. Oh my God, oh my God ...

Then he did one for me but I shook my

'Think like a junkie if you want to be a junkie'

Melvin Burgess, right, proved a shocking winner of the Carnegie Medal for children's fiction with his book *Junk*. It meets head on the excitement and tragedy of drug culture. Here is an extract.



head. Rob laughed and sucked it down himself.

"Hey!" Lily was angry. "Hey, that's Tar's, what're you doing?" He just smiled and opened his mouth to let the smoke out. He looked like a ghost. Lily was getting seriously annoyed, but then he got out the little packet and shook it at her.

"Plenty more where that came from," he said, and Lily grinned.

"Go on, try it, it won't hurt," Gemma told me. "It doesn't do you any harm, it just feels good."

"I don't want to," I said.

Lily was amused. "Aren't you gonna be a junkie with us?" she teased. "Are you a junkie, Tar?"

"No."

"A little heroin isn't going to change you into one. YOU have to think like a junkie if you want to be a junkie."

"Yeah, you don't need smack to help you," Gemma sighed and leaned back in her chair. I looked into her face to see if I

and down the crease in the foil. Then I went "Glop" and ...

Sometimes maybe you need an experience. The experience can be a person or it can be a drug. The experience opens a door that was there all the time but you never saw it. Or maybe it blasts you into outer space. This time it was Lily and Rob and Gemma spending all that time to make me feel one of them, but it was the drug too. All that crap - about Gemma leaving me, about Mum and Dad, about leaving home. All that negative stuff. All the pain ...

It just floated away from me, I just floated away from it ... up and away ...

I leaned back and I looked at the book and I looked at them and Gemma smiled at me, a big soft smile, and her eyes were like marbles.

"Better?" she said.

I just nodded. I didn't feel incredibly wonderful or anything, but it was gone. All the hurt. She came over and sat next to me and sort of wriggled under my arm.

"Tar," she said. "Will you go out with me?"

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah, I will."

"I nearly blew that, didn't I?" she said. "You're gonna live here now, with us," said Lily. "Yeah, both of you. Aren't you?"

What could I say? I felt I was just beginning to learn how to live.

"Yeah!"

Junk is published in hardback by Andersen Press, £12.99 and in Penguin for £4.99.



INSIDE

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Particularly susceptible to draughts

When computers meet draughts players, the results can be surprisingly exciting, as William Hartston discovered in a new book

One can hardly imagine anything sounding less promising as a holiday read than a book on draughts. Unless it's a book about computer programming. Jonathan Schaeffer's *One Jump Ahead* (Springer, £25.50) is a book about programming a computer to play draughts, and it is the most gripping and enjoyable games-related book that I have read for a long time.

If you followed the recent encounter between Deep Blue and Kasparov, the basic plot will be familiar: human intelligence battling against machine computational ability. The principal characters will be familiar too: the single-minded obsessive, determined to reach his goal of being the best in the world, and the quiet academic, searching only for truth and understanding. Only this time, the modest academic is the world draughts champion, Marion Tinsley, and his ruthless foe is the man telling the story - and recounting it with a delightful openness and self-deprecating humour.

Before he became professor of computer science at the University of Alberta, Jonathan Schaeffer was a master-strength chessplayer, and he brought the keen competitive spirit of the player into his work in writing computer chess programs. Here is his description of his feelings during a computer chess tournament:

"What's it like to watch your creation compete, without any chance of influencing the outcome? First, I get nervous, which means I make frequent trips to the washroom. As long as the game's outcome is in doubt there is a knot in my stomach... the observant watcher will see me occasionally chew my nails, a sure sign that I'm nervous. Sometimes my leg will start vibrating up and down uncontrollably. It amazes me how fast a leg can move through unconscious control. I can't consciously move my leg that fast."

After reaching a dead end in his work on computer chess, Schaeffer, by an inspired chance, moved on to draughts. He had never taken the game seriously himself, but it offered a challenge that could not be matched by chess: there was a possibility that draughts could be solved by computer in a way that chess could not. In chess, a programmer might hope to beat the world champion - as the IBM Deep Blue team recently managed - but the prospect of playing perfect chess is not on the menu even of their dreams. The trouble is that chess is simply too huge. With something like 10⁴⁴ possible chess positions, there is no prospect of any machine ever providing a definite solution to the game by working out every possibility. Draughts has a theoretical maximum of 500,995,484,682,338,672,639 possible positions (a figure, calculated by Joe Culbertson, including a large number of positions that cannot possibly be reached in a real game). That's less than the square root of the number of possible chess positions - a puny figure by comparison.

There was another feature that attracted Schaeffer to the problem of draughts: the mistaken belief among many of his colleagues that the game had been solved by computers long ago. Indeed in 1962 a small sensation was created in the worlds of computing and board games when a program written by Arthur Samuel defeated a strong human draughts player. This result soon became enshrined in the mythology of computing. The loser, Robert Nealey, was upgraded to "former champion of Connecticut" (not even if it had been true, a state renowned for the quality of play in its draughts championship) and no mention was made of the fact that he had fallen into a well-documented trap. That game, however, promoted the fallacy that computers could play perfect draughts, so later generations of programmers went unquestioningly on to chess, leaving the simpler problem to fade into obscurity.

As Jonathan Schaeffer discovered, however, when he chose computer draughts as his research topic, there was still a good deal of work to do. He was soon able to write a program (which he called Chinook, after the draughty warm winds from the Pacific that affect Calgary in autumn) that could beat himself easily enough, and any other colleagues who strayed near his terminal, but when he began to



The two greatest draughts players of all time: Marion Tinsley beating off the challenge of Chinook in their 1992 Man against Machine match

meet serious draughts players, he increasingly realised that they knew things his machine didn't. And when the machine lost games, it was not so easy putting things right, even when he knew which move had been the fatal mistake.

"Chinook computes for three minutes and comes up with what it considers to be the best move, but it turns out to be a loser. During that time roughly 3 million positions are considered. Are some of the positions evaluated incorrectly? If so, which ones are in error? Is the search result correct? Are we properly eliminating inferior lines? It makes looking for a needle in a haystack seem easy."

With the help of some sympathetic draughts grandmasters, Schaeffer gradually improved his program until it was ready to compete against the very best in the world. And that is when the book becomes even more interesting. For as Schaeffer reveals for the first time, the world of top draughts players is one of the great undiscovered havens of eccentricity and just pure oddness.

One of Chinook's opponents - among the top handful of players in the world - is a man so shy that he will never permit himself to be photographed. He disappeared for 18 years between 1960 and 1978 and was listed as dead in at least one encyclopedia of draughts. Another world class player is so competitive that he is not above nudging an opponent's man off the board in the slim hope that its absence will not be noticed.

One man, however, towered above all this. When Jonathan Schaeffer first came across a collection of games played by the world champion Marion Tinsley, he assumed it was vanity that had caused the author to include only ten of his losses among thousands of competitive games. Later he discovered that Tinsley had indeed only lost that number of games in his career. In over 40 years as the best player in the world he lost only three games.

This was the man that Schaeffer knew Chinook had to beat in order to attain his objective, yet when Chinook was set to analyse Tinsley's games, it was hard-pressed to find a single error in any of them. The man seemed to play perfectly. Tinsley was also, as Schaeffer discovered to his surprise when he first met him, utterly charming and supportive, and totally lacking any of the arrogance he had expected in a man who had dominated his chosen field for most of his life.

An account of the first match between Chinook and Tinsley takes up the middle section of the book - not a move-by-move analysis of the games (though all the games are to be found in an appendix) but an account of the fluctuating emotional state of the programmer and the calmness of the human champion. At the start of the match, Tinsley was modestly confident of victory: "because I have a better programmer than Chinook. His was Jonathan, mine was the Lord." A deeply religious man and lay preacher, Tinsley sincerely wanted "not to let my programmer down".

His opponent, however, was close to

Games people play Pandora Melly discovers the comedy and drama of television panel games

Nerys Hughes, actress, wife and mother

My father was brilliant at games; very inventive and fun. My mother would be doing the cooking, and he'd be the one who organised all those raucous events like musical chairs and pass the parcel. In those days, we didn't watch the telly so much.

I'm not at all competitive. When I play *Scrabble*, I want to get good words. I don't think hugely about a high score entering into it. My family really mind about winning. We sometimes play a stock-marketing game called *Wealth of Nations*. It's a bit like *Monopoly*, but instead of hotels and houses, you buy national products such as corn or salt, and then you bankrupt the countries. I like playing it, but I'm wary because it can lead to strong feelings. It's lethal. Not a *Happy Families* game at all, and it goes on for ever.

As a family, we are incredibly busy, so we play games when we're together and don't have anything else to do. I love that, but it's very rare now.

I will say this: my career has been comedy and drama, very often playing harassed middle-aged women, so it's an absolute treat for me to do panel games. I know people think: "Oh my God, cookery shows and panel games," but I've done *Give Us a Clue* and a couple of *Call My Bluff*s, and I just adore it. The players are usually quite intelligent, so it's not one of your silly, thoughtless-type panel games; you have to think on your toes.

My answer to you about games in general is that if they're stimulating and fun, and they make you laugh then I think they're wonderful. If they're mocking, then that's awful. All games have their place, even *Wealth of Nations*. It's a chance to muck in and have a bit of a laugh.

We have not been able to track down *Wealth of Nations* but *Call My Bluff* may be seen on BBC2 at 8pm next Tuesday. The teams will be captained by the usually quite intelligent Alan Coren and Sandi Toksvig.

Name watching

Camilla Parker Bowles was 50 this week and the occasion was marked by a story on the PA news wires headed: "Camilla Beats Diana in the Headline Stakes". The story claimed that in the first six months of this year, Camilla has had 6 per cent more coverage than Diana and 10 per cent more than the Spice Girls. We have checked those figures on our own newspaper database, which delves deeper than the headlines, and a rather different story emerges.

| | Jan-Jun '96 | Jan-Jun '97 |
|----------------|-------------|-------------|
| Spice Girls | 1 | 2,698 |
| Princess Diana | 1,880 | 1,942 |
| Camilla | 407 | 527 |

As the above table shows, occurrences of "Camilla" have risen by more than 29 per cent in the first six months of 1997 compared with the same period last year, while the "Princess Diana" count has gone down by 2.4 per cent. If this trend is continued, Camillas will overtake Dianas around the end of 2002. Or they would, if our newspapers were not totally overtaken by references to the Spice Girls by then, which, at an annual increase of 269,500 per cent, will soon leave no room for anything else.

Clearly extrapolations based on these six-monthly figures are not to be relied upon. So here is a month-by-month breakdown from July 1996 to June 1997:

| | Jul | Aug | Sep | Oct | Nov | Dec | Jan | Feb | Mar | Apr | May | Jun |
|---------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Spice | 26 | 33 | 26 | 71 | 127 | 336 | 277 | 372 | 626 | 469 | 529 | 423 |
| Diana | 529 | 338 | 337 | 293 | 306 | 327 | 388 | 287 | 263 | 282 | 307 | 434 |
| Camilla | 136 | 159 | 178 | 74 | 57 | 74 | 131 | 72 | 58 | 72 | 60 | 134 |

Here the figures expose the true situation. The Spice Girls clearly peaked in March and, if we extrapolate a three-monthly moving average of their scores, it becomes clear that they will probably be back to their 1996, one-mention-every-six-months level around the end of December. The current boost in Camillas is only a return to the levels of January, and appears to be a seasonal fluctuation.

The games page is edited by William Hartston

Chess William Hartston

The most significant chess event of the year - in a far-reaching metaphysical sense - was the match between the Academics and the Philistines last weekend held at the new Pizza Express at London Wall. The question at issue was whether education is good for your chess and to settle the matter two teams were assembled comprising on the one side players with degrees from Oxford and Cambridge and on the other those players who had somehow bypassed a proper education.

Altogether it was one of the strongest matches ever contested in England.

With David Norwood and myself as captain and vice-captain of the Academics, it should come as no surprise that the Oxbridge side romped home to an easy victory. Norwood and I both lost our games, but that only showed what faith we had in the inherent superiority of our cause. Indeed, Norwood even went so far as to match Michael Adams glass for glass with the Chianti which they quaffed during the game.

Norwood had been doing rather well early in the game, after forcing a black knight to make a complete round trip from b8 to c6, b4, a6 and back to b8, but he became confused when Adams stuck a bishop offside on a4. It was clearly not the sort of move to

Concise crossword

No.3355 Saturday 19 July

ACROSS

- 7 Perplex (6)
- 8 Ill-felling (7)
- 10 Annoying (7)
- 11 Reflected (5)
- 12 Finished (4)
- 13 Beverage (5)
- 17 Dance in 3/4 time (5)
- 18 Prohibition (4)
- 22 Poison (5)
- 23 Set aside for a purpose (7)
- 24 Bold (6)
- 25 Nearer (6)

DOWN

- 1 Fruit (7)
- 2 OT prophet (7)
- 3 Inundate (5)
- 4 Flower (7)
- 5 Divert (5)
- 6 Actor's whispered confidence (5)
- 9 Affianced (9)
- 14 Accord (7)
- 15 For the reason that (7)
- 16 Cuisine (7)
- 19 Avoid (5)
- 20 Trap (5)
- 21 Faithfully (5)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Fender, 4 Shovel (Fin de siècle), 7 Grenadier, 9 Flee, 10 Nail, 11 Tiger, 13 Lugged, 14 Neat, 15 Absent, 17 Oddy, 19 Sort, 20 Abet, 22 Bear, 23 Racketeer, 24 Sift, 25 Rouser. DOWN: 1 Fift, 2 Dive, 3 Raveled, 4 Sadder, 5 Even, 6 Lashed, 7 Going-over, 8 Ram-rider, 11 Tears, 12 Recly, 15 Abacus, 16 Docker, 17 Orator, 18 Yorker, 21 Daise, 22 Bend.

Bridge Alan Hiron

Game all; dealer West

North
♠ J 10 9 7
♥ 5
♦ Q J 9
♣ A Q 10 9 2

West
♠ A 8 5 4
♥ A 8 3
♦ K 6
♣ J 5

East
♠ K J 10 7 6 4
♥ 8 5 4 3
♦ 7 3

South
♠ K Q 2
♥ Q 2
♦ A 10 7 2
♣ K 8 6 4

It is always embarrassing when you let your opponents make a contract that is two off in top tricks. East-West are still arguing about their combined efforts, but how would you apportion the blame on this deal?

West opened 1♠ and after two passes South bid 1NT, suggesting 11-14 points. West and North passed and East, with a second chance, tried 2♥. Rather feebly, West passed this and, even more

Bridge Alan Hiron

feebly, passed again when North competed with 2NT. As you can see, East-West would have made ten tricks in a heart contract.

Worse was to come. West led ♥3 and East, after winning with his king, returned ♥J to the queen and ace. Next came ♥9, and, placing his partner with only three cards in the suit, East overtook with his ten and was horrified to see South show out. The hearts were now blocked and when East, not unreasonably, switched to a spade (yes, the defence would still have been all right if he had tried a diamond), declarer had eight tricks.

Apart from West's over-cautious bidding, East missed an inference in the play. If, as he had feared, declarer had started with ♥Q, x then surely he would not have gone up with the queen on the second round of the suit. East could hardly hold both ♥K and ♥A, and if West had led from ♥A, x, the suit would have been blocked if declarer had allowed ♥J to win.

Perplexity

Losswords: Our dictionary has been malfunctioning, omitting the letters of each defined word, in the right order, from the definition, then closing up the gaps and adding, in brackets, the missing word length. So, for example, "puzzle", defined as "purely quizzical game" appears only as: "relyquizzical game (6)". But what are these three?

oreacoatohilication (7)
eropolitinas (6)
mayeawayweller (5)

The answers, incidentally, are loosely connected. A prize of the *Chambers 21st Dictionary* will be awarded to the sender of the first correct answer we open on 31 July. Answers to: Perplexity, *The Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

5 July answers:
Lords-a-leaping (galloped rains)
Downing Street (overwing Denis)
Green bottles (strong beetle)
Connection: the number ten
Winner: A.J.Lobo (Bradford)

Backgammon Chris Bray

In the early stages of tournament games, doubling decisions are normally the same as they would be for money. The key differences come in one of two situations: either when one player has a very large lead, for example leading 10-1 in a match to 13, or the match is very close and one or both players are within four points of winning the match.

As an example let's study the position above where Black has opened with a 64, playing 24/14 and White has rolled 55, playing 8/3(2), 6/1(2). Black now rolls 63 and stays on the bar. Should White double, should Black accept? It all depends on the match score.

Firstly as a benchmark let's consider the cube action in a money game. This is a well-known position where the correct action is double/take. Now suppose the score is 3-3 in a match to 7. In this instance White should double and Black should drop. Why drop? Because White is offering an optimally efficient double. If he wins a gammon - and a lot of his wins in this position will be gammons - then he will win 4 points - precisely what he needs to win the match. Black does better to decline and play from 3-4 down.

What if White leads 10-1 to 13? Then he should not double but should play on for an undoubted gammon - note that the Jacoby Rule does not apply in tournament play. (The Jacoby Rule states that a gammon cannot be won if the cube is still in the centre). If he does double, Black will accept with alacrity and on the merest excuse reducible to 4. If Black then gets lucky he could win a gammon making the match score 10-3.

How can we prove that these answers are correct? The answer lies in the concept of match equity tables, a topic we shall broach next week.

Maid of stern stuff

Art-house moviegoers who have seen Jane Campion's ground-breaking film *An Angel at My Table* will remember the heroine with awful clarity: an unprepossessing, fat pubescent with an off-putting frizz of orange hair and a nasty cardigan, trying to conquer her many social disabilities and become the writer Janet Frame. Fans of *Trainspotting* who have checked out its producer-director team's earlier work, *Shallow Grave*, may recall, of the three Glasgow flatmates who bury Keith Allen's dismembered body, the woman called Juliet, who flashes her tits at the camera with splendid unconcern, gets beaten up by avenging thugs and tries to abscond with the money at the end. And television viewers with a fondness for Joanna Trollope's novels surely cannot forget the squire's lesbian daughter, Clodagh, in *A Village Affair* (ITV, Easter 1995) who seduces the sweet young *bourgeoisie* played by Sophie Ward, one hot afternoon after she's put the baby off to sleep. Extraordinary to think that all three characters – the shy gawky, the cool ghoul, the sapphic siren – should all have been played by the young women sitting beside me in the empty Circle Bar of the Donmar Warehouse theatre, Covent Garden.



John Walsh meets Kerry Fox... the 'Shallow Grave' star who gets what she wants

Kerry Fox is 30, a New Zealander now living in London after years of traversing the globe, chasing work from Australia to Bosnia by way of South Africa and the Philippines. She is blithely insouciant about this restless travelling, as if boxing the hemispheres were a perfectly normal way for a busy young actress to live. Tall and solidly-built, she radiates intelligent self-confidence, with occasional whimsies of incomprehension at one's more pretentious lines of questioning. She is, as everyone points out, neither pretty nor plain but can suggest a creamy sexiness or a threatening nullity just by turning her head. It's all to do with the eyes, which are her best feature. In repose, they're large and unblinking, on celluloid, they can flash with a cold, Lamia-like snakeskin or smoulder with calculation.

Ms Fox and Niamh Cusack are currently packing the Donmar stalls for their joint impersonation of *The Maids* in Jean Genet's perverse, mercurial play of that name. Every night, Solange (Fox) and Claire (Cusack) shed their servile encumbrances to act out a series of traumatic relationships – master-slave, mother-child, monster-victim – until the game turns sour and they resolve to kill their worldly employer, played by the gorgeous black actress Josette Simon in figure-bugging *haute couture*. The role of Solange gives Ms Fox a chance to move through a succession of wildly shifting emotional extremes. She can be droopily submissive one moment, and frighteningly belligerent the next, then pathetic and crumpled, then businesslike and homicidal. It is, amazingly, her first-ever appearance on a British stage.

Did she feel that (unlike most critics) she understood what Genet was on about? "I think a lot of people come to the play with preconceived notions, mostly because they're stuck on Sartre's essay, where he says the play was written for men. It just wasn't. Genet turned round after Sartre had written a whole chapter about his theory, and said, 'I never said that.' It's all a myth. But if people come to see it without expectations, they start to see similarities with their own lives and what they've done to other people."

She admits to feeling "completely knackered" after eight performances a week of this shape-changing melodrama in which all the characters are acting other characters all the time. "Often when I'm playing a part, I have an image in my head of what the character's like, I have a picture of her and try to adapt myself to fit it. But in *The Maids*, I had to toss that way of working right out the window. Here, everything comes from the other actor. Whatever you're doing is a direct response to what they've just done. My performance is defined the moment Niamh opens the door [to enter the bedroom, at the beginning of the play]."

She has theories about the characters and their interchangeability, their way of turning into each other and confusing whom they're talking to. Didn't it drive her mad, all this blurring of iden-

ties? "Well you're obviously baffled about how to take it," says Ms Fox severely. "It's a matter of what seems real to different people. When I've spoken to people in the past who've had delusions, their delusions are very logical and make complete sense". Had she researched the role? "Only to the extent of reading Genet. She hadn't fancied becoming a parlormaid for a fortnight? "No. In fact, I kept thinking, I don't know anyone like these women. You just have an image from the TV about how maids should act. But we didn't want to get into that area, that class business."

Being from New Zealand helps, she thinks, to suggest an undercurrent of colonial oppression in the play, as does Niamh Cusack's Irishness. The actresses have clearly become very close, in rehearsing their nightly battles for mastery. "We share a dressing room, so it's very easy to talk about things, if we think something's missing or something's wrong. And we have some wine after each performance and talk about how it went. And there's the accents..." Accents? "Well you wouldn't have noticed," she says, "but we've tried to merge our two accents. Niamh tried to flatten her Irish accent to become more like mine and say 'bid' instead of 'bed', and I've added some of her rhythms, so I say 'Claire' rather than 'Clair'..." And what gets picked out in the reviews? "How New Zealand I sound..." She was originally turned down for the role by the director, John Crowley. "He didn't want to cast me because he thought I was too young. So I had to convince him. I said, how could I possibly be too young, that it was up to me and Niamh to play it as if I was older..." And in the end he had to cast me. She lights a cigarette calmly. "You've got to make other people believe in you. You have to say if you really want something."

It's been a curious flight path that's landed this persuasive Kiwi in Covent Garden. She was born in Stubbs Valley, a suburb of Wellington, New Zealand. "Did you see *Heavenly Creatures*? [the movie set in Christchurch, NZ, in the Sixties, in which two schoolgirls murder one of their mother's against an atmosphere of stifling ennui]. It was just like that. I grew up in complete suburbia, a quarter acre of it, surrounded by the bush. There were hills in the background. We could walk to school without any fear of danger." Her family was "very straightforward", her father an accountant for a firm of kitchenware exporters. "He had strong views about behaviour. He'd never shout at anyone, never swear or hit us. He understood that people make mistakes all the time. And he'd avoid confrontation, which is a very New Zealand trait..."

The youngest of four children in a family characterised by shyness, Kerry stuck out as a noisy show-off. "My father told me later, after I'd been to drama school, that I was the bossiest person he'd ever met, and the most aggressive – and I think that stubbornness, and always thinking I'm right, is probably both my best and worst feature." (Kerry, in case you're wondering, was not in *Heavenly Creatures*. She was, she says, "too old" and no amount of acting rhetoric could change that.)

After being involved in drama groups at school, she dropped out of university and embraced the New Zealand Drama School with rapture. "It changed everything. It was like the opening of my life. That's why I related so much to Janet Frame in *An Angel*, as she finds out she's a writer. I'd done a lot of acting before – but to be with a group of people who spoke the same language as you, and wanted to understand about people in the same way..." She left, tried stage management, acted in fringe productions, did an ad for the *New Zealand Listener* ("like your *Radio Times*") and "some terrible auditions" for theatre directors. "The prevailing smallness of post-college life might have killed her spirit. But then she read the script of *An Angel at My Table* – and I knew I could do it, and that I'd have to do a really good job, because if I didn't, it would mean I'd just been wasting my time." Thus Ms Fox sprang, virtually fully-formed, from drama school into moviedom without any of the usual decent interval of juvenile roles in provincial towns followed by crap television sitcoms.



Angel was filmed in New Zealand. It, Jane Campion and Ms Fox were loudly praised – but Kerry got no work for a year, as casting directors failed to see beneath the marmalade frizz she'd worn to play Janet Frame. She was rescued by another Antipodean woman director, Gillian (My Brilliant Career) Armstrong, who put her in *The Last Days of Chech Nious*, filmed in Australia, then by Elaine Procter who gave her the lead in *Friends*, a hand-wringing little drama about interracial loyalties, set in South Africa. "Nelson Mandela was out of prison, though not in power, at the time, so the film was already dated when it came out," she says. "I thought some of South Africa was gorgeous, but the people – the way they speak to other people... If they introduced someone, it would be, 'This is so-and-so, his background's Jewish and his family came here in 1947...' There's this baggage of family trees, so people can't relate to each other immediately and directly."

Kerry Fox's big break, however, was meeting Danny Boyle, the Mancunian director. They met in London at her agent's office. Boyle was auditioning actresses for *Mr Wroe's Virgins*, the television version of Jane Rogers' novel about a 19th century preacher with a *seraglio* of querulous maids. "I knew the one I wanted to play, of the four girls, but he didn't want to offer me it. I said, 'I'm not going to play any of the others.' Eventually, I went back to Australia – and later, he offered me the part I wanted." How did she get her

own way? "By being utterly convinced I'm right." Boyle called her up when he moved on to direct *Shallow Grave*. "When I read the script, I thought, 'I don't wanna do this, it's gratuitously violent,' she says with distaste. "But at least we tried to make the violence real, not dress it up in stunts, going 'biff' and 'whack!'" I recalled a moment in the film when Ewan McGregor drunkenly sprawls on the floor of a restaurant, with Kerry Fox's shoe grinding into his face, and the camera (shooting from below) captures a smart of sadism on hers. There's a coincidental echo in *The Maids*, when her character kneels to kiss Niamh Cusack's shoe. Was she drawn towards perversity? There was a long silence. "I'm drawn to oppression and trying to understand how people can be so cruel to each other. I'm trying to expose cruelty, not allow it to be explained away in some mystical fashion..."

She will next be seen on screen in *Widow to Sarajevo* (to be released in November). Michael Winterbottom's moving record of siege conditions in the Bosnian town, as it was bombed and shot at by its neighbours. "It's shocking about how destructive and violent people can be, but it doesn't glamourise it the way Hollywood likes to. It's more honest." She plays a television producer in the war zone, "who starts out kind of naive and desperately trying to do the right thing, and has to toughen up, and ends up very bitter and twisted. But the best thing about making the film was watching Stephen Dillane, who plays a war journalist and is really amazing." Fox and the

crew spent a fortnight in Bosnia just days after a wobbly ceasefire was declared. "It was easy to imagine what it must have been like – this really groovy cuf society. The women were incredible, so big and tall and elegant, while the men just sat around in cafés all day with their kids. You could see the women really ran the show." She sighed. "That's why it's so horrific to see it so devastated."

Meeting the Sarajevans wasn't an entirely happy convergence of moneyed western and war-torn eastern Europe. "Most people paid no attention to us at all. They had far more important things to concern themselves with than a movie. And it's hard to ask people from a war the kind of things you'd like to ask – like 'Did you kill anyone?'. But people wanted the film to be honest about their horrible personal experiences. They wanted the world to understand, so, yeah, they talked to us and told us all the terrible stories..."

Ms Fox's feline eyes flash briefly. For a moment, her chronic diffidence, and her breezy self-confidence about getting what she wants, are invaded by a moment of genuine human sympathy. After 10 years of impersonating awkward misfits, schemers, virgins, seducers, bruised neurotics, embittered media types and murderous domestic, she sounds like she could do with a break from inspecting human misery and cruelty. Is there a comedy out there someone could offer her? "The Maids" is at the Donmar Warehouse, London WC2, to 9 Aug (Booking: 0171-369 1732)

I fear I have two pieces of information for the government's ongoing investigation into museum charges that may not be entirely helpful to supporters of free admission such as the Culture Minister, Chris Smith. (His new official title, Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport, takes up too much newsprint.) The much stated and utterly admirable justification for free admission by the National Gallery director Neil MacGregor is that the pictures belong to the nation, therefore the nation cannot be charged to see them. But how many of the National Gallery's visitors are actually "of the nation", so to speak. Surprisingly, the Gallery has never until now undertaken any research on what percentage comes from



David Lister arts notebook

abroad. But I hear that the first research has now been done and the figure is exactly half. It is a statistic that should be made known to the government review on charging. The second piece of information has also been kept rather quiet. Sir Denis Mahon, the octogenarian benefactor, who has loaned masterpieces

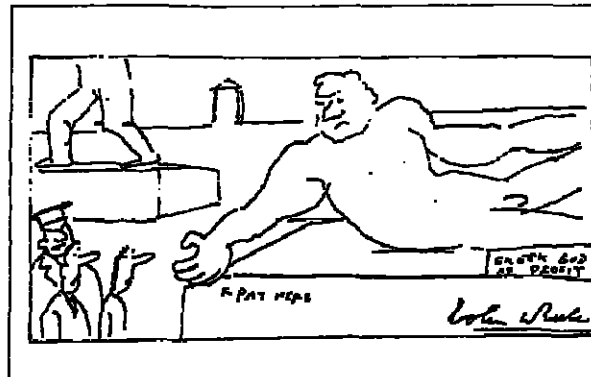
Goodbye to all VAT

to several galleries and promised the same pictures as bequests on his death, has made it a condition that these galleries do not charge admission. Indeed, the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool has lost three paintings from his collection to the National Gallery of Ireland because they have introduced charges. But I gather that while Sir Denis has loudly insisted on free admission for galleries exhibiting his paintings, no such stipulation has been written into the terms of his bequest. The National Art Collections Fund, which admin-

isters the bequest, would have nowhere to store the paintings for a start. Privately worried that after Sir Denis's death the government will clap an export stop order on the paintings going to Ireland. Mr Smith might have chosen to tackle a rather more tricky area than he first believed. One thing he can do, though. End the absurd VAT anomaly, by which museums and galleries that charge admission can claim back the VAT on all their expenses, whereas those that allow free admission cannot. Allowing the National

Gallery to claim back their VAT would give them an extra £1m a year. A simple remedy, which would neatly avoid grappling with more difficult philosophical issues such as finding out and publicly stating who our museum and gallery visitors actually are.

An etiquette problem for actors: when on a TV chat show to plug a play do you tell a famous interviewer she doesn't know her *Endgame* from her elbow. Or do you politely nod and drink your tea? Ben Kingsley was the guest on the *Richard and Judy*



show to plug the new production of *Waiting for Godot*. Judy was chuffed because she had studied *Godot* for A-level, but didn't understand why Sir Peter Hall's production did not have the characters in dustbins. Mr Kingsley could have pointed out that that was

another play; he could have mused on A-level English teaching. But, a scholar of actorly etiquette, he simply poured himself another cup. Postmodernism has few champions as redoubtable as Professor Simon Frith, professor of

English at Strathclyde University and the leading academic specialising in rock music. (He must explain one day why rock and pop come under the English department rather than music, electronics or gender studies.) Anyway, Professor Frith is chairman of the Mercury Music Prize, which has included the Spice Girls on its shortlist. Professor Smith, or Bratney Spice as he may henceforth be called in Glasgow, now says he would readily lecture to students on the girls' significance in the evolution of pop. The music industry trade journal *MusiX Week* meanwhile pontificates that giving the Mercury to the Spice Girls would be like giving the Booker to Jilly Cooper. Rubbish. Jilly Cooper would never get on the curriculum at Strathclyde.

arts & books

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Howling across the borderline

Phil Johnson meets Jeff Nuttall, Sixties survivor and enduringly cherubic icon of the confrontationalist avant-garde

In his latest exhibition of landscape paintings, whose surfaces are raised into the third dimension by stuffed nylon appendages – sometimes suggesting a hill or a hedge, sometimes a limb or an intestinal tract – it's perhaps possible to read the whole of Jeff Nuttall's rumbustious career. They aim, he writes in a statement accompanying the exhibition, "to synthesise a vocabulary of gross eroticism with a full-blooded baroque romanticism". In their swollen forms, you can almost see the rubicund, air-blowing cheeks and Michelin-man body of a libidinous cherub. And you can detect the vestiges of a cherub in the appearance of Nuttall himself, too, despite the ravages of time.

Writer, painter, polemicist, founder of the pioneer performance art group The People Show, author of the Sixties text *Bomb Culture*, peripatetic jazz cornet player and all-round Bohemian survivor, Nuttall is still – in his sixties – a rude and potent force. His boozey cupid's features, generous belly and sly, lifted eyebrows have recently helped win him a new career as a character actor in television comedies such as *Lenny Henry's Chef*, *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Men Behaving Badly*; he was even type-cast as Friar Tuck in the movie *Robin Hood*. "For an actor, being fat has enormous advantages," he says. "Acting is such a vain profession; almost everyone is thin, which leaves room for me." The work gives him plenty of time for painting and writing back at his home in Abergavenny, near to the Welsh border country where he spent his childhood.

Nuttall has always had a day job. For many years he was a teacher and lecturer, beginning in secondary schools and ending up as head of fine art at Liverpool Polytechnic, before taking early retirement in 1984.

His career in education was at least as radical as his work in the parallel worlds of art, theatre and literature, favouring methods that were often wilfully unconventional. My father-in-law was taught art by him at a secondary school in East Finchley in the Sixties, and he recalls Nuttall putting him in a waste-paper basket when he disapproved of a drawing he was

doing. "Oh, yes," says Nuttall. "I used to do that quite a lot. I suppose I'd be put in prison for it now. I also used to get the noisy children to put their heads inside their desks, but one day I unknowingly picked up a boy who had claustrophobia and it gave him a terrible migraine. The next day, I was playing the piano in the lunch break when the boy's father came in, and slammed the lid down on my fingers."

Years later, he was beaten up by a posse of feminists after trying to console one of them by putting an arm around her shoulders. Trouble with women has been, you feel, a constant thread in his life and work. At Leeds Polytechnic in the Seventies, he was, he says, always getting arrested for scandalising people with his confrontational, and occasionally obscene, performance art shows. He also used to teach his students to stalk people, as an exercise in alienation. "All my life I've been in trouble about obscenity, but I'm interested in the obscene for many reasons," he says, as we talk in the parkland outside the marvellous new gallery in Ebbw Vale that is home to his exhibition.

"We're all of us turned on by the obscene," Nuttall says. "It's a root element in eroticism, but why is it obscene? Why are we not allowed to see it or say it? There are good reasons for this, because we don't control it, and I'm interested in obscenity precisely because of that. The paintings in my exhibition are paintings of energy, pre-ethical, pre-social energy, and their political message is that we have to accommodate this, and that our social structure will start to work only when we do."

Though he has been a dedicated and confrontational avant-gardist all his life, Nuttall is beginning to mellow at last, able to see the craft of a well-made play by Terence Rattigan or a painting by Sickert; even the virtues of John Betjeman are beginning to take hold, which is somewhat shocking for someone schooled, as he says, in the impeccably impenetrable prose of Isidore Ducasse, the 19th-century ancestor of Surrealism. The current exhibition, which is built upon a series of drawings of the border hill country, has also given him a rare glimpse of joy. "I've been active in a time when a cer-

tain kind of insanity has been the norm, and I must say that making these drawings has represented a most serene and marvellous happiness, something I've almost never felt before, a sense of supernatural well-being. I'd always seen the lyrical, romantic element in my work as something separate and opposite to the aggressive element, and I suddenly saw that they could be resolved. It's like Samuel Palmer, but Palmer married to Hans Bellmer [the Surrealist creator of auto-erotic dolls], or John Masefield married to Bataille."

As a leading light of the London underground movement in the Sixties and early Seventies, Nuttall found himself pioneering performance art with The People Show, and helping to create an alternative tradition in poetry that was opposed to the metropolitan bias of the "official" canon. This continual opposition, and the context of "Bomb Culture", which engendered it, may have been, he feels now, a kind of glorious mistake. "People of my age have spent the whole of their adult lives under the probability of nuclear holocaust," he says. "For a long time it seemed that it was going to happen and that one was living in, as it were, the last days. And that licensed one to do something dreadful... to make something happen. There was the sense that we had to do something quick, violent, makeshift and new. The times weren't conducive to intelligence, but to a kind of mental disturbance. There was a sense of hysteria – and hysteria is not strange to my work. A poem such as *Howl*, a novel such as *The Naked Lunch*, a painter like Francis Bacon, musicians such as Archie Shepp and

Charles Mingus – everywhere there seemed to be a real shrieking and a howling. Then rock music was created as a playground where people could howl as hard as they liked, and it could still be sold. So now we have poor old Richey Edwards [the missing member of Welsh pop group Manic Street Preachers] – wherever he is – hacking his arms up; all those obliging suicides; but without the creativity of Edith Piaf or Billie Holiday, or Charlie Parker, or Antonin Artaud, who, without any of that extreme creativity, have felt themselves obliged to commit themselves to a course of very public self-destruction. So maybe all that hysteria was a very bad period, and maybe my work is less honourable than I hope it is, because of a mistake in the historical assessment of my time."

Some of Nuttall's feelings about what has happened since are contained in a manuscript for a new book, *The Degradation of Awareness*, that has been doing the rounds of various publishers but has yet to find a home.

Meanwhile, he cultivates his garden back in Abergavenny. "What I'm going to do now, I don't know and I don't much care. I shall continue to blow a little jazz and when I get an idea for something to write, I'll write it," he says. He's a member of the Abergavenny Writers' Collective, who organise readings and criticise each other's work. "It's local and very provincial, but I like that," he says. "After all, Erik Satie sat on this local town council."

Jeff Nuttall's paintings are on show at the Westland Centre, Festival Park, Ebbw Vale (01495 350010) to 28 July



Maybe it was all just one big mistake: Jeff Nuttall at home on the borders (above) and breaking the bounds of performance with The People Show (top) ROBERT STRATTON

Why sign it all away?

OPERA Dokumentation | Almeida Theatre, London

Helmut Oehring was born in 1961 in what was then East Berlin. Both his parents are deaf, and his first language was sign-language. He says he became a composer, at the age of 23, after years of obsession with rock music and jazz. "by a number of coincidences and nasty accidents". For him, "the starting point of every sound is a corresponding movement... In a sense, all the music I compose is film music, a soundtrack for a film that isn't shown." He says he "feels like a handicapped film-maker". Sign-language itself is used in some 20 per cent of his compositions.

The British premiere of Oehring's *Dokumentation I* (1993-1996) was brought to the Almeida on Thursday in a new production mixing German and British performers; it is directed by Andreas Morell and conducted by Roland Kluge. Lasting barely 50 minutes, this performance borrows the floor cross and some of the visual technology used in the theatre's current production of *The Cenci*, placing around it a small instrumental ensemble.

Three deaf actresses – Gabriele Arndt, Gerlinde Deml and Christina Schöfelde

– play out a kind of abstract mime, their simultaneous threesome using sign-language and occasionally speaking as well. Either side of the stage stand a boy treble (David Newman) and a counter-tenor (Nicholas Clapton), who sing and speak in English, with a little German thrown in, and who also make gestural contributions of their own. A screen shows hands clapping, faces in close-up, a child playing, a lot of car journeys.

The music – frequently highly dissonant, sometimes sharp and acrid, sometimes obsessively rhythmic, occasionally rock-based, and employing various extended instrumental techniques – often sounds like a horror-movie soundtrack. There are also some very nasty electronic noises, some of them vocally based. While the composer's imagination occasionally proves vivid, the soundscape is scarcely engrossing.

One can appreciate why Oehring has become something of a darling of the Continental European new-music scene in the past few years. But, for me, *Dokumentation I* was highly frustrating. We were told the work has no narrative, which should have freed

it up to become a play of abstractions both literal and metaphorical. The staging, however, is perfunctory; the use of film and lighting amateurish and boring, not least by comparison with the splendid vistas offered in *The Cenci*. Though appreciating the beauty of its gestures, I am unable to read sign-language and admittedly missed an important dimension of the experience: there are, seemingly, few connections between actresses and singers on any level. But even the singers' spoken passages are often drowned out by the instrumental ensemble. I picked out only fragments: about hospital, blood pressure, journeys, some jejune philosophising.

Of course all this obscurity and perhaps deliberate masking could have been contributing to some kind of allegory of communication, or rather the lack of it. But I learnt at least as much about the evident joys and sorrows experienced by people with hearing disabilities by sitting in the bar beforehand, alone and uncomprehending in a world of signers, as I did from Oehring's *Dokumentation I*.

Keith Potter

On the Arts pages on Monday

Robert Cowan visits Terezin, the Jewish ghetto where music flourished in the shadow of the Nazi gas chambers
Stephen Johnson reports on the First Night of the Proms

David Benedict WEEK IN REVIEW



GERAINT LEWIS

THE EXHIBITION Hiroshige

"Images of Mist, Rain, Moon and Snow", a bicentenary retrospective of the woodcuts and prints of the Japanese artist Utagawa Hiroshige, who specialised in stylised, abstracted landscapes collected by, and a great influence upon, Van Gogh and any number of impressionists.

Tom Lubbock admired the pictures which "each come with their distinct and piquant illumination... and yet no general light falls in any particular direction... that's Hiroshige's trick". "His daring sometimes makes him seem nearer to our era than his own, even though this exemplary show discloses the full extent of his roots in an immemorial Asian past," raved *The Times*. "Approaching the landscape in a spirit of tenderness and humility, he is the poet of ephemeral things," sang the *Telegraph*. "A designer of genius. It is his lack of sincerity that is sometimes confusing... they were always intended for popular consumption. The aura of hushed preciousness that now surrounds them at the Royal Academy is bogus," opined *The Sunday Times*.

At the Royal Academy, London W1 (0171-439 7438) until 28 Sept.

An artist of atmospheres, occasionally unclear to the Western eye, but illuminating in every sense.

THE FILM The Lost World

Follow-up to dino-drama *Jurassic Park* and the only Spielberg sequel to have been directed by the man himself. Goldblum and Attenborough are back plus billions of bucks worth of special-effect dinosaurs, Julianne Moore and Pete Postlethwaite. Photographed by Kaminski who shot *Schindler's List*.

Adam Mars-Jones was unimpressed by "a sequel with more than its fair share of déjà-vu". "Spielberg's lost it, and so have the movie-goers who paid \$90m to see it on the first four days," spat *The Spectator*. "Its direction amounts to unremitting crisis management," scoffed the *Standard*. "Logic is out to lunch... There is inanity, but moments of genius too," conceded the *FT*. "Been there, done that. One almost yawns," sniffed *The Times*. "Profoundly slick," grimaced *The Guardian*. "The comedy muddled eco-message is pap," rumbled *Time Out*. "An extended fright-ride," admitted the *Telegraph*. "Among the grossest, not to mention goriest and most sadistic films ever to have been awarded a PG certificate," fulminated the *New Statesman*.

Cert PG, 129 mins, at a cinema near you, if you must.

Spielberg has slipped from inspiring awe to "aw, shucks". *The Lady and the Tramp* has fewer animals but is more fun.

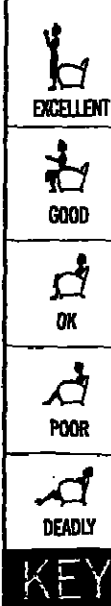
THE PLAY Chimps

Gemma Bodinetz directs Simon Block's new comedy with Nicholas Woodson and Fraser James as shark-ish salesmen who move in for the kill on Darren Tighe and Ashley Jensen, an illustrator and a graphic designer who have just moved into a new home and have a baby on the way.

David Benedict thoroughly enjoyed a "marvellously played... very funny play" with its "thrillingly unbearable" tension. "The climactic scene, waves of dark comedy cascading, has all the excitement of a violent sporting event," cheered the *Standard*. "Fast, darkly funny and blessed with terrific dialogue (but) a weary feeling of déjà-vu," equivocated the *Telegraph*. "Block is destined for great things... put me in a such a state of anxiety it took real effort not to leap on stage," gasped *The Times*. "A deceptive piece about more than its surface themes... tightens like a vice in a superbly performed production," exclaimed the *Ham & High*. "Trundles on, with mildly amusing diversions, mostly provided by Mr Woodson," mused the *Mail*.

At Hampstead Theatre, London NW3 (0171-722 9301) until 16 Aug.

Less of a situation-comedy, more a ruthlessly funny situation-nightmare. A hit? A dead cert. It's as safe as houses.



overview
critical view
on view
our view

The guru and the California girl: Ravi Shankar with his daughter Anoushka
PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID ROSE

Lucky chants

Flower-power guru Ravi Shankar has put the Sixties behind him. So why is George Harrison producing his new album and editing his autobiography? By Spencer Bright

Flower power, hippies, the Swinging Sixties. Ravi Shankar - the names are forever linked. The fans wanted to turn on to his sitar music, but he felt only repugnance for them and their disrespectful ways. He hated it when they addressed him - guru and maestro - as "Hi, Ravi" or "Hi, Rav", and in the end he dropped out, disappearing during the Seventies precisely so that he could escape his decadent followers.

Now he is back, preparing to appear at the Womad festival as part of a 16-week tour, but, at 71, pacing his life more carefully after undergoing a quadruple heart bypass.

He lives most of the year now in a glorious home near San Diego, with his wife Sukanya and their 16-year-old daughter Anoushka. He has always been a beautiful man, though now he is frail, his thick black locks have thinned and greyed, his cheeks have sunk, though his jawline is still strong. He talks animatedly and gestures gracefully with his hands and arms, his movements are measured and he is certainly not decrepit.

He turns down more concerts than he feels able to carry out, but the work load is still heavy. He has a new album, *Chants of India*, coming out at the beginning of September, and comprising his own original compositions based upon the traditional chants and ancient prayers and mantras of his homeland. Produced by ex-Beatle George Harrison, and commissioned by Steve Murphy of Angel Records - the company that brought you the multi-million-selling album of Gregorian chant by the monks of Santo Domingo de Silos - it aims to do for Indian chant what the Spanish Benedictines did for liturgical plainsong. He also has an autobiography, *Raga Mala*, coming out this autumn in a limited edition, complete with accompanying two-CD set.

He may be trying to pace his life better in order to preserve it, but it still sounds as if he's got a lot left that he wants to squeeze in. Does he think about death? "Now more so, because I am getting nearer to it. But for many years I never thought of it. It is one of those things that is bound to happen to everyone."

"I have no fear of death at all," he continues, "excepting that, like everyone else, I guess, I don't want to suffer physically. I would like to keep it at bay for a while because of her," he gestures to his daughter Anoushka, sitting by his side, "and to some extent because of certain unfinished things that I feel I would like to complete." Among those are having *Chants of India* performed live, composing a few more ballets and operas based on Indian mythology, and passing on the mantle of sitar maestro to Anoushka.

Shankar has released more than 65 albums but feels that *Chants of India* is "one of the most meaningful things I have done". It's also one of the most unusual because, except for

some strumming, there is hardly any sitar on it. There is, though, a choir of 12 or 15 voices, and a musical backdrop made up of traditional Indian and a few Western instruments. The result, the Indian equivalent of Western plainsong, is subtle and spiritual; it has a calming quality. Shankar finds music more spiritually rewarding than he does religious ritual. He is reluctant to talk about it but admits to having had mystical experiences in the course of creating *Chants of India*.

Has he ever gone into a trance-like state? "I consider all this very personal but, as you ask, I can tell you that I have - more through my music, when I am performing, than when I am sitting and meditating."

Is he holy? "Very unholy." Then he retracts. "No, no. I think I am in the middle path, but slightly tilted towards the holy feelings at least. Being in this world, witnessing everything, it is very difficult to feel holy constantly. I am very much a see-saw, I go from one extreme to the other. Sometimes worldly and sometimes I feel 'What's the use of all this?' Very extreme feelings."

Unlike too many supposedly pious people, he admits to his failings. That only enhances the aura of spirituality that surrounds him. As India's greatest ambassador of culture through the mystical power of the sitar, he has sought to spread the message of his music despite mailings from "so-called cultured people who have positions and talk of tradition not knowing anything about it."

His association with George Harrison, who incorporated the sitar and raga rhythms and melodies into his song-writing for The Beatles, was the catalyst for Shankar's burst of Sixties super-stardom (although he had already enjoyed a successful career in the West, including collaborations and friendship with Yehudi Menuhin). The relationship with Harrison has endured and, except for a period of severance in the Seventies, deepened.

"George, since the day I met him, was a very introverted and very spiritual person. He was a young boy then and very superficial, with a very child-like groping. Now he is very mature. He has studied and has such a deep love for our old culture, the Vedic culture especially."

Their collaborations have included the Concert for Bangladesh in 1971, the first major fund-raising rock concert. Harrison co-produced the four-CD box set *In Celebration* to celebrate Shankar's 75th birthday and also edited Shankar's autobiography, as well as enthusiastically embracing production on *Chants of India*, which was recorded partly in India, partly at Harrison's country home.

"We have become so close really. It's a beautiful relation-

ship - like a father / son, guru / disciple - and we laugh and have fun so much together."

The guru / disciple roles are reversed, however, whenever they go into the recording studio. "When we were mixing the sound, I let him lead because that is something which he has so much experience in, but composition-wise I made all the decisions. In fact it was my idea to utilise him, though not in a major way, just as part of the chorus, using some strums of the acoustic guitar or just a few notes on the vibraphone or auto harp."

Shankar would like to see *Chants of India* performed live, although neither he nor Harrison would be among its performers, much as Harrison would like to be. "There comes the catch. If it is George, then the attraction becomes George Harrison being there, and it loses its whole approach. George doesn't want to exploit that. It's not fair to him either as such a famous musician and neither is it fair to the production."

Shankar has been comfortable in the role of guru and father. His early experiences of the loss of his own father made him more detached than he feels he should have been. His father Pandit Dr Shyam Shankar, a once-wealthy landowner, left his family in poverty in India to come to the West, where he studied at the bar in London, taught Indian philosophy at Columbia University, and eventually became a member of the Privy Council.

For years Ravi had a low opinion of his father, although they eventually became reconciled. "I connected later on and maybe spent a few weeks with him. I really found him not to be the person that I thought he was. I didn't have a very good opinion about him, but the whole world respected him, he was such a learned person, wise person, a good person."

"He was a very detached person. He was many things but never took anything for a long time and never made any money."

Shankar's surrogate father was his sitar guru, Baba Allaudin Khan. "I found my father actually in my guru, he gave me that love when I went to him and met him." He married his

guru's daughter Annapurna Devi and they had one son, Shubhendra, who died in his forties leaving two children.

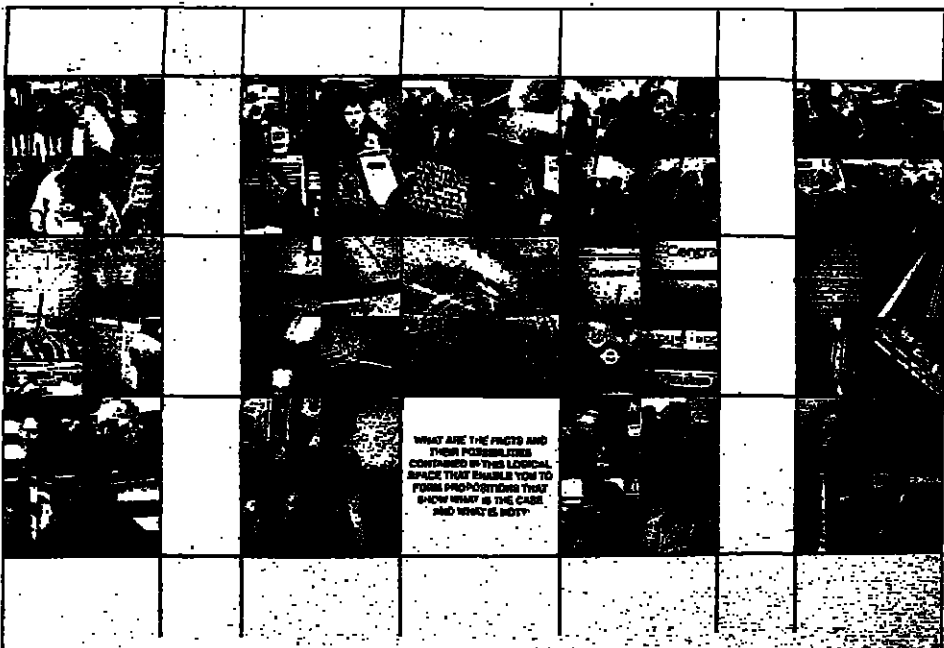
The detachment inherited from Ravi Shankar's father stayed with him. "I am sorry to say I am very detached in that way. I mean I have all the love, but I have never been able to be like a normal person because from very early childhood I have been a nomad - travelling and hotel rooms have been like my home. Only in the last few years I am feeling those things that I lost."

The transformation has come about through the love of his wife Sukanya, 35 years his junior, and Anoushka. He is making up for the time he failed to spend with Anoushka in her first seven years after she was born and brought up alone by Sukanya in London's Willesden Green. Sukanya was in a previous marriage when she met Ravi Shankar and became his mistress. Their affair was revealed by an Indian magazine under the headline: "How love conquered lust!"

They moved in together and married when Anoushka was eight and a half, moving to India for two years, then back to London for a year, before settling in California for his health. Anoushka has now become a bit of a California girl - at least her accent has, though she has agreed not to have any boyfriends until she is 17 or 18, only going out with boys in groups. You can see the devotion to her father in her eyes.

"I am working very hard with her. I wish she could work as hard as I want her to, but you know how difficult it is for a kid of 16, going to school and being a teenager, and she's also doing piano, Western music, so, poor thing, I feel sorry for her, because it's really very much strain on her and she's now touring with me. Being a teenager and being in California is very very difficult. But we have tried to maintain a balance and she is a very wise girl and I have tremendous admiration for her."

Ravi Shankar appears this Friday at the Womad Festival, Reading. Booking: 01225 74449



Stephen Willats's 'Going Home' (detail): snapshots of urban life blitz us with data

Reality bytes

ART Stephen Willats Victoria Miro Gallery, Cork Street, London

For more than 30 years, Stephen Willats's ethnological art has explored the politics of perception, the ways in which our social spaces and rituals are constructed and experienced. Willats has produced works on an Ipswich housing estate, neighbourhoods around Nottingham, and a tower block in west London. With the veneer of structuralist anthropology that is underpinned by a conception of the world as a flux rather than static, his work explores the different ways in which we make complex, creative decisions in everyday situations.

On one occasion, I found myself caked in mud in a field in Royston, Essex. *Taking the Short Cut*, Willats's resulting piece, was simply a map and a series of interviews with the locals about how they perceived and used a shortcut. This unofficial route that people had created for themselves traversed the two landscapes of their community: the commuter-belt village and the surrounding farm land.

"Street Talk" at the Victoria Miro Gallery includes a simulated walk called *Freezone*. Like much of Willats's work, it offers visual models of how we map reality. Two computer consoles (futuristic circa 1970) are manipulated by large panels on which a thesaurus of possible responses are available to problems presented on the screen. On the screen a scenario appears, involving different

symbolic groups of people in a series of situations. A photo of, say, a group standing outside a shop is surrounded by nine blocks of data, for example a weather report, an overheard conversation and a cigarette packet on the pavement. In order to navigate your way from Edgware Road to Oxford Circus, you have to agree with the person on the other console about how the people in the photo feel in this situation. Choosing a word from the thesaurus, you punch in the response. You have six opportunities to agree with your partner on the nature of each open-ended representation.

A philosopher once remarked that the sad thing about artificial intelligence is that it is neither artificial nor intelligent. Willats's *Freezone* is genuinely interactive, the way that society and everyday life is, and information technology generally isn't. It offers an instructive model of how we negotiate reality collectively. That said, I did the simulated walk with my 15-year-old brother and found myself being dragged down Bond Street by a febrile teenager, only too willing to concede to his perceptions.

The accompanying exhibits *Going Home* and *Taking a Walk* are photoworks that similarly explore how we organise and process information. For *Going Home*, Willats asked eight people to film specific items en route to the Tube: people and

the space between them; people and their objects; and institutional signs like underground directions. Willats chops up the film and places each still into a grid. The result confounds the assumption of travel as a purely passive journey, demonstrating an everyday activity as kinetic, fluid and dynamic.

The stills all surround a quotation that is a pastiche of a philosopher's observation on the nature of reality. Like the following burp of pseudo-McLuhan, "What new role is created for you, the media message being applied to all your senses of perception, through the creation of this environmental wrapping." Each piece is a snapshot of urban life as a sensorium of images - blitzing, prodding and kneading us with data. Both *Going Home* and *Taking a Walk* have the sheen of scientific cartography, the way in which space is represented as flat through mathematical models. But Willats's maps are more like the spatial stories of medieval maps that represented space via icons surrounded by their legends. If, as geographer Michel de Certeau once remarked, "history begins with footsteps at ground level", "Street Talk" suggests that Willats is a true historian of the pedestrian.

At the Victoria Miro Gallery, 21 Cork St, London W1 to 1 Aug (0171-734 5082)

John O'Reilly

Back to Liffey, back to reality

POP Sinead O'Connor Olympia Theatre, Dublin

There is a ripple of muted applause. Several minutes' ovatory bliss from the full-house audience of her first Irish show in two and a half years have brought Sinead O'Connor back to the stage where she has just played the show of her life. And she has, perhaps inevitably, said something controversial. "This," she says, with awareness and confidence, "is for anyone wishing to, or trying to, give up drug-taking." The ghost of Britpop wheezes in the excesses of Columbia, raises two fingers to the world for old times' sake, and disappears up its own backside.

A truly wonderful evening draws to a close with the cathartic but hymnally gracious "I Am Not Enough" from the recent *Gospel Oak* EP, sliding into Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" and disappearing into the Celtic mist with "(S)he Moved Through the Fair". The song is a vaguely mystical, over-familiar old warhorse, long grazing on the verges of parody but still fundamentally good - embracing angst and a generosity of spirit in equal measure. It's built to last. There is an obvious parallel, in all of this, to O'Connor herself. For the girl who used to bring her dirty linen to the laundry of the world's media has finally sorted herself out. Motherhood and love, as the content of both *Gospel Oak* and the *Universal*

Mother album suggest, have a lot to do with it, but no more so than simply growing up. We should forgive her the public nature of that process, for was there ever great art without pain? And at the heart of it all, as tonight proved, Sinead O'Connor is a singer, songwriter, artist and entertainer of world-class stature.

Using a six-piece band, in which pastoral cello and thick, sinewy dub-style bass loomed largest, O'Connor said little but smiled lots and exuded a mixture of relief and exhilaration at the overwhelming warmth of her reception. She reciprocated with a taut, finely-honed set that, almost without exception, filtered her best material from recent years. Why do people feel the need to prat about with giant lemons and postmodern vacuity when there is still life in the old dog of passion, pure and simple? O'Connor has struck a balance between baring her soul and doing so in the context of pop music. Towering monoliths of dance / rock like "The Thief of Your Heart" and "Fire on Babylon" contrasted delicate, simple songs like "John I Love You". If the four new songs of *Gospel Oak* are perhaps a touch too fey in this way, the new song not included on it - "not for practical reasons, I just hadn't finished it" - promises much. "My Hard Englishman" is, in fact, a



Phoenix from the flames: Sinead O'Connor, older, wiser and not half bad

beautiful, understated treatment of Ireland's centuries-old grievances with England. Lyrically, it is a mark of her increasing maturity both as a writer and as a celebrity with a platform to voice her views. Throughout the set, she featured the four girls from her support

band the Screaming Orphans on harmony vocals. It was a generous and inspired pairing with a group whose own songs and performance displayed all the facets of a real musical find waiting to happen.

Colin Harper

Dial M for Mamet

THEATRE From Both Hips Project The Mint, Dublin

With his blithe propensity for perversity and menace, 26-year-old playwright Mark O'Rourke has certainly attracted his champions - in particular the film, TV and theatre director Gerry Stembridge, who directed a rehearsed reading of his *The Aspidochelone* at the Peacock recently. Now, director Jim Cullen's Fishamble company, recently reformulated from Pigsback (who, under Cullen, developed Joseph O'Connor's *Red Roses and Petrol*), deliver O'Rourke's latest script: a clever, biting little entertainment of absurdist anxiety, set in a trio of suburban living-rooms linked by telephones, violence and sexual intrigue.

The scenario itself - an oddly structured sequence of blackly comic, twisting subplots - dawns gradually through a suspenseful scatter

of *verité* conversational noise and Mamet-style staccato non-sequiturs. A working-class Dublin crime reporter for the *Echo* (a blazing Gerard Carey) has just been released from hospital, having been shot twice in the hip by a guilt-riddled and therapy-tormented drug squad police officer.

The showdown between the two steamrolls through the foolish flutter of the female characters: the cop's keen but magisterially supportive wife (Catherine Walsh), and the chaotic flock of women that gathers round the lame and loudly complaining macho reporter. Although the cautionary dramatic ironies of the male characters are a central concern, the female characters are alarmingly weaker - wry observational-comedy stereotypes who almost hail from another genre of flailing satire. Yet, if the characters seem unlikely in their actions and

nature, they are united in a spiralling absurdism. There is a constant knife-edge balance between the hilariously redundant interchanges and the threat of on-stage violence, but ultimately the comedic reality-distortions triumph.

It's a highly engaging production, with Jim Cullen plumbung much of his resources into casting, and his directorial energies into pacing the rapid-fire interchanges. Sometimes a firmer use of the blue pencil might have keyed up the march of the plot; but this is an enviable showcase for O'Rourke's unfurling and undeniable stagecraft. His cruel vivisection of human foibles provides for many an evil belly-laugh. *From Both Hips* runs to 26 July (00353-1-67123210). It transfers to the Tron Theatre, Glasgow from 30 July to 10 Aug

Mic Moroney

Hayward Gallery
19 June - 17 August 1997

Tatsuo Miyajima

19 June - 17 August 1997

From Both Hips runs to 26 July (00353-1-67123210). It transfers to the Tron Theatre, Glasgow from 30 July to 10 Aug

sbs

Nick Kimberley seeks insight from the great outdoors



Wagon train of thought: the vast American landscape has spawned the novelistic equivalent of John Ford's Westerns

PHOTOGRAPH: KOBAL

High peaks and tall tales

Cold Mountain by Charles Frazier
Sceptre, £10

The thing about the United States is there is just so much there. It goes on forever on a scale most Brits can only imagine, or read about in books. If we think of contemporary American fiction as predominantly urban, there remains a flourishing literature of landscape, space and distance, the novelistic equivalent of John Ford's Westerns, in which the relationship between people and land is half symbiosis, half battle to the death. This can easily become sentimental Sierra Clubism, with beauty and grandeur merely serving as backdrop to the search for self. But in the work of a Thomas McGuane or a Jim Harrison, landscape brings scale, a sense of human tidiness and absurdity. Indeed, McGuane is one of the few comic landscape writers - which isn't to say that he finds the American landscape funny. On the other hand, a writer such as Cor-

mac McCarthy makes landscape and distance irreducibly terrifying elements that return humans to their bestial state.

It's clear that Charles Frazier has read his Cormac McCarthy. There is the same fondness for circumlocutions, for archaic words, for phrases with the cadences of some Southern Baptist's hell-fire sermon: "Country of will and sillage, sump of the continent. A tiny slough indeed, and he could take little more of it." There you have that sense of the land's oppressive gravity, crushing those at life's sharpest edge.

This is Frazier's first novel, and it's not short on ambition. It's set during the American Civil War but, although Frazier isn't untroubled by the political details, he's not much concerned with exhuming history. What the war gives him is a huge quantity of suffering and cruelty: the ground to nurture his own variations on the Country Boy-meets-City Girl story.

A soldier called Inman, having suffered nearly fatal injuries at Fredericksburg, becomes

a deserter by hopping through the hospital window and setting off back to Cold Mountain in North Carolina. There he hopes to find Ada, the city slicker he loves, now forced to learn country ways when her father dies.

Frazier signals his Transcendentalist ambitions by giving Ada a horse called Ralph and a cow called Welko, and his Homeric affinities by having Ada read from the *Odyssey*. Such details can seem ponderous and presumptuous, but this is a first novel: let's give the guy a break. He deserves it.

Inman's journey to Cold Mountain is riddled with chance encounters, dalliances with soothsayers, fools and sages who hold him back while teaching him some extra detail about life and his place in it. A few of these characters might come straight from Central Casting (the errant preacher, the randy hillbilly girl), but each is rich with imagined particularity.

Back home, Ada learns the wisdom of the land, affording Frazier plenty of opportunities

to indulge in that kind of pseudo-poetry that consists of a litany of pretty plant names: "Goldenrod and joe-pye weed and snakeroot blossomed tall along the fence rails".

For those of us for whom the local garden centre is quite close enough to wilderness, this can become tiresome, but Frazier earns our indulgence. He convinces us that, despite the hardship and brutality, this is a place where life's truest values hold sway, and where experience is real, immediate and present. That, too, can seem sentimental, as if truth is the prerogative of those with callused hands and sore backs, but Frazier's telling encourages us to put our doubts to one side.

The easiest thing to say about a first novel is what's wrong with it: too derivative, too long, too portentous, too much going on, not enough happening. You could say all of that about *Cold Mountain*, but you'd be missing its narrative vigour, its very real vision of humanity on the brink. In the end, that counts for more.

INDEPENDENT CHOICE

FIRST NOVELS

by Ruth Pavey

If the Bekaa Valley is the site of the Garden of Eden, recent Lebanese history illustrates how hard it is to maintain paradise on earth. Do we even have any choice as to whether things go well or ill? These perennial questions underpin the vaulting complexity of Carl Gibeilly's first novel, *Blueprint for a Prophet* (Doubleday, £15.99).

The novel was written in English. Gibeilly is Lebanese, a Maronite Christian who grew up with French as his first language and war as his boyhood experience before having to switch to English for the latter part of his education. This adaptability may explain the confidence with which Gibeilly handles variety. *Blueprint for a Prophet* is an interweaving of different forms: realistic novel, thriller, history, work of science fiction and arcane divination text.

Jacob Haddad is the prophet, the link between human and divine. We first encounter him as a Jewish historian living in Beirut. He befriends and teaches Samir, his concierge's son, enabling him to become an archaeologist. Only later does it become clear that Jacob is also the one to whom an angel speaks at the beginning of each section of the book, and on whom alternative experiences of the future are bestowed.

In his quasi-divine role, Jacob brings Samir together with Maira, an English physicist whose theories about time lead her to an awareness of an extra-terrestrial influence on mankind. United, they represent the study of the past and the future.

The other main character is Khaled, the devil's agent.

Brought up in a Hezbollah orphanage, he is a lost, unloved baby turned sadist and terrorist leader. By 2026, Khaled has become so powerful that the West is threatened and Armageddon looks inevitable. But then the angel allows another set of possibilities to emerge. The disasters whereby Khaled was lost are reversed: the bored militiaman does not shoot the parents, the baby is loved, there is hope.

In the crowd of ideas that make this such a rich novel, its stance on predestination is not clear. But then, with the extra-terrestrial and agnostic element, clarity is not its strong point. Mundane as it sounds, the realism is. The loving writing about Samir in Beirut - the fruit growers in the hills, the Shiite grandee in the Bekaa, the little Maronite church where "an Anglican, a Greek Orthodox, and a Sunni family had been caught while the Shiites were getting the shit bombed out of them by the Jews" - is what makes this ambitious novel immediate and enjoyable.

Hwee Hwee Tan and Ardashir Vakil are both debut novelists for whom the use of English stems from the elite nature of their education, in Singapore and India respectively. Tan soon brings up the question of language in her colloquial novel, *Foreign Bodies* (Michael Joseph, £12.99). Andy, a young Englishman whose lack of grip will land him in a Singaporean jail, is being lectured by Mei - his girlfriend-cum-lawyer - on Singlish, the Singapore slang which mixes English words and Chinese grammar. It is not that she can't speak perfect English, but that she may choose not to. "Besides", as she bursts out, "who wants to talk like some O-level textbook, instead of using our own language, our home language, the language of our souls?"

After this rousing introduction, Singlish plays a disappointingly small part, but Tan's good ear for the spoken word is everywhere apparent. Her fast-paced story, which at first seems just flippant, develops into an attack on various forms of spiritual poverty: the secrets and lies of family life, the jargon of literary theory, the failure of Singaporeans to want anything beyond economic success for their children. Unexpectedly, given the streetwise tone, Tan's answer to this emptiness is Christianity. Neither Andy's conversion nor the sexual abuse from which Mei has suffered are convincing. But what is impressive, especially in so young a writer, is Tan's assurance, and her seriousness.

In that it reads like a loveletter to a Bombay boyhood, in particular the food, it seems right that Ardashir Vakil's mother should be the dedicatee of his *Beach Boy* (Hamish Hamilton, £14.99). The story starts when Cyrus, a Parsi, is eight. He swings into a life rich in fantasy, thanks to Hindi films, into a growing awareness of sex, and into the pleasures of eating. The family lives on Juhu beach; Cyrus has friends, things are good. Yet the dissolution of this idyll has already begun, in the growing ill-feeling between his parents. By the time Cyrus is ten everything has changed. This is a sensitive, touching account of how we have to leave childhood behind.

Some questions of attribution

Peter Bottomley enjoys a thoughtful mystery that blends artefacts and ancestry

The Dancing Face by Mike Phillips
Collins Crime, £15.99

Gus Dixon, a lecturer, is the central character in this crime novel for thinking readers. Mike Phillips, who previously wrote a series of thrillers featuring the black journalist Sam Dean, could be placed between David Cauter and Jeffrey Archer as a skilled creator of street-

level relationships that revolve around crime. With subdued sex and some natural four-letter language, his books could help move detective-story buyers forward to well-constructed literature.

This mystery shows the fate of a stolen African mask, as student Danny Dixon is drawn into the plot by brother Gus. The well-drawn cast of characters face the past rather than reliving it. Gus had joined the Committee for Reparations in Africa against his better judgement, and grew disillusioned with their activities. He is tempted to direct action, in contrast to useless plans described by a powerful Nigerian exile: "Look around you," he said softly. "All of these people have plans. Some of them live on the Arts Council. Some of them live on the dole. They join committees, they make plans and what they get is a few crumbs off the white man's table."

Mike Phillips is firmly with the Establishment and alongside it. He recently completed a writer's residency at the South Bank: the place to realise that, in this country, bits of tradition, art or religion can be used with confidence. In contrast, he asserts that in Africa, the disasters of the past may be imposed on the present. He also declares that things built in Africa don't last: "Unlike England they never build them right in the first place."

Phillips notes the formation, deformation and reformation of nations, sometimes washed in blood. There is, for instance, his

insight that boarding schools once used for the children left behind by expatriates now educate the offloaded offspring of new business elites from around the world. Could Mike Phillips, as an English social observer, become a successor to J.B. Priestley?

As for the missing mask, it is the equivalent to a stolen casket of Becket's bones. The novel conveys a sense of anger about the desecration of sacred things. Politics is kept in a proper place. ("The British will beg, negotiate, threaten but get nothing but polite indifference or outright rejection.") The strong imagery includes a Georgian crescent with the pale beauty of a white cliff face and a fey sheen in candlelit green eyes, with tiny gleams of reflected light.

This moving mystery is not dominated by its hidden depths and undercurrents of sorrow and despair. Shaping the world, even a local world, makes life worth living. Danny Dixon denies that people can be reduced to their ancestry or parentage, or to the potatoes their granddad planted. He explains that "I don't know much about my dad but he was born in some hole which he left as soon as he could. So he chose to cut himself off from all the associations, customs, territory and all the rest of it that you're saying is so important. But that did not make him less. It made him more than some idiot who sits in the same place his whole life. He exercised a choice to become what he was."

Reviewers can't do justice to books, as writers regularly remind us. I shall certainly not do justice to *A Book of Memories*. With 700 words, I can give precisely one word to each great, dense, difficult page. I'd like to tell you everything: about the book: about Péter Nádas, about the translation (superb); even about the printing, which is as amazing as the book itself. In 705 pages, I found not a single misprint - thanks to Farrar Straus Giroux, the American publishers.

Instead, I'll begin with a first betrayal. *A Book of Memories* is above all a "dynamics of emotions"; and itself moves with the mysteriousness of emotion, plunging us into the middle of everything, only very slowly (if ever) piecing together a rational explanation. When the narrator's friend Krisztian adds an explanatory chapter at the end, he calls himself, disparagingly, "too rational". It is even more rational to give you some of that explanation before you begin. But you may need it, I did.

Though you don't notice it at first, *A Book of Memories* has two narrators, whose stories interweave. The first, who is unnamed, is a contemporary Hungarian whose history parallels Péter Nádas's. His mother dies of cancer; his father, a state prosecutor, commits suicide shortly after the 1956 uprising. The second is a 19th-century German called Thomas Thoenissen, whose emotional story mirrors the main narrator's. Slowly it emerges that he is a fiction, in which the main narrator is exploring himself - much as Nádas, clearly, is doing in him.

Both are 30 years old. Both have loved, and still

Carole Angier adores a subtle and sexy Hungarian epic

A Book of Memories by Péter Nádas, translated by Ivan Sanders with Imre Goldstein, Corgi, £20

love, women; but both break through for the first time to the great homosexual love affairs of their lives. Both move back to their childhoods, and we see a repeated pattern: cruelly unhappy marriages, fathers with mistresses, a mother with a lover; sons in sexualised relationships with their parents; behind everything, the suppressed love of boys and men (and sometimes also of girls and women) for each other.

The main story is strongly political, a truly terrifying account of growing up under a rigid and paranoid ideology. The narrator's father is a ruthless fanatic who betrays his best friend; the boy's friends distrust him by association; painfully, appallingly, he and one of the girls spy on their fathers.

But the central focus of the book is personal and psychological. The political need to conform is only part of the general need to fit inner to outer, urge to inhibition, which is the real subject of this novel. And from the moment of his first kiss, the main narrator knows that his urges do not fit. His long journey is a desperate search for unity and fusion: between his instincts and his actions; his maleness

and his femaleness: his real self and his ideal selves, his loves, Krisztian and Melchior. In all this - in his longing for the "perfect security of the male body", and in his (brief) illusion, impossible for lovers of different sexes, that he could make his own "the otherness of another man" - *A Book of Memories* seems to me a brilliant novel about homosexual love.

It is also a brilliant novel about the secret shifts of feeling beneath behaviour; and it is certainly a brilliant novel about the body. It makes you feel that no one has really, openly, completely described sex before (especially, oddly enough, heterosexual sex, as in a whole chapter on Thoenissen and his fiancée); or farting, or shitting; or best of all, perhaps, kissing (with a whole chapter on that first kiss).

My 700 words are nearly gone, and I haven't said a word about Péter Nádas. He is the first Hungarian novelist to write openly about homosexuality; he's very famous in Hungary, and even more famous in Germany, and it has taken 11 years for his novel to arrive here. Nor have I said anything about the philosophical dimension of *A Book of Memories*.

I'm afraid I've made it sound half hard slog and half hard porn. It is neither, but very probably a work of genius. It is very long, often very difficult, and occasionally overwritten and obscure. But mostly it is original, beautiful, and quite astounding. Just read the extraordinary central chapter, "On an Antique Mural". In language at the extreme edge of abstraction and imagination it describes the subject of the book, the forest of impossible love. If, like me, you're blown away, *A Book of Memories* is for you.

NEXT WEEK IN THE INDEPENDENT

MONDAY MEDIA+
the more entertaining media section with pages of media and marketing jobs

TUESDAY NETWORK+
Cutting edge know-how on computers and IT

WEDNESDAY CITY+
Our enormous new section to make you a winner in the office - office politics, office pleasures, office success. Plus 40 pages of appointments

THURSDAY EDUCATION+
Essential reading for everyone who educates, is being educated or cares about the biggest national debate of our time

THE INDEPENDENT IT IS...ARE YOU?

The forest of impossible love

Carole Angier adores a subtle and sexy Hungarian epic

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A culture of vultures

Mary Flanagan is gripped by a saga of the New York art world, where cash and condescension crush ability

When the Sons of Heaven Meet the Daughters of the Earth by Fernanda Eberstadt, Harvill, £15.99

The big bad world is there to pay for art. Make it pay," proclaims the actress Miriam Roth to a struggling painter in Henry James's *The Tragic Muse*. That was 1890. In Fernanda Eberstadt's third novel, set in the Manhattan art world of the late Eighties, everybody pays.

Dolly Gebler, heiress to a pharmaceutical fortune, worships art and has raised a temple to her deity in the midst of an East Village slum. A vision in glass and steel, the Aurora Foundation is run by her and her feckless husband Alfred. They are arbiters of taste, subsidisers of the avant-garde, hosts of lavish parties and cunning entrepreneurs. Dolly is intense, intelligent, regal, high-rimmed. Alfred is a middle-aged sybarite devoid of shame or inner resources, perpetually in quest of distracting company and a good dinner.

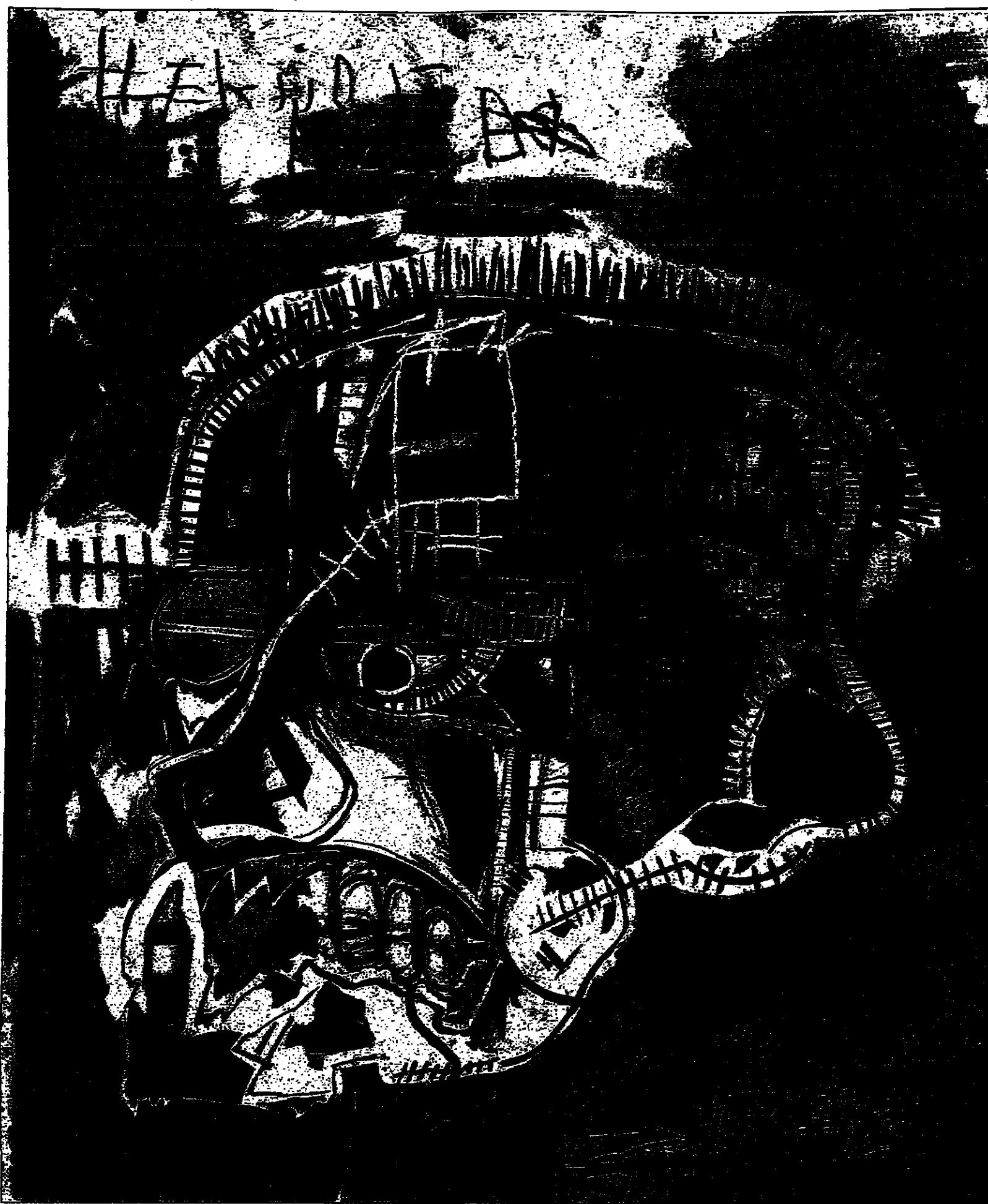
A poor Jewish boy from Queens, he both resents and is addicted to Dolly's punitive largesse. They remain together for the sake of their children, already urban sophisticates moulting the canons of a garbage culture.

Into their elite milieu comes Isaac Hooker, rustic genius and New Hampshire hayseed. At 17, he won a scholarship to Harvard, dropped out, lived on the streets, skivvied in a men's hostel, stumbled into an art class. Unfashionable, an irredeemable slob, he paints to save his damaged soul, pouring out gorgeous narratives of his deprived childhood and Biblical tableaux in colours sensuous and sublime.

Alfred, who regards him as an amusing grotesque, gets him a job at Aurora, introduces him to Dolly and persuades him to look at his paintings. Isaac, clueless about the techniques of extracting money from the big bad world, is astonished by Dolly's extravagant praise. In blissful and destructive confusion, she falls in love with the paintings, then with him. He is her hero, her noble lout, her pure soul whose genius she feeds with sex and smoked hams.

The novel unfolds in a series of cleverly intercut vignettes, focusing alternately on the three principals and progressing by increments until we know them better than they know themselves. Entertaining minor characters provide opportunities for gossip, theorising and lengthy dialogues which are both inconsequential and deeply revealing.

The social anthropology is right on. Alfred observes that the dichotomy between patrons and artists is nowhere more apparent than in the coat-check, "one half of which was hung in sable coats and chertfields, the other in many thrifty shop lumber jackets. Of course, this being the art world, the lumber jackets were probably making more money than the sables." Eberstadt shows us New York as cultural Moloch, a harsh city where people live "like scorpions in a bottle". Patronage colludes with commerce and the media to turn inspiration into made-to-orders



for rich mediocrities. And she is clear about the way visual arts invite cupidity. "This condition of lumpen physicality, this one-of-a-kind thingness... that made art a commodity as volatile as pork bellies, precious as diamonds, more material than money."

Eberstadt editorialises at length on aesthetics, education, religion and politics, often using her characters as mere mouthpieces for her own speculations and opinions. But her comedy of culture is more serious than flippant, and they all get enough rope to hang themselves – as in their deluded optimism over the fall of the Soviet Union.

Above all, the novel is the chronicle of a painting: its sources, its evolution and the love of the two people involved in its making. It is also a homage to painting itself, countering the cliché that it – like the novel – is dead. For Eberstadt painting is vital, magical, thrilling. She honours its low-tech methods, the passion and patience involved in its making. Like Isaac, she is in love with colour and has a feel for its subtleties and associations, wielding it in virtuoso descriptions of nature and art, as if she has forgotten she's a writer and not a painter. She is good on the way that patronage sucks the life from talent: how it

"infantilises" its recipient. Is Dolly Lady Bountiful or is she just appropriating Isaac and his work? When he asks why she gives her money to artists rather than the poor and homeless, he isn't being rhetorical. Even when the art market collapses with the Berlin Wall, the gifted Geblers survive to buy again. In the light of Isaac's burnt-out end, it's annoying that Eberstadt lets them off so lightly. Either she prefers understanding to justice or she is unable to condemn them utterly. But her faith that art remains the vehicle by which the divine penetrates our lives is moving and convincing.

One of the Manhattan artists who burnt – and burnt out – most fiercely in the 1980s was Jean-Michel Basquiat, the young Haitian who progressed from street-side graffiti to international fame, an affair with Madonna and death from an overdose, aged 27, in 1987. The catalogue of a major retrospective show, 'Jean-Michel Basquiat' by Richard Marshall (Abrams, £25), explores the work behind the hype. This is 'Untitled Skull' from 1981.

Tough on the causes of crime

Marek Kohn witnesses the battle between nature and nurture

Mendel's Dwarf by Simon Mawer Doubleday, £15.99

Mendel's Dwarf is an unusual piece. It's a work of science fiction in the strict sense, but without any of the familiar traits of the genre. It is scientific literature in the literary sense but not the scholarly one; it's a novel with footnotes that is in a hurry. Its narrator annotates his text with references because he is a scientist and that is how scientists write. But they do not write with the overtone of horror, and the unmistakable implication of looming disaster, that Simon Mawer sustains throughout his story.

His protagonist is Benedict Lambert, a descendant of Gregor Mendel, the Austrian monk who first worked out the mechanism of genetic inheritance. Lambert's story is intercut with scenes from the life of the monk, whose work's revolutionary significance was not recognised for 35 years, and whose personality remains elusive to this day.

Besides its share of Mendel's genes, Lambert's genotype also contains a twist of its own, a mutation whose phenotypic effects are detailed with calculated harshness: "pug-like features", "mere squabs" for fingers. The condition is called achondroplasia. In parlance that remains common, Benedict Lambert is a dwarf.

Under these circumstances, the only thing for him to do is to become a geneticist and try to isolate the gene that gives rise to achondroplasia. He is applauded for his accomplishments and for his "bravery", but the obverse of his public status is a bitter personal isolation. His public life revolves around scientific papers, his private life around pornographic magazines.

One of Lambert's narrative lies involves noting the genetic mechanisms underlying traits he observes in those around him – cleft chin, autosomal dominant; blue eyes, autosomal recessive, and so on. Against this intermittent reminder of the power of genes, however, he interpolates a couple of set-piece arguments against genetic determinism. Professor Richard Lynn is singled out as a villain for his adherence to a eugenicist vision of genetic decline through the faster reproduction of the less intelligent. Lambert also makes a jocular claim to have identified the genetic basis of criminality: the Y chromosome possessed by men and not women. He suggests it should be called the "Benny factor" in his honour, although this is a routine Professor Steve Jones has been using for years.

If Mawer is trying to keep liberal readers on board, he may succeed, but the genetic determinists won't be much impressed. The targets chosen are easy ones, such as Lynn's claim that the best estimate of the average black African IQ is 69, which implies that half of all black Africans are mentally retarded by conventional definition. Perhaps Mawer will grasp the nettle with a sequel about identical twins separated at birth: the hereditarians' hottest properties.

Not that *Mendel's Dwarf* fails to thrust challenges in the reader's face. There is a surfeit of these, steadily accumulating as it becomes clear how far Lambert is prepared to go. In early passages, Lambert sketches the humiliations and alienation of his everyday life: step by step, he reveals his own capacities for insensitivity and cruelty. Having secured power over the course of inheritance, he is prepared to play God with a vengeance. Thanks to *in vitro* fertilisation technology, his control extends over the woman who comes to share his life, but it does not appear to be mixed with love, or even compassion.

That also seems to apply to the novel itself. The originality of the fusion of science and fiction is welcome, and so is the fact that it works; but the callousness in which it is steeped is chilling.

Banana's skin-deep slice of life

A soap-opera from Tokyo slips up, reports Joanna Briscoe

Amrita by Banana Yoshimoto, translated by Russell F. Wasten, Faber, £9.99

If *Amrita* was set in Surrey, no one would give a damn. Thank heavens for tatami mats, bamboo blinds and the smell of cooking prawns, because without such automatic triggers, devoid of the rubber stamp of coolness currently bestowed by all things Japanese, *Amrita* would seem banal for a western audience. To the point of mystification.

As the author writes in her Afterword, "Now as I read over this novel I realise how naive it is... The theme of this book is simple. I want to express the idea that regardless of all the amazing events that happen to each of us, there will always be the never-ending cycle of daily life." And there we have it. The never-ending cycle of daily life plops a dreary and indeed seemingly random course over 366 pages of bars, bread shops and flats. Characters inexplicably amble on to explain their life stories, or retreat offstage only to appear in telephone calls, letters, and the protagonist's tiresome dreams.

Near the end of the novel, when we are aching for some structural cohesion, a hint of epiphany or a fragment of a story, the narrator – twentysomething Tokyo dweller Sakumi – jots down a list of the recent events which form the novel's plot. Sample: "5) I got involved with Ryuichiro 6) Trip to Kochi 7) Trip to Saipan 8) Berries closes down 9) I find a new job". And so it continues, give or take a few ghosts and telepathic surprises.

The novel starts promisingly with the aftermath of the death of Sakumi's sister, Mayu, a drug-addicted actress of the type of luminous fragility that augurs early death and a hypnotic myth. Mayu's boyfriend, novelist Ryuichiro, takes up with Sakumi after a head

injury that leaves her with memory loss. The hint of mystery surrounding Mayu's death, and Sakumi's family situation – a household of women plus one strange brother – is suspended in an almost transparent structure interposing layers of time, dream, symbolism and memory that is initially compelling. But this flimsily fine layering swiftly falls flat, and remains face down for the rest of the novel. Sakumi has an inconclusive relationship with Ryuichiro, talks to her friends a lot, visits the Pacific island of Saipan, comes home, talks to her telepathically gifted brother, and suddenly meets two new characters whose very names herald creaking caricature: Sakumi's final entry in her list of life events notes: "13) A new friendship with Noodles and Mr Mesmer." Only the new friendship dissolves into a void of Tokyo bars and monochrome dreams – as does the mystery of Mayu and the love affair.

Amrita veers from sanitary realism to the supernatural. This is effective at times, a rippling of hallucinatory shivers through a hot cityscape. But progression fails, with subtle quivers whipped into seismic eruptions – the younger brother sees a UFO; a blinding glare of spirits hits Saipan – and by the end, clairvoyant characters are cropping up all over the shop. This is cut-and-paste Japanese magic realism.

"I always thought about the meaning of life," says Sakumi. Discussions about "life" are as artless as the prose style. "So many different people in this world, I thought to myself as I set the receiver back on its hook



Yoshimoto: 'cut-and-paste magic realism'

... When you think about it, human beings are really remarkable." There's a creeping sense of having missed out on the fun and indeed the point of this Tokyo party. Any lingering resonance drained away in the translation. Sakumi's relationship with her quirky younger brother is moving, showing that Yoshimoto is happiest at home, her one-dimensional prose more suited to the smaller canvases of the essay and story. As a novel, *Amrita* drifts, indulges itself, and ultimately bewilders.

Written on the body

Sylvia Brownrigg appreciates some poets' prose

Skin by Tobias Hill, Faber, £8.99
Slow Dance on the Fault Line by Donald Rawley, Flamingo, £12.99

Poets don't always have a knack for telling stories; but in the best cases, as in Dylan Thomas's short fictions, they produce work lit by a love of language and the feel of words on the tongue. Such pleasures are happily evident in two new volumes which show young poets taking on the demands of the short story.

Donald Rawley's *Slow Dance on the Fault Line* – subtitled "California Stories" – is alive with moments of sensuous description, whether of the scents of magnolia and orange blossom, the noise and irritation of the Santa Ana winds, or an October "arsonist's sky... sore in its own skin, inflamed and livid". Rawley's is a hot, striving and merciless Los Angeles, haunted by Hollywood ghosts (Patty Arbuckle and Sharon Tate) who tease the imaginations of his characters – people who are always trying to be noticed, to be known. As Rawley tartly notes, "The worst thing to be in Hollywood is to be completely unknown when you die."

Rawley has a talent reminiscent of David Leavitt for easing himself into the minds of older women: wives and mothers and whores, and "women who married their men for their money and walked through the halls in an icy execution of not being."

Since his characters generally lack that elusive gold of LA existence – fame – they must calm their disappointments with Valium, double Stobys or empty sex: "the numb rub when they straddle and pump, undoing the monotonies".

There's a heartlessness in some of these stories, as in the terminally ill woman of "Nirvana Drive" who coolly murders her ex-husband. But Rawley brings an odd, detached sympathy to this impressive range of characters – whether it's ambitious black actress Clarissa in the 1950s, who is consigned to playing slaves in Bible epics or Lena Horne's double; or the former Sixties starlet Sheila in "Taylor and the Mod Girls", who lives out her movie-free retirement in caring for her retarded paraplegic son and fixing drinks for her cooing, alcoholic friends.

A similar quality of detachment cools Tobias Hill's work. Hill's *Skin* crawls, and it may make your skin crawl too: Hill is a canny master of the uneasy and the alien, the slyly violent. His characters generally have one kind of displacement, if not several, walling them off from the world: Brazilian Rafael, afflicted by HIV as well as a memory disorder by which he can forget nothing, who comes to London to find his ex-lover; Finnish Anja, who killed her parents by driving drunk and crashing the car, now seeking solace in a job at the London zoo.

These stories are dense with words and sensation, and thin on plot or resolution. Hill creates a prose to pause

over – "the kiss rasps like a match" or "we watched the ocean dance in its skin of sequins" – but sometimes he indulges a poet's bad habit of obscurity, jumbling names and geographies. He is nothing if not adventurous. One story tracks a Japanese woman's honeymoon in riot-torn LA, another a grieving father's attempts to communicate with the ghosts of his dead daughters over the Internet.

"Zoo" is a hallucination-bright rendition of the surreality of zoo life and the raving dark edges of Camden Town, as Anja attempts to discover who is stealing creatures. The story ends in a conflagration of dead animals, formaldehyde and fire.

And then there's "Skin" itself, a long piece about a Japanese detective's obsessive search for the identity of a Yakuza criminal – burned to death by hydrochloric acid – whose body was covered with magnificent tattoos. His tale is interlarded with that of a man drawn into the Yakuza organisation shortly after the war. Hill covers this remote geography with an impressive vividness, noting the taste of pickled plums and rice, the smell of Japanese ink or the look of "grass-writing" calligraphy.

Hill is ambitious and insightful, careful, and a little brutal; he also succumbs at times to an overworked complexity, trying too hard to prove what he can do. He has a storyteller's eagerness to climb into other people's skins, and a poetic uncertainty about what to do when he gets there.

In the company of wolves

Packs of readers still respond to the call of the wild, argues Owen Dudley Edwards

Jack London: a life by Alex Kershaw
HarperCollins, £20

When a man (not necessarily a woman) is tired of Jack London, he is tired of life. Alas, nobody proved that better than the writer of *White Fang* and *The Call of the Wild* himself in his last months. He alleviated them by a fan letter to Joseph Conrad in 1915. Conrad, London's lifelong inspiration, replied in admiration for "the vehemence of your strength and the delicacy of your perceptions".

In 1924, the dying Lenin thrilled to his wife's reading of one of London's strongest Klondike stories, "Love of Life". In it, a man struggles with a wolf as both die of starvation. The man's victory comes in drinking blood from the wolf's throat, which he has bitten open. The sheer vitality of London's tales, and their glory in human survival by a hair, carry their own hard and grimly enjoyable lessons on the folly of being tired of life.

Alex Kershaw includes the Conrad letters and Lenin's last rites in his own first book, and it is his love of London that gives it strength and value. He has nothing much to add to the existing important studies, although the eagerness with which he litanises his predecessors makes his first conquest of his readers' affections. His

style makes him an easier, milder companion than his hard-bitten subject.

But Kershaw infects us with his own delight in London's terrific struggle from apparently hopeless poverty in the Oakland of the 1880s. Rejected by both parents (with a denial of paternity by his father), London later turned a succession of painful pilgrimages – from the Far North to the South Pacific – into gritty, throat-grabbing prose.

Kershaw's lack of sophistication is a welcome relief, as is London's. Admittedly, it ensures that when Kershaw tells of London's plagiarism from Frank Harris (a writer of force as well as a pioneer pornographer and biographical liar without peer) he misses a link by only knowing the theft as being from a newspaper. Again, he notices London's lifelong debt to a novel by the passionate Victorian Ouida (an amusing alternative guru to Conrad) but cites only her forgotten actual surname, Ramee.

The book's strength lies in its dedication. Like London, Kershaw can be careless. London avoided finery of style, but he had a certain poetry in his prose and Kershaw's lazy omission of the odd "the" or "a" loses the force of some quotations. In London's epic fragment from 1908 on future class conflict in America, *The Iron Heel* – which ferociously dominated Orwell's conception of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* – the hero tells his

wealthy *inamorata* that "The gown you wear is stained with blood. The food you eat is a bloody stew". Unfortunately, Kershaw's text reproaches her "The food you eat is bloody stew" – which sounds vaguely like a demand for her to up-market her cuisine.

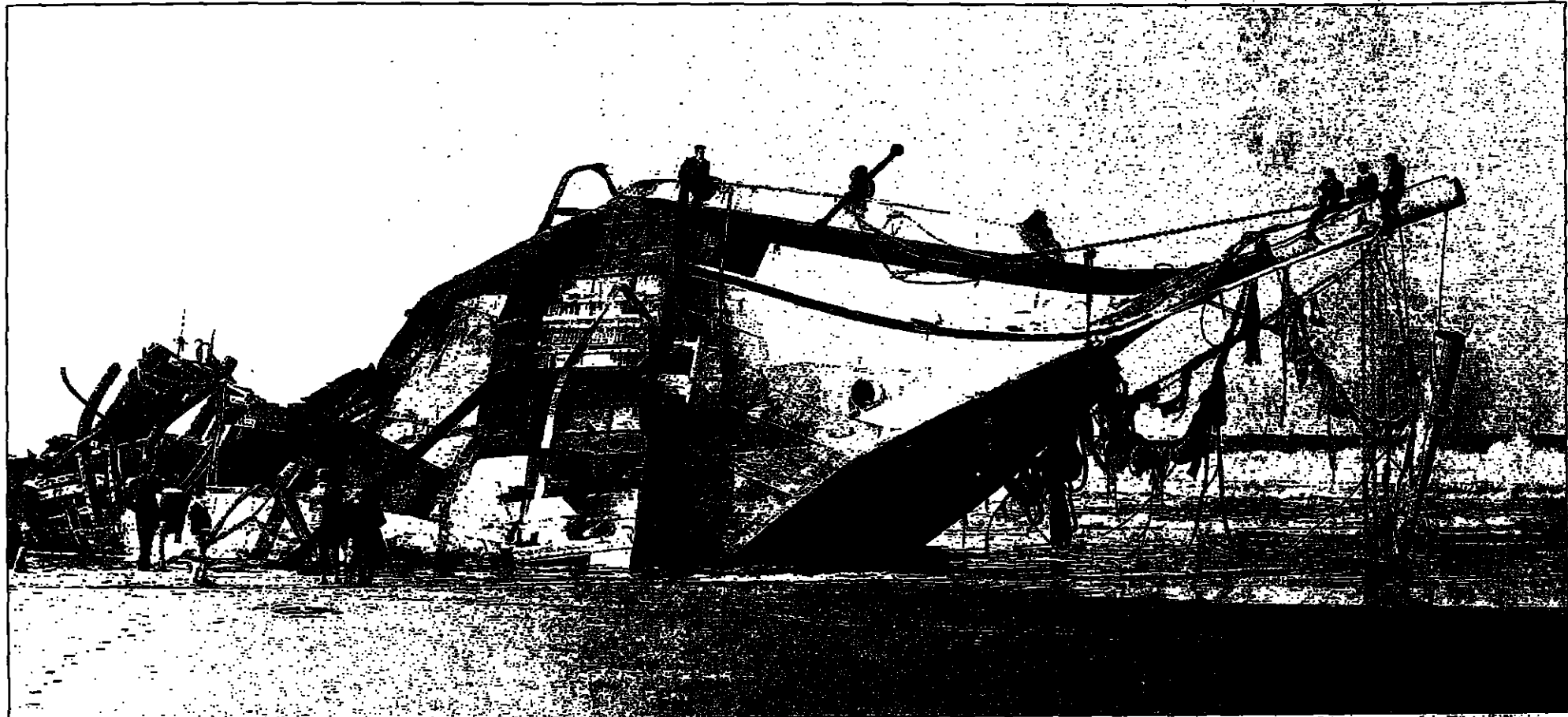
The youth of Kershaw's book is symbolic as well as syntactic. Teaching American literature, I find that students may come fresh from school-days having murdered in the Rue Morgue with Poe, been little women if not good wives with Alcott, adventured in Twain with Tom and Huck or even harpooned the occasional Moby-Dick with Melville. Yet for every one such I meet a hundred who heard the wild calling in London and sank into his tales many a white fang.

If literature works, you must be there. And with London, the "you" must be prepared for some pretty drastic metamorphoses. Buck in *The Call of the Wild* being drawn from dog to wolf, or White Fang making what Kershaw rightly finds a more laboured (if still terrific) progress from wolf to dog; these are works of instinctive genius partly because of the streak of savagery in London himself. ("I have sometimes wished you would call me 'Wolf' more often", he mused to his mate.) And partly they succeed because the reader is werewolved as she observes the movement of dog-into-wolf, wolf-into-dog. "She" is correct here: girls and boys alike follow that trail.

London's literary misogyny is hurtful only when human beings are central.

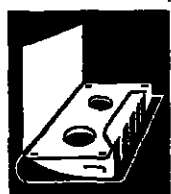
Kershaw is a decent if tenderfoot guide, unhappy but not sanctimonious about London's sometimes generous but also hideous treatment of his first wife and children. We might conclude that their own suffering under his tumultuous expressions and withdrawals of love was as bad as his own early privations at its absence. When he made his money, which he then showed extraordinary genius in losing, he reproduced many of the worst features of the wealthy Socialist. He fired the Korean who had served him for two years for inquiring, with all too much justification, "Will God have some beer?" Atheists often resent jokes about apothecaries. Shelley's Irish servant had a comparable fate.

Our own next journey must be back from here to London. We need to turn back from the life that lost its own self-love to the Klondike stories, to the South Sea tales which climb to Stevenson's grave and embody something of his literary spirit, to the terrible invocation of the savour of power in *The Iron Heel* – or to the horrors of human degradation reported in *The People of the Abyss* (1903), in which London talked of London and of why many of its inhabitants were all too naturally tired of life. For Jack London is no escapist writer. He is as necessary now as he was then.



The Gibson family have photographed storms and wrecks off the Cornish coast – like this nitrate ship, beached like a whale in the 1900s – for five generations. Their work is collected in *A Century of Images*, edited by Rex Cowan with an introductory essay by John Le Carré (André Deutsch, £20)

SPOKEN WORD



Nelson was the name bestowed on Mandela by a British education which ignored the true history of Southern Africa: his real education was his upbringing as ward of the chief of the Thembu tribe. The actor, John Kani, who reads Mandela's autobiography *Long Walk to Freedom* (Watershed, 0hrs, £12.99), is a member of the same tribe, and his musical, intelligent voice is the perfect choice to read the illuminating story of Mandela's progress from ploughboy orphan to universally-respected president. Introductory insights and intriguing autobiographical asides in Gielgud's inimitable, husky intimate voice are combined with a quite fabulous selection from the radio archives of his readings of Wilde, Shakespeare, Eliot, Shaw, Bennett and many others to make John Gielgud at the BBC (BBC, 3hrs £8.99) a real gem, a rich fruit cake of a tape to keep by you to listen to again and again.

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A glimpse of EngLit's bloomers

D J Taylor inspects new evidence from a scholar-sleuth

Can Jane Eyre Be Happy? More Puzzles
in Classic Fiction
by John Sutherland
Oxford University Press, £4.99

Ever since the publication of *Thackeray: At Work* in 1974, John Sutherland – now professor of modern English literature at University College, London – has existed as an animated presence on the margins of 19th-century literary criticism. To mark him down as a "marginal" figure is not to disparage the vigour of what he writes, but to acknowledge his slightly anomalous standing. What with books about best-sellers and the literary marketplace, not to mention inspired analyses of the lyrics of REM, Sutherland has a maverick status among the fustier kind of Victorian specialist. The spectacle of some American academic rising up amid the torpid columns of *Victorian Studies* to rebuke his supposed racism is one of the more regular sights in the modern scholarly journal.

The faint professional wariness that greets the Sutherland-style intervention is odd. His forte is exacting textual analysis designed to unravel the manner in which a book got written, and some of the problems that the composition presented to the author. Perhaps, on the other hand, it's merely that Sutherland's mode of enquiry has such a bustling and unacademic gait. Last year's *Is Heathcliff A Murderer?* – this volume's precursor – had an essay investigating what it was that Jo, the crossing sweeper in *Bleak House*, actually swept up. Gravely informed, hedged about with quotations from Mayhew et al, the result was a highly original piece of socio-historical research. But there remained a suspicion that at the same time the researcher was simply having fun.

And good luck to him. *Can Jane Eyre Be Happy?*, like its predecessor doubles as a shameless ad for the Oxford World's Classics series, spins some suggestive garments from its innocuous textual threads. Why does Robinson Crusoe find only a single footprint? How come Magwitch in *Great Expectations* manages to escape from a prison ship with his leg in chains? (Answer: Dickens knew nothing about swimming) Was Daniel Deronda circumcised? How does Fanny Hill avoid pregnancy? (Sutherland has a sharp eye for sex in the pre-20th-century novel.)

Some of this is only a shrewd reckoning of authorial error. Considering *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Sutherland shows that the problem of who looked after the hound during its master's frequent absences occurred to Conan Doyle fairly late, when large parts of the story had already been printed. The only solution was some last-minute sticking plaster in the shape of an absconding deaf-and-dumb Spanish attendant.

Typically, though, Sutherland is able to



Just the one: Robinson Crusoe, like Chris Evans, says 'Tf Friday' Photo Mary Evans

demonstrate how apparent errors in major Victorian novels reveal the creative processes beneath them. A brilliant piece about the number of pianos owned by Amelia Sedley in *Vanity Fair* discloses both the awful confusion Thackeray can provoke by not bothering to check what he has written, and his simultaneous ability to gather up symbolic artefacts and make them resonate. An equally shrewd instance turns up in the discussion of Trollope's *Ralph The Heir*. Here Sutherland notices that the vulgar breeches-maker Mr Neeft briefly addresses young Ralph as "Captain". Using both textual and historical evidence he concludes that Ralph began fictional life as a military gent, only

for Trollope to remove his army rank at a later stage. The highlight, perhaps, is Sutherland's exhaustive and hilarious analysis of the underwear used by Elfrida Swancoat – the heroine of Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes* – to fashion a rescue rope for her cliff-bound swain.

The final effect of *Can Jane Eyre Be Happy?*, as with most of what John Sutherland writes, is to emphasise again the mundane processes by which even "great" literature gets written, and to reveal the simultaneous influence on it of creative vision and random impulse. Three cheers for its author, who remains the most readable critic of 19th-century English literature currently at work.

Virtual wars with actual corpses

Truth is the first casualty of hi-tech combat, says Charles Shaar Murray

The Aardvark is Ready for War by James Blinn, Doubleday, £12.99
Postmodern War: the new politics of conflict by Chris Hables Gray, Routledge, £12.99

The Marines", announced a recent cover story in *Wired*, "are looking for a few good games." In an attempt to squeeze additional value out of what they considered to be an inadequate training budget, the US Marines had hit on the idea of treating Virtual Reality training exercises by customising shoot-em-up computer games such as *Doom* and *Quake*. The article's punchline was that the Marine hackers who wrote the software were on the verge of quitting the Corps to start their own company and put *Battlefield Zero* – their Marine version of *Quake* – onto the market.

Neither James Blinn nor Chris Hables Gray should have been particularly surprised. Blinn is a US Navy veteran whose first novel has cover allusions to Joseph Heller, J D Salinger and Irvine Welsh flying like shrapnel, though the Brit Easton Ellis of *American Psycho* might be a better comparison. His protagonist is a specialist in hi-tech anti-submarine warfare who finds himself *en route* to the Gulf War, even though the Iraqis have no submarines. So he reluctantly tears himself away from his hobby of spying on "the Madonna babe", a female neighbour, and attempts to get his head around the notion that he will soon find himself involved in a Real War.

are the ones on the receiving end, who die in an embarrassingly traditional manner.

Blinn's hero would have been much better prepared if he had read Chris Hables Gray's treatise. The title *Postmodern War* initially evokes the image of the survivors of some cataclysmic conflict hauling themselves from the rubble, broken and bleeding, only to be confronted with a linguistics prof telling them "Don't you get it? It's ironic!" Fortunately, Gray is much more on the ball. An academic specialising in the increasingly densely populated DMZ between technology and culture, he argues a thesis rooted in the notion that the era of modern war began in the 16th century and came to an end with the Second World War.

For Gray, the first truly post-modern war was Vietnam: a technological exercise, a media event, a political circus. "War," he says, not without a degree of – you guessed – irony, "is in crisis."

A "postmodern war" is any conflict in which one of the combatants is the United States, the world's only true hi-tech superpower. Other people, by contrast, are still mired in the modern era. The Falklands War, for example, was a decidedly old-fashioned scrap fought by two old-fashioned powers by old-fashioned means for old-fashioned reasons.

It is a truism that one index of civilisation is the distance we can put between ourselves and our own excrement. By the same token, the index of postmodern war is the distance we can put between our societies' warriors and the messy, bloody business of killing. Some people get to play *Doom*; other people suffer it. Fo-Mo war can still be a decidedly old-fashioned business for the people unfortunate enough to get killed.

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Game of chance

Zimbabwe's wildlife parks teem with lions, leopards and rhinos. But with an Antipodean in tow, writes Andrew Thorman, you'll be lucky if you ever see one

The moment she opened her mouth I knew we were in trouble. A brash Aussie in the African bush. No chance. Every animal would be scurrying for cover. And so it turned out. After two hours attempting to track rhino in Zimbabwe's Matusadona National Park, not a thing. Our guide, a former park ranger, dashing in khaki and armed with elephant gun, pistol, hunting knife and walkie-talkie, was reduced to searching for signs of life amongst various deposits - but even the ubiquitous dung beetle had gone to ground.

The only time our Antipodean friend paused to draw breath was to light a fag - but then she compensated by letting out a piercing scream which echoed about the distant mountain range. It happened as we were disconsolately trudging back along a river bed to our boat. A crocodile, clearly more concerned with seeking sanctuary than with finding a meal, made a dash for the water after being rudely disturbed while sunbathing on the bank. Its path took it straight between her husband's legs. "Jeez," she shrieked "a flaming goanna!"

Still, there was always tomorrow. And so to our own encounter with life on the wild side. A series of grunts outside our thatched hut on the banks of the river Ume - one of the many rivers that feed Lake Kariba - was mistaken by my wife as the precursor to the arrival of early morning tea. This was religiously served at 5am to ensure that we were fully awake and alert before setting out in pursuit of game, which is best observed during the most antisocial hours of the day.

After several grunts, and several replies along the lines of "Thank you - just leave it there, please", we realised something was not quite right. A glance at my watch revealed that it was 3am. Couldn't be tea, then. On with the torch, which revealed one large hippo munching on the grassy floor of our open doorway. We had come face to face with the first of the Big Five. Given our location, I suppose we shouldn't have been surprised. At least we didn't scream.

The Big Five, I should add, are what everyone goes to Africa to see. Lion, hippo, giraffe, elephant and rhino seemed the favourites - but if you're holidaying in an area where giraffe don't live (and we were) then it seemed fair game to substitute something else. We said we wanted to see a leopard. No leopard. OK, how about gazelle? No. What about a cheetah ... hyena ... eland?

We didn't see a lion, either, but we heard them. And the rhino were hiding, too. But that was not too difficult, when you realise that the national park covers some 1,400 square miles and there are thought to be only 20 or so rhinos left after years of poaching. Ten years ago there were 2,000.

To be fair, we saw lots of other animals - including elephant, impala, buffalo, wart-hog, zebra, baboon and crocodile - plus vultures and fish eagles. As our only previous sightings of these creatures had been in a zoo, everything seemed magical.

Tiger Bay, where we stayed, had another sort of magic: a swimming-pool, bar and umpteen meals a day, to which we were summoned by the sound of an African drum. The view was across the river to the Zambezi escarpment, a glorious mountain range that encloses the Matusadona Park, one of half-a-dozen national parks where commercial hunting has now been banned. The mountains glowed in a purple haze, and provided a backdrop to spectacular sunsets.

There are several safari resorts scattered around the area, and getting to any of them usually entails a hairy landing on a rough airstrip in a light aircraft, followed by a bumpy ride in a four-wheel-drive vehicle. We shared our flight with that day's egg delivery - a replacement for a previous batch, which arrived scrambled after the plane had landed in a 3ft-deep "puddle" and flipped on to its back.

What separates Tiger Bay from other, similar, resorts is cost. To be perfectly honest, we chose it because we could afford it.

Tusk force: the big cats may be elusive in Zimbabwe's game parks, but elephants never shy away, while the sheer numbers of impala, above right, make them an easy prey to the latter-day weapon - the lens

PHOTOGRAPHS: GEOFF PERRY

While other tourists we met spoke of paying up to £250 per person per day to stay at places such as Fothergill Island (not now an island, because the level of water in Lake Kariba has continued to fall due to continued droughts) we were paying just £40 each. Sure, we had to spend extra for every safari trip we made (although safaris have since been made part of an all-inclusive package), but I still reckon we had good value.

Most of the other guests at Tiger Bay were white Zimbabweans, there for the fishing. The river Ume is famous for its abundance of fighting fish - but the only ones we caught sight of were hanging on the wall in the bar. In fact, the tiger fish appears to be another victim of poachers, who prefer nets to rods. But the fishermen seemed content enough to hand bread - which at least they could eat.

We spent three days at Tiger Bay. Each day was wonderful. In the morning you had a choice of a two-hour safari by speed-boat, by Land Rover or on foot. You never knew what you might see around the corner. The big game might have gone to ground, but despite the screeching Aussie, the other animals, especially the elephants, seemed oblivious to our presence. Crocodiles just



silently sank beneath us, hippos yawned, buffalo stared and monkeys mooned. We opened another beer, took another picture and mouthed another superlative.

In the late afternoon you were given a similar choice (in fact you could also opt for a canoe, but the stories of hippos turning them over was enough to dissuade us). For the rest of the time - well, there was always the swimming-pool or a good book, or just sitting and soaking up the views. It was all so still and calm - the only sound might be a distant roar, or the lapping of the water on the foreshore.

The problem with Tiger Bay was that it was just too laid-back. So much so that the management never really told us anything. There was an annoying practice of allowing other river users - especially those on houseboats, frustrated at not being able to dive into the lake for a cooling swim, dropping anchor in our bay and then invading our pool. We were left to sort of mud-dle through.

But then, I guess that's what being on holiday is all about.



Zooming to Zimbabwe

If you can travel next week, Air Zimbabwe (0171-491 0009) has a special for travel on Wednesday 22 July or Friday 24 July; you pay the remarkably low fare of £380 including tax for the flight from Gatwick to Harare, returning any time within three months (though you must fix the date). British Airways (0345 222111) also flies between Gatwick and Harare. In general, though, the best

fares are likely to involve a change of planes. For example, in July Tradewings (0171-631 1840) is offering £515 on Balkan Bulgarian Airlines. Bridge The World (0171-911 0900) has an August fare of £549 with Air France from various UK airports. This drops to £385 in September, but only if you book before the end of July. From Harare to Kariba the air fare is £48 return, and from Kariba to Tiger Bay £53 return. The deal that Andrew Thorman bought now

costs £78 per night for accommodation, including three meals and two safaris a day, booked through Tailor Made Holidays (0181-388 7424).

Numerous companies offer packages to Zimbabwe. Voyages Jules Verne (0171-616 1000) arranges flights and six nights' accommodation for around £800. Current offers include £510 for return flights, including tax, transfers and six nights' accommodation at the Elephant Hills hotel, Victoria Falls.

Baruk is not an obscure Eastern European city on the fringes of the old Soviet Union, nor is it a trendy café celebrating Britain's alleged role at the hub of world style (Bar UK, geddit?). It stands for "Board of Airline Representatives in the United Kingdom".

Any cynic who wonders whether there could be a less inspiring institution should check out the board's handbook. Within it, among the capsule descriptions of the 100-odd airlines operating to Britain, you find some splendid resonances of aviation history.

Sudan Airways, for example, which is celebrating its half-century this year, began life as a subsidiary of Sudan Railways. And Delta Air Lines, now one of the world's biggest, started as the world's first crop-dusting business: Huff Daland Dusters, based in the Mississippi Delta.

In 1982, you learn, its employees decided they liked the company so much that they conducted a workers' whip-round to buy Delta a Boeing 767: in the current climate, I can't imagine British Airways cabin crew passing the hat around to present Robert Ayling with a new \$100m jet. The first identifiable ancestor of BA, incidentally, was the equally uncouth Aircraft Transport and Travel Ltd. It began flying in August 1919 from Hounslow Heath near London (and very near Heathrow) to Le Bourget

airport in Paris - the world's first daily scheduled international service.

The handbook reveals that Syrian Arab Airlines, which for a time was banned from flying to Britain, is re-installed in its Mayfair offices, selling flights on a fleet which is a real jet blast from the past: remember the Caravelle, basically a Citroën 2CV with wings and jet engines attached, which I believed had long gone the way of the Comet? In fact, the pioneering French aircraft is still in active service from Aleppo as an alternative to the road to Damascus.

I thought of saving the final gem for the Christmas travel quiz, but fear no one would get it right. Which European airline was, until 1968, known by the name of a popular chocolate bar? The answer is not Air Galaxy, or Bournville Airways, but Finnair - which for the first 45 years of its life was called Aero. The plucky airline started up in 1923, even though the first airport in Finland did not open until 1936.

Another acronym: PASL. This is an even more intriguing body, the (St) Petersburg Auto-Stop League. "Here," says Daan Toner of The Hague, "is the electronic answer to the question about whatever happened to hitchhiking." This bunch of Russian hitch-hikers has a Web site on the Internet, where you learn about its activities, such as



Simon Calder

Too tricky for the Christmas quiz: which European airline was, until 1968, known by the name of a popular chocolate bar? No, not Air Galaxy, or Bournville Airways ...

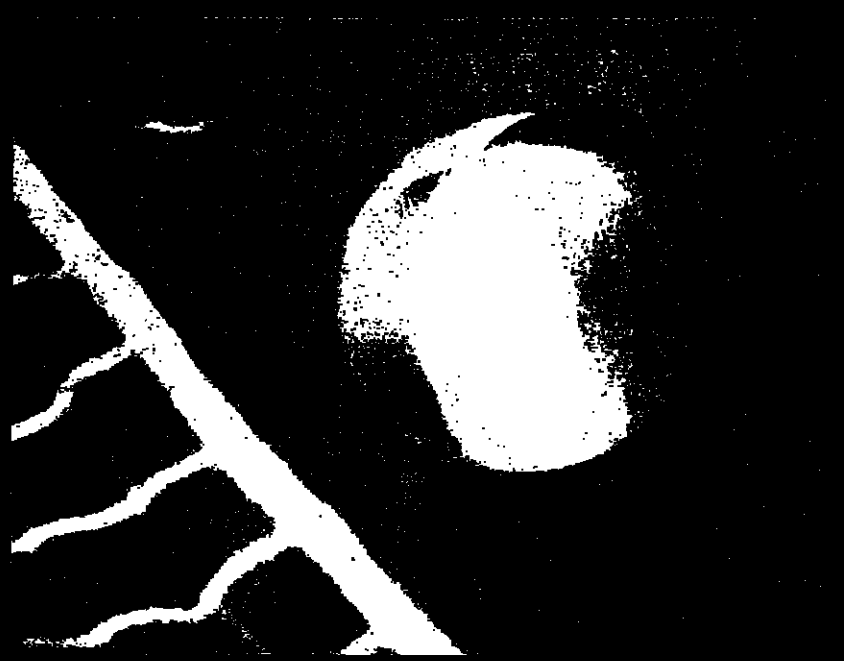
"training hitch-hikers to travel fast even in the most difficult terrain and circumstances".

It is hard to imagine more difficult terrain and circumstances than present-day Russia, where some of the drivers are almost as malevolent as the climate. No problem: "The members of the league travel in yellow suits, especially designed for hitch-hiking 24 hours a day, seven days a week, world-wide. Reflecting patches and flashlights make hitch-hiking possible through the night."

PASL's plans for a world hitch-hikers' trophy are ambitious. Beginning next month, pairs of hitch-hikers will compete for the title on a race through the former USSR, Hungary, Austria, Italy, France, Germany, Denmark and Norway, ending up next February at Russia's northernmost city, Murmansk.

This is merely a preliminary round for the real thing - a hitchhiking race around the world. A year from now, surviving teams will begin at St Petersburg and travel via Siberia, Nome (across the Bering Strait in Alaska), Seattle, New York and Paris. Impediments such as the absence of roads in eastern Siberia and the considerable stretches of ocean are not mentioned, but helpfully "the world can be travelled the other way round or by a different route depending on circumstances like visa regulations and civil war".

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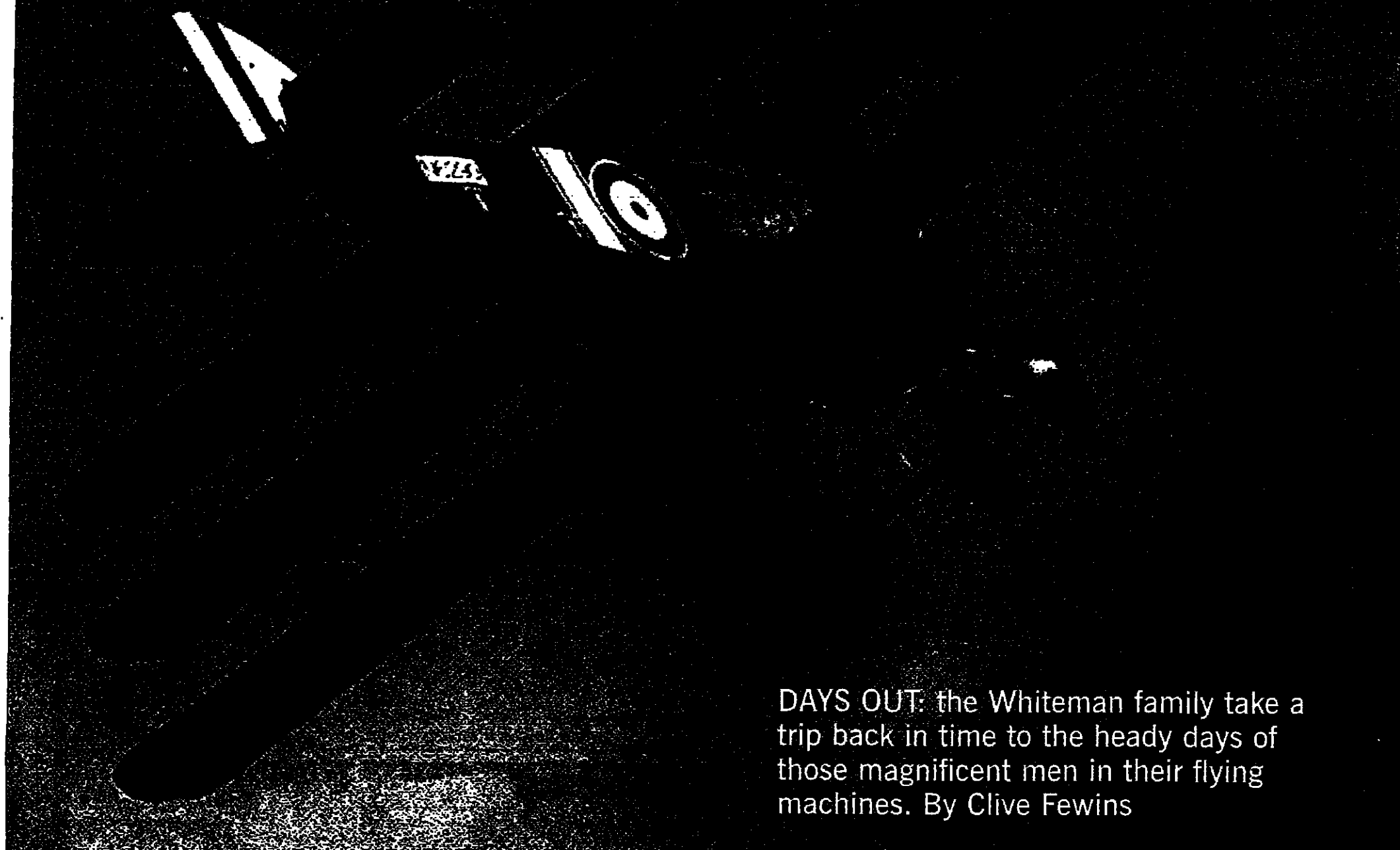
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Flights of fancy



DAYS OUT: the Whiteman family take a trip back in time to the heady days of those magnificent men in their flying machines. By Clive Fewins

Vintage performance: a Sopwith Triplane takes to the air near Biggleswade

The Sea Hurricane made a low pass over the grass airstrip, its throaty roar drowning all conversation. Inside the hangar the strains of Glenn Miller music, played by a local big band, had just died away.

There were about 7,000 of us, at one of the biggest events of the year at the Shuttleworth Collection, at Old Warden, near Biggleswade, home of some of the oldest aircraft in the world still flying.

The difference between the Shuttleworth Collection and others of its kind is that virtually all the 40 historic aircraft – they date from the birth of powered flight – really fly. The collection takes its name from Richard Shuttleworth, of Old Warden Park, engineer, aviator and winner of the 1935 British Grand Prix, who joined the RAF in 1939 and was killed in a night flying accident 12 months later.

On a quiet day the little grass airstrip and cluster of small hangars set in the rolling Bedfordshire countryside must look much as it did during the Second

World War. Then, it was used as a repair workshop, mainly for wooden-structured aircraft. Today the complex is open seven days a week, but it still has an intimacy about it – probably because it is run by a tiny staff with a huge reserve of volunteers who turn out willingly on flying days.

You can view the permanent displays, including an original Blériot machine similar to the one that made the first aerial crossing of the Channel in 1909. Several others are reminiscent of the aircraft used in the classic late-Sixties film *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines*.

The Saturday I visited, 13 of the historic planes were flying, in addition to a number of visiting aircraft. This evening there is a sunset flying display, in which, weather permitting, the organisers have promised to try to fly some of the oldest canvas-and-string machines on show.

The visitors
Philip Whiteman, an engineer, and his sons William, nine, Leo, seven, and Julius, five.

Philip: We live 90 miles away in Middlesex, but I try to take the boys to the collection at least once a year. There is only one other place like it in the world – in the US – where aircraft of this vintage are actually flown. The Shuttleworth Collection is a wonderful outing on a flying day when the weather is fair and the flying conditions good. And children love the flying, particularly on one of the big flying days, because there are often formation and aerobatic teams as well as some of the permanent collection flying.

We all also like the atmosphere here. It is more like a village fête than a big air show. All the pilots and most of the ground staff do the job for the love of it.

William: I particularly enjoyed the Sopwith Triplane, First World War fighter. It's a replica but it shows what conditions must have been like in that war. It flew brilliantly today. I also like the Hurricane, and the bigger jets. Today we had a Sea-hawk from the Royal Navy historic flight. It was a jet, so it flew very fast.

I also like the stalls and the books and videos and models of aircraft and spacecraft you can buy. I am really interested in flying. I have flown in a 1944 Piper Cub with Dad.

It is really friendly here. We sometimes come with our cousins and meet other friends here. It's a long journey but it is worthwhile – especially if the sun is shining and the flying conditions are good.

When we come I always go with Dad to see the permanent exhibits in the hangars. There is always some interesting work in progress on one or two of the old planes, and I also like the First World War memorabilia and displays of what life was like in the Royal Flying Corps.

Leo: I like the weaving around and the diamond patterns of the Tiger Moth display team. They were so close together at times that I thought they were going to crash.

I am learning to play the piano, so I like the big band.
I also like the stalls. Dad usually buys

us model aircraft kits and we often start assembling them here. I completed one and managed to fly it at one air day. I also like the collection of old cars here. I love everything to do with flying. I want to be a pilot when I grow up.

Julius: I love all the older aeroplanes. Friends of mine like the model railway and the steam engines and the children's playground, but I prefer the planes.

The deal
Flying today, Saturday 19 July, at 6.30pm. Gates open from 10am.

The Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, near Biggleswade, Beds (01767 627388) is best reached by road from the A1. It is two miles due west of the A1 and is signposted from the roundabout north-west of Biggleswade town centre.

From Ampthill follow the A507 towards the A600, then the A600 towards Bedford. There are signs to the collection along minor roads.

Are we nearly there?

Forget trainspotting. This weekend is for planespotting.

Fleet Air Arm Museum, Yeovil (01935 841524). At this operational Royal Naval Air Station the budding Biggles can follow a storyboard giving the background to 40 historic planes, visit a replica of the flight deck of a battle-ready carrier, and board a prototype Concorde. The active airfield provides real-life aviation thrills; the flight simulator offers virtual rides in a Harrier jump jet and Lynx helicopter. Sat & Sun, 11am-5.30pm. Adults £6.50, 5-16yrs £4, OAPs £5.50, family (2+2) £18.

Royal Air Force Museum, London (0181-205 2266). As well as the regular display of 70 legendary planes, today and tomorrow there's a 20 per cent discount for families. For demanding digital consumers, the museum offers some of the best games around: a Tornado flight simulator; flying 21st-century style with the panoramic Eurofighter display; a chance to sit in the driving seat of a Jet Provost. There will also be balloon modelling, "build and fly" workshops and a children's trail. Sat & Sun 10am-6pm. Adults £5.85, 5-16yrs £2.95, OAPs £4.40, family (2+2) £12 (discount price).

The Red Arrows at Whitstable regatta, Kent, and the Air Tattoo at Fairford, Gloucestershire. At Whitstable the world's most famous air display team will be causing stomachs to do their own loop-the-loops at 1pm sharp. The regatta also has stalls and sideshows, and a working 19th-century carousel. It ends with fireworks at 9.30pm. Sat & Sun (Arrows Sat only), Tankerton Slopes. Free admission. At the Air Tattoo the Arrows are up against tough competition. Flying teams from all around the world will give little and not-so-little boys stiff necks all day. Highlights will include Tom "Top Gun" Cruise's F14 Tomcats and the UFO wannabes, the Stealth Bomber and Fighter. Sat & Sun 9.40am-5pm. Adults £16, Under 16 free. Further info: 01285 713 300

Imperial War Museum, Duxford, Cambridgeshire (01223 835 000). The museum explains how planes fly in its hands-on exhibition, *The Flying Machine*. Kids then earn their wings by designing an aircraft with an interactive computer programme. Chances to look around Concorde and vintage war planes; best fun of all (circumstances permitting), take a trip in a Thirties airliner, the Dragon Rapide. Sat & Sun 10am-6pm. Adults £6.40, 5-15yrs £3.20, OAP £4.40, family (2+3) £18.

Mike Higgins

One for the wing nuts

Sue Wheat marvels at a huge, ancient swannery in Dorset

Finding the Swannery at Abbotsbury in Dorset was uncannily easy. The AA had put up bright yellow signs directing us to "Baby Swans Hatching" at regular intervals for miles around. Such an official statement seemed bizarre – are we so disconnected from nature that we need signposts to direct us to every detail of rural life? But Abbotsbury Swannery is not a typical place. An outstandingly beautiful nature reserve, it is home to around 800 swans which like it so much that they never leave – unusual behaviour, as swans normally move from place to place.

The birds – known as "mute" swans despite making a variety of strange noises – live on the Fleet, a lagoon by Chesil Beach. The 18-mile beach is, for the eastern nine miles, detached from the shore of the mainland and separated from it by the Fleet – which makes a calm haven of wetlands that supports not just the swans but also a wide variety of other wildlife.

Abbotsbury Swannery is the only colony of managed swans in the world. And if they seem very much at home here, it is because they are. The swans have been on this site at least since the 11th century, when the swannery was managed by Benedictine monks. Now it

is managed as part of the Ilchester estate; the swans are the only ones in the country not owned by the Queen.

We walked to the lagoon through a mass of reeds, pampas grass, bamboo, giant fuchsias and other exotic shrubs. As we approached the meadow at the head of the Fleet the scene that opened up to us seemed straight out of a wildlife film set. A mass of sleek, white-feathered bodies covered the lagoon-side, turning it a dappled grey. My two-year-old friend Patrick squealed at his first sight of a swan leading her fluffy grey cygnets. Then we saw the nests – beautifully crafted from reeds – which were scattered all over the meadow leading to the Fleet. Mothers crouched patiently over their eggs; others sat with their newly hatched offspring in the nests, keeping them warm.

Some of the swans had built their nests in secluded spots, but many others had built smack in the middle of the pathways. "It's their choice," said one of the staff, when I asked whether the tourists disturbed them. "They can build their nests wherever they like." Competition for space is fierce, however – around 300 nests are built in a space of two acres. Becoming impervious to prying human eyes may just be a necessary part of swan life.



Swanning about at Abbotsbury

Such a lack of shyness does mean, however, that for children Abbotsbury is a dreamland. Children and parents can follow "The Ugly Duckling Trail" and learn what life's like as a swan, and visit the Old Tithe Barn – now a children's farm. A subtropical garden gives an extra feeling of exoticism. As we left, we heard the beating of wings and looked up to see six or seven swans swooping above the reed beds, circling the meadow, then returning to skid across the water. It seemed a dramatic sort of swansong for our day out.

The Abbotsbury Swannery (01305 871130) is signposted from Abbotsbury village. Open Mar-Oct 10am-6pm (last admission 5pm). Admission: adults £4.80, senior citizens £3.80, children £2, family ticket (two adults, two children) £11. Next Friday and Saturday swans are ringed, weighed and checked in a "Great Swan Round Up" (details, 1305 760579).

If you're in search of a retreat from all that overhead noise, head for the Swan Inn at Radwell (01234 781351).

This quaint and quiet 17th-century thatched country pub is located near the river Ouse, and is in a delightful village. The Swan's extensive and varied menu includes a few pub stand-bys, such as ploughman's platters and sandwiches, but predominantly features home-cooked fare using

PIT STOP

fresh local ingredients, especially fish and game, and is supplemented by good daily blackboard specials.

Choices include chilli-braised mushrooms on a bed of noodles for starters, venison in red wine, and unusual Oriental dishes such as teriyaki beef. There are also vegetarian options. Puddings include St

Clement's sponge and apple pie.

Future plans for the large garden include a pet's corner and a children's play area.

From the *Egon Ronay Guide 'And Children Come Too ...'* (Bookman, £9.99)

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COLT on the rocks

If you want to get away from it all, you can disappear in the mist on the craggy Orkney Islands. But when the sun comes out, there are few more intriguing places. Janet Martin explores



South Ronaldsay, one of Orkney's 70-odd islands, resonates with the poetry of the shipping forecast

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN HARRIS

Friday and the Old Man of Hoy is magnificent. The great sandstone sea-stack soars 140 metres (450ft) up towards a clear blue sky. Gulls, guillemots and great skuas glide above it, motionless on the prevailing wind. Swaths of sea pinks and banks of yellow and purple saxifrage blossom in the sun. It's one of those "God's in his heaven" sort of days. Saturday and the Old Man is gone. The famous landmark has disappeared behind the "low cloud" that would translate as "driving rain" in anyone else's vocabulary. The wind is so chilly that even the wild flowers are curling up in self-defence. Mmm, that's more like it. Because these are, after all, the Orkney Islands, where summer tends to be a bit of a nine-if-you're-lucky-days wonder. It's where they invented Scotch mist. By lunch-time even the handful of Orcadians who inhabit this northerly bit of the "High Island" have retreated indoors. The pub would be an attractive option for the afternoon – only it's Saturday, the one day of the week when it shuts at 2pm, regardless of the weather.

A walk to the Dwarfie Stane it is, then – another sandstone curiosity, in the form of a 3000BC rock-tomb, the only one of its kind in Britain, and another of Hoy's proud landmarks.

But it's just one of so many ancient historical sites that, between them, the islands have to offer. A legacy of 500 years of Viking rule: Skara Brae, the best Neolithic village in Europe; the broch, or round-houses, built by the Picts; the standing

stones at Stenness and the chambered burial tomb at Maes Howe; not to mention the site of the Battle of Summerdale, where the army of James V was defeated – they're all worth a visit.

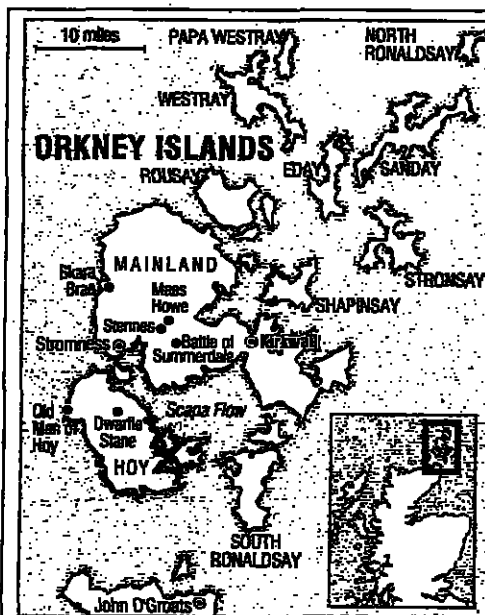
Only a seriously dedicated island-hopper could hope to visit more than a small selection of the 70-odd islands (20 of them inhabited) that make up the Orkney Islands, but it would be a shame not to sample at least a few of them.

As the only one with a hill, Hoy is an obvious and spectacular choice, but there's much to be seen and done on any of those islands with shipping-forecast names, such as North and South Ronaldsay, Stromsay, Sanday, Westray and Papa Westray.

Each has something different to offer. On Stromsay, for example, you can stay in the Victorian baronial Balfour Castle, now run as an hotel by the "as to the manor born" Zawadzki family, who acquired it from their friends the Balfours after the war, and ever since have been inviting paying guests into their exceedingly grand home to help with the upkeep.

But even if you opt to stay on the largest island, confusingly called Mainland, you're spoiled for choice. The capital – almost too strong a word for a group of islands as laid-back as the Orkney Islands – is Kirkwall, where the harbour is busy with fishing boats and visiting cruise ships, and the main shopping street is just a front for the rabbit warren of lanes and alleyways that lie beyond.

St Magnus Cathedral is one of the more colourful churches in Britain, inside and out, with



Outward bound to Orkney

Flying there British Regional Airlines operates flights to Kirkwall from Aberdeen and Inverness on behalf of British Airways (0345 222111). The lowest fare from Aberdeen is £90 including tax, or £95 from Inverness. From London, the lowest fare is £211.

Sailing in P&O (01856 850855) operates fairly frequent ferries from Scrabster, on the mainland, to Stromness. The return fare for foot passengers is £28; cars cost an extra £75 (£79 if large). To get to Stromness take the 8am daily Scottish Citylink (0800 505050) from Inverness, which arrives in time for the noon sailing. A return ticket for the bus costs £11.30 if you avoid travelling on Fridays and Saturdays. P&O also runs a service between Aberdeen and Stromness at noon on Tuesdays and Saturdays for £78 return; call 01224 572615 for details of this service.

Day tripping A third option is to take the John O'Groats Ferry (01955 611353) – foot passengers and cyclists only – to Burwick. The return fare, £24, includes a coach journey into Kirkwall. With four sailings daily, it's possible to go across for the day.

its stunning, two-tone red and buff sandstones. The semi-ruined Bishops Palace and Earls Palace in the centre of Kirkwall are equally well worth attention. And it's near here that more recent history kicks in, with the blockships and the Churchill barriers, relics of the defensive tactics of two world

Wars which (mostly) kept the German U-boats away from the mainland.

Another legacy from the war, and a must on the visiting list, is the atmospheric Italian Church, created by prisoners of war out of a couple of Nissen huts. The Italians transformed the building,

lining it with exquisite *tracery* paintings. It became such a labour of love that at the end of the war, when the other Italians left the island, the chief artist stayed behind to finish the font he was working on.

Only a bus ride away from Kirkwall is Stromness, on the south-west side of the main island, a picture postcard kind of a place that rises up in a series of stacked streets twisting and stretching the length of the harbour, where various seamen, including the infamous Captain Bligh, used to call in to stock up with water at the spring known as Logie's Well.

Shipping has always been vital to the town's economy, and the Hudson's Bay Company recruited as much as three quarters of its workforce from Stromness. Whaling was once another important source of employment, with ships bound for Greenland regularly calling in to take on crews.

The main street of Stromness, known simply as The Street, remains paved with flagstones, with a cobbled strip up the centre in parts – a reminder of the days of horses and carriages. Steep little lanes radiate from The Street, to dip down between the houses to the water's edge or, like the curiously named Khyber Pass, to wind up to the hillsides of Brinkie's Brae.

This is a brilliant town to explore for a day, and certainly one of the most picturesque features in a decidedly photogenic set of islands, which has a history all its own.

something to declare



Trouble spots

Advice for driving through Australian deserts

If you intend to leave main roads, let somebody know of your estimated time of arrival. If you become lost or break down, do not leave your vehicle under any circumstances. A missing vehicle is easier to locate than missing people.

Beware of stock and wildlife. These can include cattle, kangaroos and the odd camel.

"Road trains" are a significant presence, and can be up to three trailers (50 metres) long. Always

give them plenty of room, and if overtaking allow at least one kilometre of clear road ahead.

Always carry plenty of water – 20 litres minimum. Water is the cheapest and most effective cooling agent for the body.

If you are planning to travel through Aboriginal land, other than on designated highways, you must obtain a permit. It is the right of Traditional Owners to refuse any entry permits.

From Australia's 'Northern Territory Motoring Guide', obtainable free from the Australian Tourist Commission's brochure line (0990 561434).

A likely story

You don't have to be a Lottery winner to hire out a castle for the weekend.

This is the opinion of the general manager of Castle Ashby, Northampton

(01604 696696), a 16th-century stately home available for hire over Christmas. For £45,000 (plus vat) you can live like a lord for three days as the price includes a private chapel service, traditional Christmas lunch, champagne buffet and gala dinner, Christmas presents for all the guests and the chance

to indulge in numerous aristocratic pursuits such as carriage rides around the grounds.

With 26 bedrooms, you could split the bill between several friends and the cost per head would be no more than the price of staying in a top-notch hotel.

However, if this seems too glitzy, you could hire out a less pricey property through the YHA's "Rent a Hostel" scheme (01727 845047). A four-night Christmas break at Boscastle Youth Hostel, Cornwall, for example, will cost £550 – the hostel sleeps 25, so this works out at just £22 each.

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A time machine on rails

Simon Calder catches a tram in Lisbon, for a journey of six miles ... and 100 years



Walk on the mild side: Lisbon's labyrinthine Alfama quarter has managed to bypass progress PHOTO: GERARD LEWIS

Skipping a century is a neat trick if you can manage it, and Lisbon has done it with aplomb. The moment you realise this is when tram 28 screeches and grumbles its way, as discordantly as a failed *fado* singer, past the Ciber Chiado. A 19th-century form of transport – which most of Europe discarded long ago – brushes against the future, in the form of Lisbon's first Internet café.

In the Portuguese capital, there are few traces of the years 1900-97. What you see is largely what you got at the end of the last century. The city is manically trying to modernise in preparation for Expo '98, but so slow has progress been that local ways refer to the event as Expo 2000.

Something that, with luck, the planners will overlook in their rush to the future is tram 28, unquestionably the finest piece of public transport in Europe – both for her inherent style, and for the extraordinary six-mile course she carves through a bracingly beautiful city.

When Britain was good at trams, the English Electric Company helped disperse transportation largesse around the world. Lisbon was one beneficiary that appreciated the sheer depth of quality: handsome timber trim, stained by time and traffic, is wrapped around a sturdy steel frame and an earnestly effective engine. When this heroic machine clanks wheezily to a halt and you step aboard, you feel you are trespassing on the territory of the 1800s. But the only penalty you pay is the fare of 150 escudos (50 pence), which entitles you to ride as far as you like on the streetcar named Grace – her destination, advertised in faded white capitals, is the square of Grace.

Some say she resembles a San Francisco cable car, particularly when tackling some of the improbably steep gradients along the route. But this is no tourist trap; the 28 is just another component of a rickety old transport network whose concern is the carriage of citizens. There are a few hangers-on, too: scruffy youths who dangle from the polished brass handrails to avoid payment, and spend the journey making faces at the people they consider to be ostentatiously wealthy farepayers.

From the outside, this entertaining mobile tableau resembles a *grande dame* proceeding through her declining estates and years with as much grace as she can manage, given that half Lisbon's *hoi polloi* is dangling from her skirts. You can almost see her cheeks puff scarlet as this ship of stateliness moves off.

She processes eastwards, along the lilted Calçada da Estrela. Straightaway you realise you will have to make a return trip, because each side of this street excitedly demands your attention. Surely this scene of encroaching dereliction cannot be a 20th-century European capital? The district of Estrela peaked about two

centuries ago; since then decay has been slow but inexorable. Buildings seem to stoop exhaustedly by the road, leaning dangerously on one another. But the lifeblood of the city pulses as strongly here as anywhere: you meet the Angolans and the Goans and the Mozambicans, making a spirited go of life at the heart of Portugal's diminutive empire. This startling canvas is speckled with dashes from the British school of imperialism: telephone cabins and pillar boxes that could have been ripped from a Home Counties town, painted ultramarine and installed as tributes to solid civic design.

Off to the right, a rival transportation dinosaur creaks to a halt. The Ascensore da Bica is a stunted sibling of tram 28 with an uneventful life: first, a clamber up one of the more excessive slopes in a city that

heartier feasts than generous portions of *bacalau* (reconstituted dried cod, usually in strident sauces), *vinho tinto* (red wine) and melodramatic melodies.

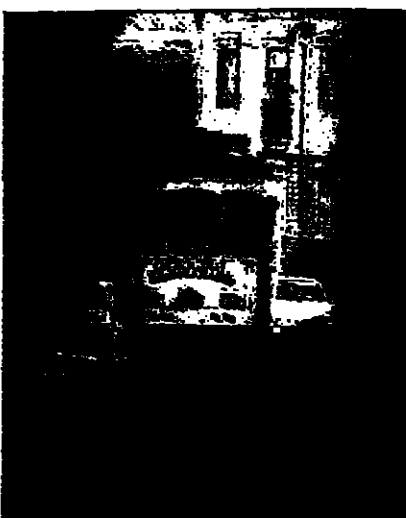
At this point tram 28 is presented with a problem of altitude. She finds herself several hundred feet higher than she needs to be, and has to perform an ungainly slalom down to sea level. So every few minutes, the customers at the Ciber Chiado have their musings interrupted by low, metallic groans as steel wheels grate noisily against the iron road. Even if you have no urgent e-mails to send, stop for a coffee at the Chiado, one of Lisbon's most atmospheric cafés. The ground floor, which in summer spills out almost to the tracks, is guaranteed terminal-free; the computers are upstairs.

The descent was necessary for the race through the Baixa, the 19th-century heart of the city. It is not, at present, a remotely pretty site; building for Expo has turned it into a shambles of scaffolding enswirled by dust.

Another heave, and a fight with another angry gradient on the ascent to the Alfama. Perhaps a degree of divine traction intervenes to help the tram judder past the heavy doors of Lisbon Cathedral. As she skates across the shiny cobbles in a series of hairpins, eyes right for a fine succession of views across the terracotta roofs towards the Tagus. Your reward for planning the voyage to take place in late afternoon will be to bear witness to the impersonation of San Francisco Bay that the city lays on each day: flames seem to dance from the calm waters of the estuary, while over in the general direction of America the Ponte 25 Abril does a convincing impression of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Up at the front, where the driver sways jauntily with each twist, things are getting tricky. The Alfama is the old Arab quarter, a busy nest of humanity whose residents are so familiar with the 28 that they know exactly how much to breathe in while she ploughs her furrow through the highly unsuitable terrain as single-mindedly as any Newbury bypass builder. The 20th-century was evidently obliged to find its own bypass around the Alfama.

Forty minutes after that first clang, a rapid peal announces your arrival at the Largo da Graça. Normally, she would continue for another mile, but the Expo excavations stop her dead in tracks that expire beneath a mountain of sand. This turns out to be a bonus, because it obliges you to disembark at one of Lisbon's more miraculous miradors. Beside you, an impossibly bulky basilica built in the days when Portugal ruled some worthwhile waves. Behind you, tram 28 plods off home in a not-altogether-convincing journey to the future. Meanwhile the fine city is spread out beneath you as though in a hammock. Happily, Lisbon seems to have dozed right through the 20th century.



Tram 28: a streetcar named Grace, proceeding through declining estates and years PHOTOGRAPH: GERARD LEWIS

flaunts its three dimensions, adopting a permanent uphill lean while gripping a cable in the manner of his San Francisco cousins; then a slow slouch back down, all the time yearning for the racier life of route 28.

Eastwards, onwards and upwards: gradually the city cleans up its act as tram 28's jangly old pigeon-frightening bell announces your arrival in the Bairro Alto, literally the High Quarter. If you were to return after dark, you would find knots of people crouching to peer anxiously through low, grubby windows. They are queuing for *fado*, whose basic form can most easily be described as getting Leonard Cohen to compose a requiem, then asking an elderly aunt to sing it.

It is hard to judge how many of the prospective punters are seeking to appreciate and sustain an important part of their national culture, and how many are just tourists. No matter: there are few

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PORTUGUESE CONNECTIONS

The Portuguese-speaking community is not a large one. Here is how – and when – to get to the shreds of Empire. Happily, if you have not yet booked your summer holiday, the best time to go to most of them is between now and the end of the school holidays.

ANGOLA

Whether to go: The Foreign Office Travel Advice Unit says "No".

BRAZIL

When to go: Almost the whole country is south of the equator. To avoid intense heat and heavy rainfall, go between now and the end of August.

How to get there: the Brazilian airline Varig (0171-629 9406) flies from London Heathrow to Rio and Sao Paulo; British Airways (0345 222111) serves the same cities from Gatwick; Transbrasil (0171-976 0966) flies from Gatwick to Recife, Salvador and Sao Paulo. The lowest official return fare is around £600, but lower fares are available through agents such as Journey Latin America (0181-747 3108), Passage to South America (0171-602 9889), Steamond (0171-730 8648) or South American Experience (0171-976 5511). Usually the lowest fares are for indirect flights on airlines like Air France, Alitalia and TAP Air Portugal, but British Airways is offering £532 through JLA for travel in September.

How to get around: Frequent long-distance buses zip around. But given the long distances involved, the best way to travel by air around Brazil is on an airpass, sold by Varig and its two competitors, Transbrasil and Vesp. The price is \$540 (about £320) for five flights.

AZORES

When to go: Temperatures are highest, and rainfall and humidity are lowest, in July and August. April to June is also a promising time to visit.

How to get there: TAP Air Portugal (0171-629 0282) has daily flights from London via Lisbon to Ponta Delgada. The cheapest summer fare is £398 midweek, £414 weekend. The same fares apply to the airports of Horta and Terceira. You can fly into any of the three and out from any other.

How to get around: SATA operates flights between the islands; these are bookable through Air Portugal.

GUINEA-BISSAU AND CAPE VERDE

When to go: November to March

How to get there: Fly via Lisbon on TAP Air Portugal. Expect to pay around £800.

How to get around: boats, shared taxis. Thomas Cook's Overseas Timetable is pessimistic about the reliability of services.

MOZAMBIQUE

When to go: Any time from now until September.

How to get there: Fly to Johannesburg, for as little as £450 return through discount agents, then a train or connecting flight should do the trick.

How to get around: In most parts, by irregular bus and train services; in the north, by hitching rides with aid agencies.

MACAU

When to go: October or November to February or March.

How to get there: either take the long way round via Lisbon and Bangkok to the new airport in Macau on TAP Air Portugal (total journey time around 24 hours), or find a discounted flight from Heathrow or Manchester to Hong Kong on British Airways, Cathay Pacific or Virgin Atlantic. Then take the jetfoil or ferry across the South China Sea.

How to get around: Lots of small, cheap buses; few roads.

PORTUGAL

How to get there: The lowest fare to Lisbon is on AB Airlines (0345 484748) from Gatwick for £128.80 return including tax. But these cheap seats are limited and the fare then goes up to £206.80. British Airways (0345 222111) and TAP Air Portugal (0171-629 0282) fly from Heathrow to Lisbon, but fares are higher: BA around £205 and TAP £210.80 midweek or £220.80 weekend. From Manchester, Portugal (0890 502048) flies via Oporto to Lisbon for £200.70. Air Portugal ticket holders can claim a free ride on the Aero-Bus into the city centre; hang on to your boarding pass. To reach the Mirlo area, fly to Oporto. Lowest fares are: BA from Gatwick, £160.80 (special offer – book before 23 July); TAP Air Portugal from Heathrow, £210.80 midweek; £220.80 weekend; and Portugal from Manchester, £200.70. Who to ask: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 22/25a Sackville Street, London W1X 1DE (0171-494 1441).



Fairground attraction: Joe Davies spent two years meticulously renovating his showman's wagon

PHOTOGRAPH: STUART HARRISON

Full ahead ... at 25mph

Joe and Margaret Davies's ancient, lovingly restored caravan has become a stately show-stopper. By Chris Mowbray

It was the ultimate ignominy for a retired superintendent who had once headed one of Britain's largest police traffic departments. To be stopped for violating European speed restrictions was bad enough, but that the offence should be one of driving too slowly ...

It happened to Joe Davies while he was travelling along a motorway near Rotterdam at a sedate 25 miles per hour. Local traffic police recorded his speed at 13 mph below the legal minimum for the road, and waved him down to ask why he could not go any faster. The answer was obvious. A vintage, seven-ton fairground lorry is not fast – particularly when it is towing another four tons of authentic fairground caravan which is only just short of its 70th birthday.

At the time, Joe and his wife, Margaret, were making one of their rare visits to the Continent, in the course of seasonal journeyings they have undertaken over more than a decade. Every summer, they take to the road to live the lifestyle of between-the-wars showpeople, as they travel 3,000 miles throughout Wales, the Midlands and the West Country to exhibit their exquisitely restored living wagon at country shows, steam rallies, carnivals and village fêtes.



It all started after Joe's retirement from the West Midlands Police after nearly 40 years' service. Because Margaret could never persuade him to go on holiday, she began searching for other ways of coaxing him from their Wolverhampton bungalow for more than a day at a time.

She discovered the answer at the Royal Bath and West Show, where she became friendly with the owners of a showman's caravan and thought how pleasant it would be if she and Joe could have one, and travel round the summer shows.

Yeovil. It was rotten throughout, and the roof was bowing, but the decorative cut glass and mirrors, which were the interior hallmark of the finest showmen's wagons, were miraculously intact. The history of the van, which was built at a Bristol boatyard in 1929 during a shipbuilding slump, was also available, and this was to be important during restoration.

Joe spent two years replacing the rotten woodwork and having the mirrors restored. He then traced one of the few surviving showmen decorators, who restored the caravan to mint condition after consulting the son of the original owner,

who had been born and brought up in it.

There is no doubting that Joe and Margaret's equipage is a real head-turner, particularly since they have added to it a two-ton fairground organ which is towed behind the living wagon. At every show they attend, there is a steady queue of people who await their turn to peer over the half-door of the 17ft-long wagon at the living area, with its coal-fired cooking range and original paraffin lamps: the partitioned bedroom; and the shining cut glass.

"I was lucky enough to be entertained to a cup of tea in a genuine showman's wagon when I was a young constable in the Forties, but the average person has never seen the interior of one, and that is why we hit on the idea of exhibiting ours at shows," says Joe. "People are fascinated by it. We were completely inundated with visitors at Rhyl recently, and it caused quite a stir at another show last week when it was so cold that we lit the fire. Folk love to see the smoke going up the chimney."

The couple never charge sightseers, and accept only expenses from show organisers. Joe also has another unpaid sideline. He always takes with him a Thirties constable's uniform and police bicycle, which he uses when he is invited to lead parades of vintage tractors and other old vehicles.

The travelling Davieses cause even greater bemusement when they make overnight stops at caravan sites while journeying between shows. The Caravan Club own-

ers of Swallow Tourers and Volvo Estates do tend to notice when 13 tons of vintage fairground road train pull on to the field, and the interest that follows their initial shock usually results in an impromptu viewing of the wagon.

"I like to do something a bit different," says Margaret, "and, because I got tired of being at home all the time, this was one method of getting us away. It was actually me who bought the fairground organ. I got it as a present for Joe's 70th birthday because it was so difficult to think of something new for a man who already had everything he wanted."

"We meet a lot of interesting people as we travel round the shows. Some of them originally came from fairground families, and they come to talk to us about how they spent their childhood living in wagons like ours."

The wagon does, however, have a couple of secrets. Margaret cooks on a modern portable gas stove rather than the ranger paraffin lamps have been converted to generator-fed electricity, and the original fold-away children's sleeping ledge is used as a kitchen. The lifestyle may be authentic, but it's not too rigorously so.

Joe and Margaret Davies can be seen with their wagon today at the Newport Show, Shropshire; tomorrow at the Royal Mail Open Day at the Walsall Arboretum, West Midlands; and on 25-27 July at the steam rally at Willand, near Malvern, Worcestershire.

Sights at every verse end

WEEKEND WALK: Clive Fewins follows in the footsteps of Robert Frost and fellow poets

As we passed through the kissing gate at the end of Dymock churchyard, my mind slid back to childhood books and a landscape dotted with small farms, copious streams and patches of woodland. All we needed was for Rupert Bear and some of his jolly companions to drop in by hot air balloon.

We were on an eight-mile walk through landscape that straddles Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, on the trail of poets. Our route, marked "Poets' Path II", was through the hamlets of Leddington, Preston, Greenway, Tillers Green, Broom's Green and Knight's Green, linking the former homes of the poets Edward Thomas, Robert Frost and Wilfred Wilson Gibson, and also the church in which the poet laureate John Masefield was baptised.

In the years immediately preceding the First World War the "Dymock poets" were inspired by the fragile peace here, and in the last months before war broke out several others – known as the "Georgian poets" – arrived to join them. They included Lascelles Abercrombie, John Drinkwater and Rupert Brooke.

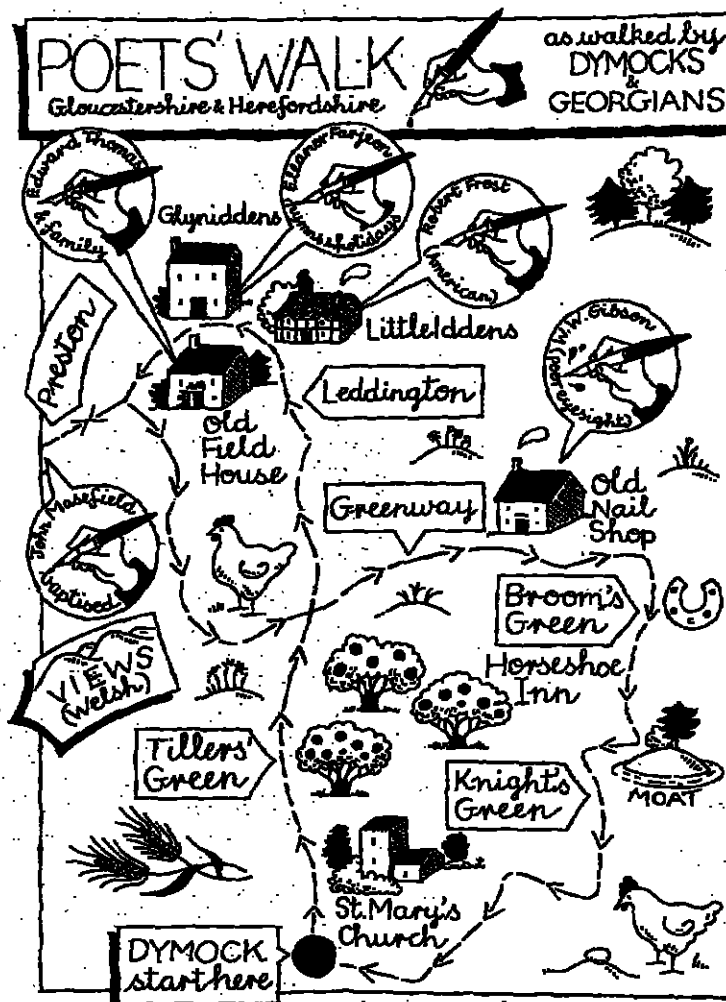
We set out from Dymock, having bought an excellent little map for 50p at the church. Our route took us through fields, alongside the river Leaden, over a disused railway line and up to the hamlet of Tillers Green. Here we joined a minor road, passing two small fruit farms, before taking a path to the left (again signposted) that led us to a small summit with panoramic views of the Welsh Marches.

Our route then lay along a two-mile field section taking us past Old Field House, Leddington, a lonely property where Edward Thomas and his family stayed in 1914. Unfortunately a sharp shower caught us unawares, so we omit-

ted the mile-long diversion to Preston Church. We emerged on to a road again at Little Idens, a black-and-white cottage rented by Robert Frost in 1914. Nearby is Glyn Idens, a large house where Eleanor Farjeon, poet and hymn writer, spent a holiday in the same year.

After this we had a two-mile road walk under lowering clouds to Broom's Green, where we had planned to lunch at the Horse-shoe Inn. En route we passed the brick-and-timber Old Nail Shop, at Greenway Cross, where Gibson – turned down for military service because of poor eyesight – lived with his wife until 1917. We reached the pub in the dry, to be greeted by a friendly man cutting the hedge who announced himself as the owner of the free house. He explained that the pub was closed at lunch time on Tuesdays. It was a Tuesday, but noting our thirsty state he obligingly provided two welcome pints.

Our route took us the remaining two miles to Dymock via a clearly marked path to Knight's Green. Here we hit a minor road with verges bursting with wild roses. We passed a moated site in the field to our left, and crossed the signposted stile into the next field. If you have never walked through a field of oilseed rape I advise you not to try. Its sinewy stem is a natural trip-wire. And walking along the border of the field proved impossible, as the crop had been planted extremely close to the hedge. Our Poets' Path map showed that the area was bristling with footpaths and we took the next one along, on the left-hand side of the road. It took us to a minor road leading to Dymock, where we made for the church. Inside St Mary's – old, gaired and containing Roman remains – we had a look at the impressive little exhibition on the Dymock Poets while the heavens opened outside.



Directions

Leave the churchyard by the kissing gate at the rear. Walk to the footbridge in the far corner of the field and follow the signs through seven fields until you reach a minor road. Follow this a quarter of a mile until you reach a T-junction. By signpost at T-junction turn left. Follow Poets' Path II signs until Old Field House. Take signposted path across a field to Little Idens. When you reach the road turn right. Follow road for a quarter of a mile, passing Mirabels, Hay Traps and Swords Farms. On reaching grass triangle turn left down road signposted Broom's Green,

Bromsberrow and Ledbury. At Greenway Cross (Old Nail Shop on left) follow road half mile towards Broom's Green. Soon after the memorial hall take path to the right, leading to Knight's Green.

Just beyond the T-junction take the stile into the field to the left. Follow path the remaining mile to Dymock church and starting point, or alternatively continue along the road to T-junction and turn left along the road to Dymock.

Maps: Ordnance Survey Landranger Map 149. Pathfinder sheet 1041 (SO 6373). Poets' Path II sheet (50p at Dymock church)

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Duff Hart-Davis

We all know about Star Wars, the Cold War, the Cod War. Now, in Gloucestershire, we have a beer war, brought on by the dastardly deeds of some desperadoes in Ipswich, way off in East Anglia.

About a month ago our local brewer, Chas Wright, was outraged to find a local pub serving "Cobbold's Cotswold's PA". Being an erudite fellow, he was irritated by the redundant apostrophe, and positively incensed by a claim that the pale ale had been "brewed specially" for a wholesaler in Cheltenham.

This, he suspected, was rubbish, for Tolly Cobbold of Ipswich is a large brewery, and he estimates that the smallest quantity of beer it

would turn out in any one brew would be about 150 barrels. After some liquid research he concluded that the alleged Cotswold pale ale was nothing but Cobbold's "cooking bitter with a different label".

This, he decided, was "a bit bloody rich. Ipswich is 200 miles away. They can't spell effing Cotswolds. They're not a Cotswold brewery – and there are only three authentic Cotswold breweries left: Donnington, Hook Norton, and ourselves here in Uley."

He therefore complained to the Trading Standards Office in Gloucester, and as a result Tolly Cobbold's changed their labels to make it clear that the brew emanated from Ipswich.

Still Chas was not happy, and when a local newspaper picked up the story, he told the reporter – only half in jest – that he was preparing a riposte. Well aware that the highest points in Suffolk, to the south west of Bury St Edmunds, are all of 400ft above sea level, he threatened to call his secret weapon Suffolk Mountain Ale.

The next thing he knew, a report in the Gloucestershire Citizen had been reproduced in the East Anglian Daily Times, and suddenly publicans were telephoning from the depths of Suffolk to order supplies of the new elixir. Never one to miss an opening, Chas had Suffolk Mountain Ale labels printed, slapped them on to barrels of his regular Hoghead Cotswolds pale ale, and dispatched them via a

'Ipswich is 200 miles away, and they can't spell effing Cotswolds'

wholesaler in an easterly direction.

Little did he realise that the King's Arms in the village of Bileston is the base of the Suffolk Mountain Rescue team. He soon learnt that "members of the team don't

do much climbing, but by God, do they drink!" Described by the landlord, Ian Softley, as "a bit of a daft pub", the rambling 15th-century coaching inn has high ceilings and massive beams; whenever the spirit takes them, the mountain rescuers bring along a large climbing net, hang it from the beams, and amuse themselves, between pints, by going up the wall.

They rarely suffer oxygen starvation, since they cannot achieve any altitude greater than 12ft above the floor, but in a part of the country where people are glad to find a hillock, that seems high enough.

Now, of course, Chas is planning "a few guest appearances" in Suffolk, and in particular a visit to Bileston. All I can say is that they had better arrange good anchor-points for the net, because he turns the scales at 18 stone.

No doubt he will find himself much at home, for Mr Softley and two colleagues recently started their own small brewery, and the staple beers at the King's Arms are their Brettvale Best

Bitter and Brettvale First Gold.

All this long-range skirmishing is the result of one gloomy development: the decision taken by Whitbread to stop producing West Country pale ale in their brewery at Cheltenham. For generations this lightweight bitter was the only draught beer generally available in the region, and its demise earlier this year was what led Tolly Cobbold to discern an opening in the west.

In a curious way history is repeating itself; for in the Seventies Chas distributed Theakston's Yorkshire beers in Gloucestershire, and his drinking partner Ric Sainty, now landlord of the Old Spot in Dursley, caused a stir in the Cotswolds by importing Greene King and Adnams ales from Suffolk – under their own names, of course.

Now the Old Spot has just won the Camra award for the best pub in Gloucestershire – so who is to say that Ric doesn't know what he is doing, or that the cross-country movement of specialist ales does not increase the jollity of nations?

Less business than labour of love, Elizabeth Taylor's Powys nursery is a treasure trove of unusual plants, writes Anna Pavord



Reader, Frances Rathbone, of London N1, first put me on to the Whimble Nursery in Powys. "It's really in the back of beyond," wrote Ms Rathbone. "The plants are unusual and of the best quality. This spring the place was full of luscious terracotta and russet wallflowers and violas. I lose labels and forget names, but I bought some old-fashioned primulas, some geraniums and some gorgeous pale orange double poppies."

As it's never a hardship to fiddle about in the border country round Presteigne, I quickly persuaded myself that I needed to go and meet Elizabeth Taylor, who set up this nursery just a few years ago. No, she said when we met, Ms Rathbone didn't have shares in the place. Nor was she a member of the family. This was an entirely unsolicited testimonial.

Word of mouth is important to a business like this, because you'd starve if you had to rely on passing trade. One of the huge delights of the area is that there isn't any. But it's worth a detour, particularly if you like aquilegias, pinks, campanulas, geraniums, penstemons and violas.

Why was she growing these particular plants, I asked. "Because I like them," she replied. She'd been given her first viola, the scented, silvery-mauve 'Maggie Mot', by an old lady in the village, and got hooked on the family. I know the feeling.

When she first started up the business, she had a great deal of help from a friend, Angela Holmes, and they sold shrubs, roses and climbers as well as perennials. Now that she's running the nursery on her own, she finds it sensible to concentrate

on a more specialised range of plants. The nursery is set high up – about 800ft – with the extraordinary, pudding-basin hill from which it takes its name rearing up behind it. The stock plants from which Ms Taylor takes her cuttings and divisions are mostly grown in rectangular beds on one side of the nursery, with plants for sale on the other. It's a quirky place, with a potting bench set comfortably among the plants, and in the middle a corrugated iron building, faintly Caribbean in feeling, which she had once planned to turn into a tearoom.

The principle was sound, but in practice Ms Taylor found that she didn't have enough hours in the day to cope with her plants, let alone brew tea. So don't go expecting cuppas. Stock up in Presteigne. Was there really a living to be made from this kind of business, I wondered, set so far off the beaten track? "I'd love to think that there was," replied Ms Taylor, "but I can't see it ever being financially worthwhile. You've just got to love doing it."

Mostly, she does. The worst times are the hot summers, such as we had last year, when 20,000 small plants, gasping in their pots, haunted her every hour. She has very high standards. The compost in the pots is clean and fresh, not covered with weeds and liverworts as you find at so many nurseries. When plants such as aquilegias have finished flowering, she cuts them down and sets them aside in a holding pen, while fresh plants – penstemons, maybe, or diascias – are brought in to take their place.

She's organic enough not to want to have peat in her potting composts, so she

uses coir (Fertile Fibre) instead. She's stopped worrying about Britain's disappearing peat bogs and now worries instead about the ecological correctness of transporting coir expensively all the way from its own home ground. There are no easy answers in this business. The really correct thing to do, I suppose, would be to return to growing herbaceous perennials in the open ground and delivering them, bare-rooted, in autumn.

But then Ms Rathbone couldn't have waltzed away when she did with her poppies, and I couldn't have left the place clutching my viola, parahebe and euphorbia. I'm particularly pleased to have the euphorbia, *E. pithyusa*. Ms Taylor had one growing in a pot in the little garden at the entrance to her nursery. Most of the euphorbias I grow are distinctly beefy, but this one has narrow, thread-like leaves of a strange, pale grey-green and equally pale flowers on top of stalks about 12in to 18in tall. You can tell it's a sun-lover. It needs good drainage too.

What sort of training do you need, to have a nursery, I asked Ms Taylor. "I don't know," she replied. "I've never had any training. I've done all sorts of silly things in my life, but I've never had a proper career. I just find things out by trial and error. End of story." This year she tried to give herself the illusion of being a proper businesswoman by keeping proper records of the stock she held. "But the time involved was just unbelievable. I couldn't keep up with it."

She started first in 1989 with a joint venture in Presteigne, growing herbs and wild flowers. "As one did," she said, rolling her eyes slightly. But few things

look scraggier in pots than wild flowers, and herbs became the province of production-line growers, who could do them more cheaply than she could. And anyway, the back-to-nature mob who bought her first plants came to realise, as we all do, that nature does a better job with wild flowers than the rest of us can. They graduated to different kind of garden and wanted different plants to put in them.

Each year she grows plants that are new to her. It keeps the nursery looking fresh and provides the treasure-hunt element that nursery visitors rather enjoy. Among the well-known pinks such as the double white 'Dad's Favourite' and the superbly scented 'Allspice', you'll find species such as *Dianthus monspessulanus*. I brought one of those home, too. It's whispier than the plants I generally go for, grassy foliage of green rather than grey, and flowers that are very pale and ragged, as though they have been blown to pieces in

the wind. That's hardly a hard sell for the plant, but I thought it an intriguing thing. It's a native of central Europe, where it grows on mountains.

Did Ms Taylor ever put a cost on the time she spent in the nursery. "No," she said firmly. "That would be totally daunting. I'd end up feeling really terrible about it. I try not to be too obsessive about the way the plants are looking, but I can't go past a plant that's looking awful. I try hard to keep a balance in life. I like making pots – garden pots. And in winter I make a living by repairing oriental carpets. I know the nursery is never going to make me any money, but on the other hand it would be very hard to chuck it in now."

So if you are in the neighbourhood of Presteigne, wandering down the B4372, I reckon you'll still find Elizabeth Taylor at the Whimble Nursery, Kinnerton, Powys LD8 2PD (01547 560413). It is open on Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays (1pm-5pm) until the end of September.



CUTTINGS

Phil Rooksby, the hero of a self-sufficiency story in this column (26 October 1996), has brought out an expanded, deluxe version of his booklet "My Kind of Self Sufficiency". The introduction covers his odyssey through the perils of the "real" world to the rather more valid world he created around Midsummer Cottage, Sessay, North Yorkshire YO7 3NL. He gives a detailed and realistic list of ways that anyone can help save energy and conserve resources. He also gives a hard-won appraisal of the practicalities of organic gardening, together with a brisk rundown of some of the "isms" connected with it. The booklet, handstitched and covered with handmade paper, costs £3 from Mr Rooksby at the address above.

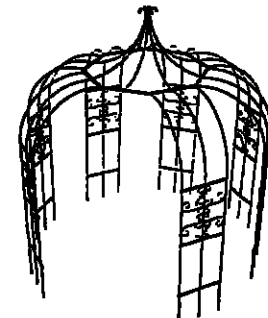
The concept of garden as art gallery has been cleverly exploited by several organisations, including Fabrica, a Brighton art gallery whose changing exhibition, Catchcrop, explores gardens, cultivation and land use. Throughout the summer, visitors will be able to make sculptures and mosaics, and design gardens and decorations, using natural materials. Fabrica's assistants are on hand every Saturday afternoon to advise and inspire beginners. There will be a "drop-in" workshop next Saturday when adults and children are invited to make their own miniature gardens. Materials are free, but there is a 50p entrance fee. The following day, Fabrica will offer prizes for the best-made gardens. Catchcrop, at the Fabrica Gallery, Holy Trinity Church, Ship Street, Brighton BN1 1AG (01273 778646), continues until the end of August.

Michael Loftus of the plantsman's nursery, Woottens of Wenaston, is offering 15 per cent off the bill if you buy more than £20 worth of plants. That's not difficult here. Loftus has a superb range of plants including sumptuous dahlias such as dark 'Arabian Nights' and 'Nuit d'Ete' – rich red, shading to black. Special prices at the moment are offered on *Rehmannia angulata*, which looks like a cross between a foxglove and a salpiglossis. "Showy spikes of exotic warm mauve pink flowers all summer and autumn. Hardy in a sheltered spot. An excellent specimen in a pot," says Mr Loftus. The nursery is open daily at Blackheath, Wenaston, Halesworth, Suffolk IP19 9HD (01502 478258).

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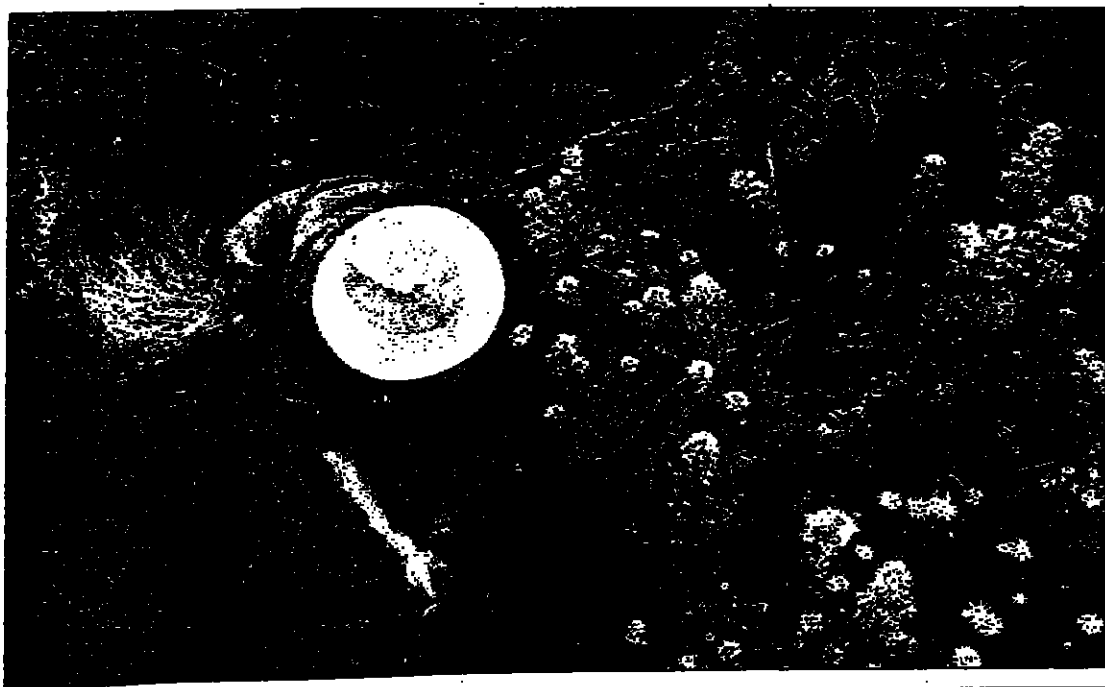
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Nursery nurture: Elizabeth Taylor (left) tends her plants – each year she grows ones that are new to her, such as the 'pardonium' lily above. PHOTOGRAPH: ROB STRATTON

WEEKEND WORK

Vigorous pruning is needed on wisterias to stop long new tendrils creeping in under tiles and through windows. First choose the growths that you want to keep to fill extra space and twine them round wire supports. Shorten all the growths you do not want to keep, leaving five or six pairs of leaves intact. These can be cut back further next February.

Apple and pear trees trained in cordons, espaliers and fans may need summer pruning. Do this gradually so the tree does not suffer too much of a shock. Leave the leaders at the ends of all the main branches untouched. Prune back the new side shoots that have been growing so that you shorten each by a third.

Layer horder carnations. Choose young side shoots that have not flowered and nick through the joint at the base of each shoot. Do not cut it completely. Bend the side shoots down and peg them firmly into the ground with a bit of

bent wire. Cover the split stem with fine damp soil and keep the plant well watered. The layers should have rooted by early September.

Start planting autumn flowering bulbs such as colchicum and stambergia as soon as you can get hold of them. Continue to dead-head petunias, roses, osteospermums and the like.

Goose grass has been particularly aggressive this year. Haul it away to the bonfire before it drops its seeds for next year's crop. Pollen beetles have left the rape fields in favour of the sweet pea crop. You can see them sitting in the keel of the flower. Showmen worry about them spoiling the look of their prize blooms, but they do little actual damage.

Tie in the new growths of rambler roses and of other wall shrubs such as pyracantha and trachelospermum. Continue to nick out side shoots of tomatoes and tie the main stem onto its support if necessary. Bush tomatoes can be left alone. Some years I have picked "Tumbler" outdoor bush tomatoes in the first week of July. Not this year though. The plants had too slow a start.

all consuming

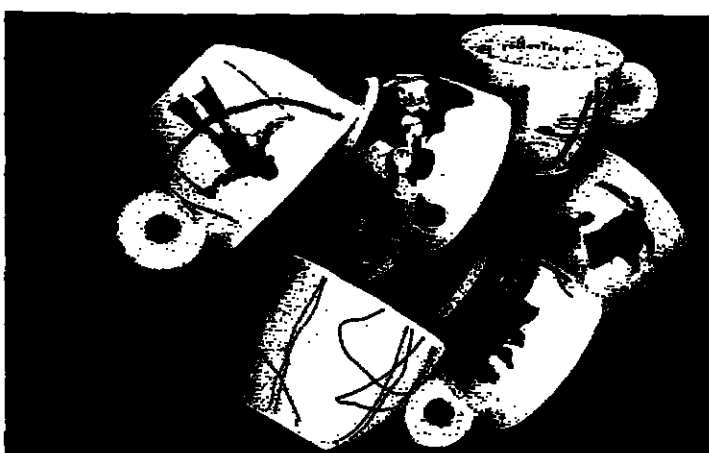
The fine art of drinking coffee

Connoisseurs can buy art with their espresso. By Brigid McConbille

Should your gondola happen to dock at the Venice Biennale this summer, one of the first exhibits to greet you outside this international modern art exhibition will be a neat display of espresso coffee cups on the quayside.

The cups are a classic white porcelain design by Matteo Thun (the man who gave us the Swatch), and they have recently become the canvas for decoration by some of the great names of modern art, including Robert Rauschenberg and James Rosenquist. Much in demand by collectors (one limited, signed Rosenquist edition has reportedly changed hands for three million lire), the cups are a statement by gourmet espresso coffee-makers Ily - major sponsors of the Biennale - about the long romance between coffee and culture.

It's a relationship that dates back to the Arabs of Mecca a thousand years ago. They established the first ever coffee houses that flourished as venues for conversation and chess, music and dance. As coffee spread through the Middle East (unlike alcohol, it was an acceptable drink for Muslims), the Constantinople coffee houses of the 16th century became renowned for their luxurious decor, their



From the beancounter...

- 80 per cent of coffee drunk in the UK is instant coffee.
- The world's biggest coffee drinkers are the Swedes (11 kilos of coffee per head each year), followed by the Norwegians (9.10), the Danes (8.75) and the Finns (8.65). The Americans are a paltry 13th (4.02), while we in the UK are 15th (2.27).
- World coffee prices went up by a quarter in 1995 due to a doubling of the cost of raw coffee beans.
- The surge in demand on international markets has made instant coffee a target for shoplifters across Britain who trade in jars of coffee to pay off debts.
- 75 per cent of the world's coffee is made from arabica beans which have a richer taste and lower caffeine content than robusta beans.
- One legend has it that coffee was first discovered by an Ethiopian shepherd who noticed that his sheep became extremely lively after eating the berries of the coffee plant.

The Coffee Companion: the connoisseur's guide to the world's best brews, by Jon Thorn. Apple £15.

Right, Luca Trazzi's 'Verona Gold', and below, Mario Giacomelli's 'Stati D'Animo', from the Venice Biennale

political debate - and radical ideas. It was the Venetians who brought coffee - known as 'Arabian wine' - to Europe at the beginning of the 17th century, where it was hailed as 'the devil's work' by those nervous of its subversive image. Fortunately, Pope Clement VIII declared it to be a 'true Christian drink', and so the tradition of coffee houses as places of culture and conversation continued their spread across Europe.

Then, as now, the coffee house was the ultimate place to hang out, and so ambience was all important. Venice's Café Florian (founded 1720) in the Piazza San Marco, still has that intimate but public, relaxed but elegant style of so many good modern cafés. These were places - and still are - for artists and writers to meet, read the newspapers and argue about politics and ideas, their brains buzzing with caffeine.

England's first cafés were in Oxford in the mid-17th century and one of these evolved into the Royal Society. Similarly, the origins of Lloyd's of London lie in the Lloyd's coffee house in Tower Street where

the proprietor used to provide lists of the ships insured by his clientele.

And while the English are still principally tea drinkers, fresh ground coffee is still the drink of the cosmopolitan, the cultured and the conversational. Modern coffee houses - from cybercafés to Italian espresso bars - are booming in Britain's current coffee revolution. Meanwhile the coffee cognoscenti grow ever more obsessed about the finer points of a good cup of coffee, its roast and its rituals, their enthusiasm sharpened by the craving for caffeine that is now the most widely used drug in the world.

Coffee tasting, like wine tasting, is considered an art in itself with its own elaborate vocabulary and exotic equipment. The coffee 'liquor' (taster) has a special 'gouté café' (round silver spoon) to dip into the fresh brew - which is strictly without milk or sugar. Flavour, body and aroma are judged and graded as the experts roll the coffee around their tongues before spitting and rinsing with milk. They never taste more than a

dozen samples a session however, because coffee has a mildly anaesthetic effect on the taste buds.

Dr Gianfranco Brumen is quality supervisor for Ily and a taster with 25 years' experience. He avoids cigarettes and spicy food all week to keep his taste buds in trim for the task of tracking down any one of a long list of 'negative flavours' among the coffee beans. These have very specific and evocative descriptions such as 'stinkers' (an over-fermented sulphurous smell), 'rancid' (from decayed oils that taste like corks in wine) and 'fauna' (the odour of the skin of a wet, wild animal).

Just one bad bean in the 50 needed to make a cup of espresso can ruin the taste of the whole brew. But checking and choosing the beans is only the beginning. Then comes roasting, which has another vocabulary all its own (light roasts are 'half city', 'cinnamon' or 'New England', while dark roasts can be 'New Orleans' or 'after dinner'),

followed by the various grades of grinding ('coarse' to 'fine espresso' to 'pulverised'). And all this before you actually get round to the crucial and contentious ritual of making a cup of coffee. According to Jon Thorn's *Coffee Companion*, coffee perfectionists will use only freshly roasted beans not more than a week old, stored in airtight containers and ground immediately before brewing. The water must be fresh, drawn from a cold tap that has been run for several seconds, then boiled - but not overboiled. The water (no longer boiling) must be poured into the coffee maker of your choice (he favours the cafetière), left to brew and drunk as soon as possible - but only from a warmed cup.

An art indeed. And as it happens, winner of the Ilycaffè award for young talent at this year's Biennale is the British artist Sam Taylor-Wood with her audiovisual installation *Bad Trip*, which represents a scene from a crowded London restaurant. Maybe her cup of coffee had one bad bean with the odour of the skin of a wet wild animal...



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See – and be seen

The four-eyed look is at the cutting edge of cool, writes Andy Zneimer

If you were under the impression that wearing glasses was to be avoided at all costs, unless you couldn't see without them, think again. The "four-eyed" look – whether or not you have a genuine need for glasses – is here to stay.

In the calm, red-brick interior of the Kirk Originals shop in London's Covent Garden, each pair of hand-crafted glasses sits on its own tiny wooden shelf. Jason Kirk and his wife Karen have revamped the sterile, clinical image of an optician. As we chat, a Japanese water-garden bubbles away soothingly in the background.

The Kirk Originals shop, which opened last year, undertakes no diagnostic work per se but employs two qualified dispensing opticians who offer advice on visual problems. Kirk is keen to point out that his first concern is always for his customers to have a had a recent eye test, if prescription glasses are required. However, whether clients have imperfect vision or not, they flock to the shop to purchase fun, fashionable eye-wear. "Traditionally the UK has been slow to catch on when it comes to glasses," says Kirk. "In the States and on the Continent people have always been much more adventurous."

All Kirk Original frames are made of materials from the Sixties and Seventies, usually rare sheets of acetate purchased in shopping trips around the world and hand-cut at the company's own factory. Craftsmen may take two weeks to complete a pair. Each frame is barbelled for three days with wood-chips and pumice, then hand-polished.

The Kirks' customers include Oasis (both brothers), Seal, Mick Hucknall of Simply Red, the hip band Morcheeba and the actor Steven Dorff. A pair of one-off, customised frames can cost up to £2,000, but the two basic ranges sell for between £75 and £200.

Frames come in a wide range of colours and textures, and are fitted with maximum-UV-absorption, scratch-resistant lenses from manufacturers such as Nikon and Zeiss.

The company turnover is approaching £400,000, with 85 per cent of production being exported. Nieman-Marcus, the leading American department store, sells Kirk Originals as a pure fashion accessory; the Japanese head to the trendsetting, Tokyo-based stockists Lunettes du Jura. Plans are afoot to open Kirk Original stores in New York, Tokyo and Paris.

Jason Kirk's tip for what's hot in summer frames includes snake-skin and copper laminate, with accompanying bright blues, reds and greens.

Alongside the success of high-fashion companies such as Kirk Originals, there is still great demand for the modern, independent, high-street ophthalmic optician who can offer expert eye-testing as well as an impressive range of designer label and National Health Service glasses.

Jeff Plaskow, a 30-year-old graduate of Glasgow Caledonian University, runs Optical World and Phillips Opticians, two flourishing family practices in London's unfashionable E10 and E17 respectively.

"I see a vast cross-section of the public," says Plaskow. "My catchment area is multi-ethnic and contains a high student population. Roughly half my customers receive eye-tests and prescription glasses free on the NHS. We offer a choice of about 30 NHS frames with a certain cosmetic appeal. Even these frames eventually catch up with trends established by the likes of Kirk Originals."

Interestingly, Plaskow points out that there are no controls on how much a practice can charge for a pair of NHS glasses, and only the basic European Standard quality



A touch of glass: Kirk Original's customers include Oasis. PHOTOGRAPH: NICOLA KURIZ

control on prescription spectacles has to be applied. "The part of my business that is NHS-driven must remain highly competitive," he says. "My clients rely on me to provide quality products free of charge, but plenty of others charge 'top-up' fees."

Plaskow reports that a fundamental part of an optometrist's work is diagnostic. Many serious conditions can be diagnosed by eye-testing procedures: diabetes, glaucoma and even certain forms of brain tumour can all be spotted with accuracy.

The private side of Plaskow's business is growing daily, and brand names are highly sought after. "Prices for frames vary from £99 to £179. The lenses cost extra. There is a lot of peer-group pressure to buy what's cool, particularly among young adults."

As I leave Plaskow's E17 practice, a record producer comes in to inquire about a pair of non-prescription half-glasses, to lend him a certain fashionable gravitas in his work. It seems nobody is immune from a need to look the part.

Under the counter

with Lindsay Calder

Last week I needed big-time retail therapy: so big that only Harrods could do the job, and with the sale on, there was the added bonus of bargain therapy to boot. At times when you are feeling particularly emotional or just plain premenstrual, it is not advisable to enter a shop, as it can result in reckless purchases, only to be regretted and unworn later – I have a pair of funny leopard-skin trousers and a Kookai pussy-pelmet to prove it. So I decided that fantasy retail therapy might be the safer cathartic option.

How much did I have to spend to feel a bit better? Well, about £150,000 for starters – I may have to return for another session. So, on Monday, I fought my way through the dazed and confused tourists on my self-help mission. Always guaranteed to bring a smile to a girl's face is a new handbag, especially an expensive one, so before I did anything else, I had to secure one of those: I found a Fendi snakeskin bag with black and white polka dots reduced from £349 to £664. This gave some immediate comfort, but still wasn't quite extravagant enough. What I really needed was something special, exorbitant, and then I saw it, behind a counter in a glass case, just waiting for me, "The Royal Fountain Pen" by Mont Blanc, diamond-studded and £87,500 (was £97,500). I'm sure it must be damned uncomfortable to write with, but what the hell, I'd just look at it and think of the £10,000 I had saved.

On my ascent to the first floor, I took stock of my bargains. What I'd bought was all rather *bijou*: tiny handbag, little pen, uno bottle of vino (£3,500) – far too discreet, if I

was going to come through this therapy at all. I decided I would have to start making some statements, big bold ones. I wanted to be able to point to something enormous and say, "Send that round." And so, in the furniture department, past whole tribes of Arab families camped out on oversized sofas, and tweedy retired couples agonising over a new "his chair", I eventually found a bed that could live in – you know eat chocolates in it, read piles of magazines in it, and scatter it with tissues when you are having a good cry. I nearly got into the "Westminster" by Ralph Lauren then and there – a great solid mahogany edifice, covered with wonderful throws. It was a snip at £4,949 (was £5,549). "Send it round."

The bed was big, but the bed was also practical. The *piece de resistance* of any RT trip has got to be something you don't need and can't use. Like a grand piano – a Bechstein "B" in polished ebony at £32,499 (was £35,499). I can't play a note, but I could lie on it like Michelle Pfeiffer in *The Fabulous Baker Boys*. And to wear while I am draped over my piano? A red Herve Leger "bandage" dress, £2,029 (was £2,899) and gold Prada sandals, £145 (were £225).

After a few hours in the highly perfumed halls of Harrods, I found myself jolted back to reality in Knightsbridge tube station. I have to admit, I couldn't resist actually buying something – a vinyl leopard-skin Harrods apron, £4.95 (was £9.95). Well, I suppose it will go with my furry trousers.

Harrods' sale finishes today at 7pm.

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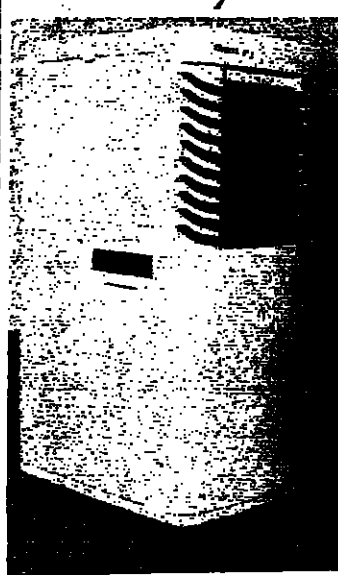
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To watch your horse romp home pack a pair of binoculars like these Action Series at £139.99 from Nikon, telephone 0800 230220.

King Edward VII once described a day out at Goodwood as a garden party with a bit of racing tacked on so don't forget the hamper. This one from Lakeland Plastics costs £19.95. Telephone 015394 88100.

Keep the champagne on ice with these clever Rapid Ice drink chillers from Vacu Products. They'll cool down your bottle in just five minutes, cost £8.99 and are available from national retailers including John Lewis, Sainsbury's,



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If you're on a winning streak you might fancy investing a few hundred in your own racehorse. For £400 you can buy a share in a top racehorse for two

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Or maybe you'd like to have a go in the saddle. Novice riders will need a

few basics, such as Reflex jodhpurs at £40 from Caldene, telephone 01422 883393 and lessons from a local riding school at around £8 for half an hour, £12 for an hour or £15 for a private half hour.

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Green: full charge ahead

Gavin Green begins a special report on the car in the environment by driving the electric Toyota, then (right) reveals 10 fun cars that pass the pollutant test and 12 that top the shame file



Smooth as a sewing machine: the electric Toyota RAV4 EV. Its engine (left) has a range of 120 miles and allows a speed of 77mph

If the top 10 cars on the opposite page are green, then the Toyota RAV4 EV electric is a sparkling emerald. On sale in Japan and America, and available for hire in Jersey as part of a green transport programme promoted by the local government, it emits no tailpipe pollutants at all. And on the move, it's as quiet as an ocean breeze.

More surprising, it is superb to use. I have never driven an automatic four-cylinder car as smooth and unfazed as this RAV4 EV. Forget all the old milk float connotations; this is no whispering wimp, battling with bicycles and obstructing traffic as it whooshes the pintas along at walking pace. The 61bhp EV accelerates as briskly as most other cars, and can cruise at well over the speed limit. Its top speed is 77mph.

The batteries are under the floorpan,

in a special compartment. As the RAV4 is *nominally* an off-roader (but is never used off-road), it has lots of ground clearance. You don't notice that a good 6 in of clearance are given over to the battery banks. The batteries are special nickel-metal hydride units, developed by Panasonic. Not only are they lighter than conventional lead-acid batteries; they store 50 per cent more energy.

It is a simple car to drive. Put the key in the ignition, then turn it one stage further, as you would to engage the starter of a petrol engine. A big green "ready" sign flashes on the dash. Put the gear lever in drive, or reverse, and you're away—noiselessly. The initial sensation, of silent motoring with just a slight whoosh from the special low-friction tyres, is eerily disturbing at first. When you get used to it, it's blissful. Normal cars seem crude by comparison.

There is a conventional automatic gear lever, but just one speed – Drive. On an electric car, there are no gears. There are no steps in the transmission – unlike a normal automatic or manual car – and thus no jerks. There is just one seamless rush; the whole power train is sewing-machine smooth. This is not surprising. After all, its engine is just like a big sewing machine's.

The only unusual feature is the lack of engine braking. Electric engines have no compression; when you back off, there's no loss of momentum. The brakes therefore do extra work. Push a button in the gearlever, though, and the electric motor

assists in the braking - and regenerates the batteries at the same time. You can also select a gear lever position that helps recharge the battery on a long, downhill run. There are no other unfamiliar controls.

So why don't we kick the infernal internal combustion habit and all drive RAV4 electric cars? As with most "cars of the future" there's a catch. First, it is not cheap - about \$50,000 (most of that cost being the batteries), although if mass production started, costs would tumble. Second, its range is only 120 miles and it takes 10 hours to recharge.

To some people (in fact, to many peo-

ple) the small range and slow recharging are not practical problems. That's far fewer miles than most people do in a day, especially in town. And you can recharge it overnight, or when you're working in the office. In the five days I used the car, it presented no problem at all. A colleague who has a round trip commute of 105 miles set off with some trepidation, however. He made it, with the battery charge gauge just nudging the yellow zone.

The other spoilsport statistic is that, all-round, electric cars don't in fact cut pollution. In countries that mostly use oil or coal-fired power stations – such as Britain – you're simply transferring the pollution

from tailpipe to power station. And as power stations already produce much more pollution than cars, that's not so clever.

Toyota does not see the RAV4 Electric as the answer. The company sees it as a step towards more socially responsible motoring. Soon, we'll start to see practical hybrid electric vehicles (electric cars using on-board, petrol-powered generators). Longer term – 10 to 15 years – we should be able to buy electric cars that use hydrogen fuel cells – but even these will not truly be green until the hydrogen can be produced without burning fossil fuels.

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هكذا من الامم

Why do most expert investors say that you should pay no attention to what is happening to the overall level of the market? Two reasons stand out. One is the familiar argument that it is pretty nigh impossible to call the turning points in the market with any great precision. Market timing, as this approach is called, is simply too difficult to be a profitable concern. Someone like George Soros might be able to do it once in a while, though even he is far from infallible, if you look closely at his record.

Far better, for most investors, to keep investing on a regular basis in the market through a savings scheme, or something similar, and let the law of averages work in your favour. A number of studies have shown that most of the biggest movements in the market are concentrated in relatively short periods of time. Miss them, which you are more than likely to do if you are trying to move in and out of the market to time your purchase of shares, and you will probably miss the main reason for being in equities in the first place, which is their superior rate of return over the longer term.

For example, the fund management house Fidelity did a study which looked

at how the market moved over the period from 1 January 1987 to the end of 1996, based on the assumption that you were investing in the FT All-Share Index.

It found that if you had remained fully invested throughout the whole period, which included the big market crash in October 1987, you would have had an average annual return of 14.16 per cent. If, however, you had missed just the market's 10 best days, the return would have fallen to 9.76 per cent.

If you had missed the best 40 days, the return would have been just 3.40 per cent. In other words, something like three-quarters of the return from the market was produced on just 40 days out of the whole 10-year period.

What's more, it also found that if you had become nervous about the level of the stock market at the start of 1987, sold all your shares and not bought anything back until the end of the year, your return by the start of 1997 would have been 142 per cent.

However someone who had ignored all the siren warnings and remained fully invested throughout 1987, up to and including the October 1987 crash, would today have enjoyed a return of 152 per cent.



Jonathan Davis

The reason is that most of the big moves upwards in the stock market tend to happen either just before or just after the biggest falls. While this shows that market timing can in theory be highly profitable, the practical moral for most investors is that you had better be pretty good at it to have any hope of making money from it. The chances are that you may well end up worse off than you would otherwise be.

A second reason for not getting too hung up on what the market overall is doing is that the movements in the market you read about in the newspapers are often downright misleading.

What has happened to the stock

Reasons why you should not pay too much attention to the overall state of the market

market this year is a classic case in point. The market, you will keep reading in the papers, has had a bumper year, up 20 per cent since the start of the year.

But the question to ask is which market are we talking about. Take a look at these figures, produced by the analysts at BZW. In the 12 months to the end of June 1997, the FT All-Share index was up 17.1 per cent. Yet, as I pointed out last week, this masked a remarkable contrast between the performance of the biggest companies, as represented by the FTSE 100 index, and those of smaller companies. The Footsie was up 24.1 per cent, but the FT 250 index (of medium-sized

companies) and the Small Capitalisation index were up by just 1.8 per cent and 1.6 per cent respectively.

What is more, the Footsie index itself has hardly been behaving in a consistent fashion. Two sectors – banks and pharmaceuticals – have accounted for almost the entire rise in the market over the past six months. If you did not own HSBC Holdings, Glaxo, Lloyds TSB, Shell or SmithKline Beecham shares, you would have missed all the fun. Of the 35 market sub-sectors tracked by BZW, half actually fell in value over the period.

The extraordinary run in banks has been the most remarkable feature of the year so far. A lot of things have contributed to it: the flotation of the demutualised societies, the Government's move to give up control over interest rates, the rise in the Hong Kong stock market ahead of the Chinese takeover and, most recently, an outbreak of takeover speculation.

So strong has the run in banks been that, coupled with the flotation of Halifax, Alliance & Leicester and so on, for the first time in living memory the total market capitalisation of the financials sector of the stock market has overtaken that of the general industrial sector.

There are, of course, plenty of sound explanations why banks are worth investing in in the current climate. Low inflation, rising short-term interest rates and falling long-term rates is about as favourable an environment for banks as you can hope to find (remember that when they give you a mortgage, the banks typically lend you long-term money at short-term rates).

I don't think that the bank share run has yet run its course. But this is an environment where almost any piece of news is interpreted as good for the share price: the troubles at NatWest Markets, for example, are interpreted as a sign that NatWest may face a takeover. This is usually a sign that a market has become dangerously overblown.

The underlying point to make, however, is akin to the one about market timing generally. Unless you feel that you are smart enough to spot which sector is going to make the biggest contribution to the index, you are probably better off not worrying about which sector is going to do best at all.

Put your money instead into a fund that gives you regular exposure to the whole market, and let someone else do the worrying.

Mature approach

Continuing her series, Rachel Fixsen advises older students

For those saddled with mortgages and other commitments, going back to school can seem an impossible dream. But getting a degree can be a smart career move and careful planning is often all you need to realise your secret ambitions.

Half of all students are classed as mature students, meaning they are not coming to higher education straight from school. Julia Greenslade, 36, has just finished the second year of her anthropology degree course at University College London.

"I used to be a graphic designer and then was made redundant. I thought I'd like a complete change," she says. "I'd recommend going back to study to anyone, if they can find a subject that they really want to do."

One of the biggest hurdles mature students face is coming to terms with a drop in income. It might sound vaguely romantic to be a struggling student again, but realities such as living in a cheap flat with recurrent mould on the bathroom wall have little appeal.

If you have few commitments and no dependents, basic financing is relatively straightforward. If you qualify for a local education authority grant, you get a maximum of £2,160 a year if you are studying in London. It is less outside the capital. You can top this up with a student loan of £2,085 a year.

Married students may find their grants are reduced. Husbands or wives are expected to make set contributions according to how much they earn. If you have dependents you can get an extra allowance on your grant. These allowances are up to £1,965 for a dependant hus-

band or wife, and between £415 and £1,575 for each dependant child according to their age.

But a grant and loan would only provide you with the bare minimum. The National Union of Students reckons a single student living in London needs around £7,000 a year to survive, and a third of all students resort to working part-time.

You can always lighten the load by taking in paying guests if you have room, or by moving into college accommodation and letting out your home.

If you have financial commitments, you need to plan before you embark on a university course. If you have a repayment mortgage, you may be able to suspend capital repayments provided you keep up the interest payments, and with PEP and endowment mortgages, you can often stop paying premiums for a few years. Building societies tend to be more flexible about this than banks, says Robert Gray, technical director at John Charcol, independent mort-

gage and financial advisers in London.

Unusually, the Bank of Scotland offers a variable-rate mortgage which allows you to suspend all payments for up to six months, but most lenders will require you to pay at least the interest.

Other financial commitments might be less flexible. Payments nearly always have to be met on personal loans and car financing, for example. Life assurance and income protection policies tend not to have options for suspending premiums, so these too have to be budgeted for in advance.

"With a pension, the decision is often made for you," says Mr Gray. "You have to leave a company scheme when you stop working for them, and you cannot continue paying into a pension scheme if you have no earned income, but most personal pension providers will allow you to take a premium holiday."

Banks offer special deals to students who have a current account with them, and this includes mature students.

Various levels of interest-free overdraft are available. Last year Barclays offered an interest-free overdraft of £1,000 for year one, £1,250 in the second year and £1,500 in the third year of a course.

Banks say they also support people taking a break from work to study. Barclays says it has advisers who will help would-be mature students work out how they would manage their current financial commitments.

"We're quite keen on this idea that people should have extra qualifications and take full advantage of the opportunities open to them," says Barclays spokeswoman Louise Footner.

After all, graduates are likely to end up as wealthier personal banking customers.

Women with first degrees earn on average 39 per cent and men 21 per cent more than those with the same A-level background but no degree, according to research by the Institute for Fiscal Studies carried out among 33-year-olds.



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Brian Tora

who believe under-developed countries are more likely to move straight to the Internet rather than have telephone systems introduced first. Speaking as someone who is not yet wired, I find this difficult to believe, but you cannot be too sure.

Does this have implications for investors? Well, it shows what powerful concerns some of these global household names are. Many multi-national companies are almost like investment trusts. Maybe there is a common theme in the goods or products they make and sell, but there will at the very least be a degree of geographic diversification that can be useful.

And so it is not surprising that the large investors have been confining themselves to the world's biggest companies. Aside from the greater liquidity present in the shares of these mammoth concerns, they provide a spread of risk that is not necessarily available through buying second or third-tier issues. Moreover, the evidence is that these companies are gaining a large percentage of corporate action, so their

Virtually all of these major multi-national portfolios are located in the US, Japan and Europe. The combined value of the stock markets in all these countries accounts for 84 per cent of total world stock market capitalisation. However, only 14 per cent of the world population lives in these regions.

What investment in these multi-national corporations does allow is access to markets where the stock markets themselves are not easily accessible to the average investor. For example, mainland China and Russia, although they have stock markets, are not areas where private investors are likely to be able to invest with anything other than a very high degree of risk. Yet multi-national companies are very active in these areas and both are fast growing, economies.

American Phoenix, to whom I am indebted for a lot of this information, runs a global multi-national portfolio. Although a big investor in the US under the Phoenix name (American Phoenix is how they style themselves outside the US) they are little known in the UK but are endeavouring to build a reputation here. They gathered this information from a report by the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington on the rise of global corporate power. I think they have hit on an interesting concept.

Birmingham Midshires has a five-year fixed rate of 7.75 per cent and a 10-year rate of 7.99 per cent. The arrangements for its £195

John Charcol with Scottish Widows is offering cap and collar mortgage with a floor of 6.5 per cent and a ceiling of 8.3 per cent until September 2000. The current rate is 7.78 per cent, there are no redemption penalties.

and payments are flexible. Abbey National is offering 5.05 per cent gross on its Bonus Postal Account for minimum balances of £2,000. Alliance & Leicester is offering 11-17 year olds £50 worth of discount vouchers with every new Cashcard account. Norwich & Peterborough is introducing a rate of 12.9 per cent APR on personal loans from £10,000 to 15,000.

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| 5-24 | 5-25 | 5-26 | 5-27 | 5-28 | 5-29 | 5-30 | 5-31 | 5-32 | 5-33 | 5-34 | 5-35 | 5-36 | 5-37 | 5-38 | 5-39 | 5-40 | 5-41 | 5-42 | 5-43 | 5-44 | 5-45 | 5-46 | 5-47 | 5-48 | 5-49 | 5-50 | 5-51 | 5-52 | 5-53 | 5-54 | 5-55 | 5-56 | 5-57 | 5-58 | 5-59 | 5-60 | 5-61 | 5-62 | 5-63 | 5-64 | 5-65 | 5-66 | 5-67 | 5-68 | 5-69 | 5-70 | 5-71 | 5-72 | 5-73 | 5-74 | 5-75 | 5-76 | 5-77 | 5-78 | 5-79 | 5-80 | 5-81 | 5-82 | 5-83 | 5-84 | 5-85 | 5-86 | 5-87 | 5-88 | 5-89 | 5-90 | 5-91 | 5-92 | 5-93 | 5-94 | 5-95 | 5-96 | 5-97 | 5-98 | 5-99 | 5-100 | 5-101 | 5-102 | 5-103 | 5-104 | 5-105 | 5-106 | 5-107 | 5-108 | 5-109 | 5-110 | 5-111 | 5-112 | 5-113 | 5-114 | 5-115 | 5-116 | 5-117 | 5-118 | 5-119 | 5-120 | 5-121 | 5-122 | 5-123 | 5-124 | 5-125 | 5-126 | 5-127 | 5-128 | 5-129 | 5-130 | 5-131 | 5-132 | 5-133 | 5-134 | 5-135 | 5-136 | 5-137 | 5-138 | 5-139 | 5-140 | 5-141 | 5-142 | 5-143 | 5-144 | 5-145 | 5-146 | 5-147 | 5-148 | 5-149 | 5-150 | 5-151 | 5-152 | 5-153 | 5-154 | 5-155 | 5-156 | 5-157 | 5-158 | 5-159 | 5-160 | 5-161 | 5-162 | 5-163 | 5-164 | 5-165 | 5-166 | 5-167 | 5-168 | 5-169 | 5-170 | 5-171 | 5-172 | 5-173 | 5-174 | 5-175 | 5-176 | 5-177 | 5-178 | 5-179 | 5-180 | 5-181 | 5-182 | 5-183 | 5-184 | 5-185 | 5-186 | 5-187 | 5-188 | 5-189 | 5-190 | 5-191 | 5-192 | 5-193 | 5-194 | 5-195 | 5-196 | 5-197 | 5-198 | 5-199 | 5-200 | 5-201 | 5-202 | 5-203 | 5-204 | 5-205 | 5-206 | 5-207 | 5-208 | 5-209 | 5-210 | 5-211 | 5-212 | 5-213 | 5-214 | 5-215 | 5-216 | 5-217 | 5-218 | 5-219 | 5-220 | 5-221 | 5-222 | 5-223 | 5-224 | 5-225 | 5-226 | 5-227 | 5-228 | 5-229 | 5-230 | 5-231 | 5-232 | 5-233 | 5-234 | 5-235 | 5-236 | 5-237 | 5-238 | 5-239 | 5-240 | 5-241 | 5-242 | 5-243 | 5-244 | 5-245 | 5-246 | 5-247 | 5-248 | 5-249 | 5-250 | 5-251 | 5-252 | 5-253 | 5-254 | 5-255 | 5-256 | 5-257 | 5-258 | 5-259 | 5-260 | 5-261 | 5-262 | 5-263 | 5-264 | 5-265 | 5-266 | 5-267 | 5-268 | 5-269 | 5-270 | 5-271 | 5-272 | 5-273 | 5-274 | 5-275 | 5-276 | 5-277 | 5-278 | 5-279 | 5-280 | 5-281 | 5-282 | 5-283 | 5-284 | 5-285 | 5-286 | 5-287 | 5-288 | 5-289 | 5-290 | 5-291 | 5-292 | 5-293 | 5-294 | 5-295 | 5-296 | 5-297 | 5-298 | 5-299 | 5-300 | 5-301 | 5-302 | 5-303 | 5-304 | 5-305 | 5-306 | 5-307 | 5-308 | 5-309 | 5-310 | 5-311 | 5-312 | 5-313 | 5-314 | 5-315 | 5-316 | 5-317 | 5-318 | 5-319 | 5-320 | 5-321 | 5-322 | 5-323 | 5-324 | 5-325 | 5-326 | 5-327 | 5-328 | 5-329 | 5-330 | 5-331 | 5-332 | 5-333 | 5-334 | 5-335 | 5-336 | 5-337 | 5-338 | 5-339 | 5-340 | 5-341 | 5-342 | 5-343 | 5-344 | 5-345 | 5-346 | 5-347 | 5-348 | 5-349 | 5-350 | 5-351 | 5-352 | 5-353 | 5-354 | 5-355 | 5-356 | 5-357 | 5-358 | 5-359 | 5-360 | 5-361 | 5-362 | 5-363 | 5-364 | 5-365 | 5-366 | 5-367 | 5-368 | 5-369 | 5-370 | 5-371 | 5-372 | 5-373 | 5-374 | 5-375 | 5-376 | 5-377 | 5-378 | 5-379 | 5-380 | 5-381 | 5-382 | 5-383 | 5-384 | 5-385 | 5-386 | 5-387 | 5-388 | 5-389 | 5-390 | 5-391 | 5-392 | 5-393 | 5-394 | 5-395 | 5-396 | 5-397 | 5-398 | 5-399 | 5-400 | 5-401 | 5-402 | 5-403 | 5-404 | 5-405 | 5-406 | 5-407 | 5-408 | 5-409 | 5-410 | 5-411 | 5-412 | 5-413 | 5-414 | 5-415 | 5-416 | 5-417 | 5-418 | 5-419 | 5-420 | 5-421 | 5-422 | 5-423 | 5-424 | 5-425 | 5-426 | 5-427 | 5-428 | 5-429 | 5-430 | 5-431 | 5-432 | 5-433 | 5-434 | 5-435 | 5-436 | 5-437 | 5-438 | 5-439 | 5-440 | 5-441 | 5-442 | 5-443 | 5-444 | 5-445 | 5-446 | 5-447 | 5-448 | 5-449 | 5-450 | 5-451 | 5-452 | 5-453 | 5-454 | 5-455 | 5-456 | 5-457 | 5-458 | 5-459 | 5-460 | 5-461 | 5-462 | 5-463 | 5-464 | 5-465 | 5-466 | 5-467 | 5-468 | 5-469 | 5-470 | 5-471 | 5-472 | 5-473 | 5-474 | 5-475 | 5-476 | 5-477 | 5-478 | 5-479 | 5-480 | 5-481 | 5-482 | 5-483 | 5-484 | 5-485 | 5-486 | 5-487 | 5-488 | 5-489 | 5-490 | 5-491 | 5-492 | 5-493 | 5-494 | 5-495 | 5-496 | 5-497 | 5-498 | 5-499 | 5-500 | 5-501 | 5-502 | 5-503 | 5-504 | 5-505 | 5-506 | 5-507 | 5-508 | 5-509 | 5-510 | 5-511 | 5-512 | 5-513 | 5-514 | 5-515 | 5-516 | 5-517 | 5-518 | 5-519 | 5-520 | 5-521 | 5-522 | 5-523 | 5-524 | 5-525 | 5-526 | 5-527 | 5-528 | 5-529 | 5-530 | 5-531 | 5-532 | 5-533 | 5-534 | 5-535 | 5-536 | 5-537 | 5-538 | 5-539 | 5-540 | 5-541 | 5-542 | 5-543 | 5-544 | 5-545 | 5-546 | 5-547 | 5-548 | 5-549 | 5-550 | 5-551 | 5-552 | 5-553 | 5-554 | 5-555 | 5-556 | 5-557 | 5-558 | 5-559 | 5-560 | 5-561 | 5-562 | 5-563 | 5-564 | 5-565 | 5-566 | 5-567 | 5-568 | 5-569 | 5-570 | 5-571 | 5-572 | 5-573 | 5-574 | 5-575 | 5-576 | 5-577 | 5-578 | 5-579 | 5-580 | 5-581 | 5-582 | 5-583 | 5-584 | 5-585 | 5-586 | 5-587 | 5-588 | 5-589 | 5-590 | 5-591 | 5-592 | 5-593 | 5-594 | 5-595 | 5-596 | 5-597 | 5-598 | 5-599 | 5-600 | 5-601 | 5-602 | 5-603 | 5-604 | 5-605 | 5-606 | 5-607 | 5-608 | 5-609 | 5-610 | 5-611 | 5-612 | 5-613 | 5-614 | 5-615 | 5-616 | 5-617 | 5-618 | 5-619 | 5-620 | 5-621 | 5-622 | 5-623 | 5-624 | 5-625 | 5-626 | 5-627 | 5-628 | 5-629 | 5-630 | 5-631 | 5-632 | 5-633 | 5-634 | 5-635 | 5-636 | 5-637 | 5-638 | 5-639 | 5-640 | 5-641 | 5-642 | 5-643 | 5-644 | 5-645 | 5-646 | 5-647 | 5-648 | 5-649 | 5-650 | 5-651 | 5-652 | 5-653 | 5-654 | 5-655 | 5-656 | 5-657 | 5-658 | 5-659 | 5-660 | 5-661 | 5-662 | 5-663 | 5-664 | 5-665 | 5-666 | 5-667 | 5-668 | 5-669 | 5-670 | 5-671 | 5-672 | 5-673 | 5-674 | 5-675 | 5-676 | 5-677 | 5-678 | 5-679 | 5-680 | 5-681 | 5-682 | 5-683 | 5-684 | 5-685 | 5-686 | 5-687 | 5-688 | 5-689 | 5-690 | 5-691 | 5-692 | 5-693 | 5-694 | 5-695 | 5-696 | 5-697 | 5-698 | 5-699 | 5-700 | 5-701 | 5-702 | 5-703 | 5-704 | 5-705 | 5-706 | 5-707 | 5-708 | 5-709 | 5-710 | 5-711 | 5-712 | 5-713 | 5-714 | 5-715 | 5-716 | 5-717 | 5-718 | 5-719 | 5-720 | 5-721 | 5-722 | 5-723 | 5-724 | 5-725 | 5-726 | 5-727 | 5-728 | 5-729 | 5-730 | 5-731 | 5-732 | 5-733 | 5-734 | 5-735 | 5-736 | 5-737 | 5-738 | 5-739 | 5-740 | 5-741 | 5-742 | 5-743 | 5-744 | 5-745 | 5-746 | 5-747 | 5-748 | 5-749 | 5-750 | 5-751 | 5-752 | 5-753 | 5-754 | 5-755 | 5-756 | 5-757 | 5-758 | 5-759 | 5-760 | 5-761 | 5-762 | 5-763 | 5-764 | 5-765 | 5-766 | 5-767 | 5-768 | 5-769 | 5-770 | 5-771 | 5-772 | 5-773 | 5-774 | 5-775 | 5-776 | 5-777 | 5-778 | 5-779 | 5-780 | 5-781 | 5-782 | 5-783 | 5-784 | 5-785 | 5-786 | 5-787 | 5-788 | 5-789 | 5-790 | 5-791 | 5-792 | 5-793 | 5-794 | 5-795 | 5-796 | 5-797 | 5-798 | 5-799 | 5-800 | 5-801 | 5-802 | 5-803 | 5-804 | 5-805 | 5-806 | 5-807 | 5-808 | 5-809 | 5-810 | 5-811 | 5-812 | 5-813 | 5-814 | 5-815 | 5-816 | 5-817 | 5-818 | 5-819 | 5-820 | 5-821 | 5-822 | 5-823 | 5-824 | 5-825 | 5-826 | 5-827 | 5-828 | 5-829 | 5-830 | 5-831 | 5-832 | 5-833 | 5-834 | 5-835 | 5-836 | 5-837 | 5-838 | 5-839 | 5-840 | 5-841 | 5-842 | 5-843 | 5-844 | 5-845 | 5-846 | 5-847 | 5-848 | 5-849 | 5-850 | 5-851 | 5-852 | 5-853 | 5-854 | 5-855 | 5-856 | 5-857 | 5-858 | 5-859 | 5-860 | 5-861 | 5-862 | 5-863 | 5-864 | 5-865 | 5-866 | 5-867 | 5-868 | 5-869 | 5-870 | 5-871 | 5-872 | 5-873 | 5-874 | 5-875 | 5-876 | 5-877 | 5-878 | 5-879 | 5-880 | 5-881 | 5-882 | 5-883 | 5-884 | 5-885 | 5-886 | 5-887 | 5-888 | 5-889 | 5-890 | 5-891 | 5-892 | 5-893 | 5-894 | 5-895 | 5-896 | 5-897 | 5-898 | 5-899 | 5-900 | 5-901 | 5-902 | 5-903 | 5-904 | 5-905 | 5-906 | 5-907 | 5-908 | 5-909 | 5-910 | 5-911 | 5-912 | 5-913 | 5-914 | 5-915 | 5-916 | 5-917 | 5-918 | 5-919 | 5-920 | 5-921 | 5-922 | 5-923 | 5-924 | 5-925 | 5-926 | 5-927 | 5-928 | 5-929 | 5-930 | 5-931 | 5-932 | 5-933 | 5-934 | 5-935 | 5-936 | 5-937 | 5-938 | 5-939 | 5-940 | 5-941 | 5-942 | 5-943 | 5-944 | 5-945 | 5-946 | 5-947 | 5-948 | 5-949 | 5-950 | 5-951 | 5-952 | 5-953 | 5-954 | 5-955 | 5-956 | 5-957 | 5-958 | 5-959 | 5-960 | 5-961 | 5-962 | 5-963 | 5-964 | 5-965 | 5-966 | 5-967 | 5-968 | 5-969 | 5-970 | 5-971 | 5-972 | 5-973 | 5-974 | 5-975 | 5-976 | 5-977 | 5-978 | 5-979 | 5-980 | 5-981 | 5-982 | 5-983 | 5-984 | 5-985 | 5-986 | 5-987 | 5-988 | 5-989 | 5-990 | 5-991 | 5-992 | 5-993 | 5-994 | 5-995 | 5-996 | 5-997 | 5-998 | 5-999 | 6-000 |
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|--|-----|----|---|-----|----|---|
| U.S. Treasury Bills | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| U.S. Treasury Notes | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| U.S. Treasury Bonds | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| U.S. Treasury Inflation Protected Securities | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| FAR EAST (INCLUDING JAPAN) | | | | | | |
| Asia Pacific | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| China | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| India | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Indonesia | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Japan | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Korea | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Malaysia | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Philippines | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Singapore | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Taiwan | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Thailand | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Vietnam | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| COMMODITY & ENERGY | | | | | | |
| Commodities | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Energy | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Metals | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Oil | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Grains | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Soft Commodities | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| INTERNATIONAL EQUITY INCOME | | | | | | |
| Europe | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Asia | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Latin America | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Africa | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Oceania | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Global | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| FUND OF FUNDS | | | | | | |
| Domestic | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| International | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Global | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Commodity | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Energy | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Metals | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Oil | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Grains | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |
| Soft Commodities | 594 | 40 | 1 | 595 | 59 | 2 |

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| United States Express | 468 | 470 | 472 | 474 | 476 | 478 | 480 | 482 | 484 | 486 | 488 | 490 | 492 | 494 | 496 | 498 | 500 | 502 | 504 | 506 | 508 | 510 | 512 | 514 | 516 | 518 | 520 | 522 | 524 | 526 | 528 | 530 | 532 | 534 | 536 | 538 | 540 | 542 | 544 | 546 | 548 | 550 | 552 | 554 | 556 | 558 | 560 | 562 | 564 | 566 | 568 | 570 | 572 | 574 | 576 | 578 | 580 | 582 | 584 | 586 | 588 | 590 | 592 | 594 | 596 | 598 | 600 | 602 | 604 | 606 | 608 | 610 | 612 | 614 | 616 | 618 | 620 | 622 | 624 | 626 | 628 | 630 | 632 | 634 | 636 | 638 | 640 | 642 | 644 | 646 | 648 | 650 | 652 | 654 | 656 | 658 | 660 | 662 | 664 | 666 | 668 | 670 | 672 | 674 | 676 | 678 | 680 | 682 | 684 | 686 | 688 | 690 | 692 | 694 | 696 | 698 | 700 | 702 | 704 | 706 | 708 | 710 | 712 | 714 | 716 | 718 | 720 | 722 | 724 | 726 | 728 | 730 | 732 | 734 | 736 | 738 | 740 | 742 | 744 | 746 | 748 | 750 | 752 | 754 | 756 | 758 | 760 | 762 | 764 | 766 | 768 | 770 | 772 | 774 | 776 | 778 | 780 | 782 | 784 | 786 | 788 | 790 | 792 | 794 | 796 | 798 | 800 | 802 | 804 | 806 | 808 | 810 | 812 | 814 | 816 | 818 | 820 | 822 | 824 | 826 | 828 | 830 | 832 | 834 | 836 | 838 | 840 | 842 | 844 | 846 | 848 | 850 | 852 | 854 | 856 | 858 | 860 | 862 | 864 | 866 | 868 | 870 | 872 | 874 | 876 | 878 | 880 | 882 | 884 | 886 | 888 | 890 | 892 | 894 | 896 | 898 | 900 | 902 | 904 | 906 | 908 | 910 | 912 | 914 | 916 | 918 | 920 | 922 | 924 | 926 | 928 | 930 | 932 | 934 | 936 | 938 | 940 | 942 | 944 | 946 | 948 | 950 | 952 | 954 | 956 | 958 | 960 | 962 | 964 | 966 | 968 | 970 | 972 | 974 | 976 | 978 | 980 | 982 | 984 | 986 | 988 | 990 | 992 | 994 | 996 | 998 | 1000 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| UK Smaller Companies | 1001 | 1002 | 1003 | 1004 | 1005 | 1006 | 1007 | 1008 | 1009 | 1010 | 1011 | 1012 | 1013 | 1014 | 1015 | 1016 | 1017 | 1018 | 1019 | 1020 | 1021 | 1022 | 1023 | 1024 | 1025 | 1026 | 1027 | 1028 | 1029 | 1030 | 1031 | 1032 | 1033 | 1034 | 1035 | 1036 | 1037 | 1038 | 1039 | 1040 | 1041 | 1042 | 1043 | 1044 | 1045 | 1046 | 1047 | 1048 | 1049 | 1050 | 1051 | 1052 | 1053 | 1054 | 1055 | 1056 | 1057 | 1058 | 1059 | 1060 | 1061 | 1062 | 1063 | 1064 | 1065 | 1066 | 1067 | 1068 | 1069 | 1070 | 1071 | 1072 | 1073 | 1074 | 1075 | 1076 | 1077 | 1078 | 1079 | 1080 | 1081 | 1082 | 1083 | 1084 | 1085 | 1086 | 1087 | 1088 | 1089 | 1090 | 1091 | 1092 | 1093 | 1094 | 1095 | 1096 | 1097 | 1098 | 1099 | 1100 | 1101 | 1102 | 1103 | 1104 | 1105 | 1106 | 1107 | 1108 | 1109 | 1110 | 1111 | 1112 | 1113 | 1114 | 1115 | 1116 | 1117 | 1118 | 1119 | 1120 | 1121 | 1122 | 1123 | 1124 | 1125 | 1126 | 1127 | 1128 | 1129 | 1130 | 1131 | 1132 | 1133 | 1134 | 1135 | 1136 | 1137 | 1138 | 1139 | 1140 | 1141 | 1142 | 1143 | 1144 | 1145 | 1146 | 1147 | 1148 | 1149 | 1150 | 1151 | 1152 | 1153 | 1154 | 1155 | 1156 | 1157 | 1158 | 1159 | 1160 | 1161 | 1162 | 1163 | 1164 | 1165 | 1166 | 1167 | 1168 | 1169 | 1170 | 1171 | 1172 | 1173 | 1174 | 1175 | 1176 | 1177 | 1178 | 1179 | 1180 | 1181 | 1182 | 1183 | 1184 | 1185 | 1186 | 1187 | 1188 | 1189 | 1190 | 1191 | 1192 | 1193 | 1194 | 1195 | 1196 | 1197 | 1198 | 1199 | 1200 | 1201 | 1202 | 1203 | 1204 | 1205 | 1206 | 1207 | 1208 | 1209 | 1210 | 1211 | 1212 | 1213 | 1214 | 1215 | 1216 | 1217 | 1218 | 1219 | 1220 | 1221 | 1222 | 1223 | 1224 | 1225 | 1226 | 1227 | 1228 | 1229 | 1230 | 1231 | 1232 | 1233 | 1234 | 1235 | 1236 | 1237 | 1238 | 1239 | 1240 | 1241 | 1242 | 1243 | 1244 | 1245 | 1246 | 1247 | 1248 | 1249 | 1250 | 1251 | 1252 | 1253 | 1254 | 1255 | 1256 | 1257 | 1258 | 1259 | 1260 | 1261 | 1262 | 1263 | 1264 | 1265 | 1266 | 1267 | 1268 | 1269 | 1270 | 1271 | 1272 | 1273 | 1274 | 1275 | 1276 | 1277 | 1278 | 1279 | 1280 | 1281 | 1282 | 1283 | 1284 | 1285 | 1286 | 1287 | 1288 | 1289 | 1290 | 1291 | 1292 | 1293 | 1294 | 1295 | 1296 | 1297 | 1298 | 1299 | 1300 | 1301 | 1302 | 1303 | 1304 | 1305 | 1306 | 1307 | 1308 | 1309 | 1310 | 1311 | 1312 | 1313 | 1314 | 1315 | 1316 | 1317 | 1318 | 1319 | 1320 | 1321 | 1322 | 1323 | 1324 | 1325 | 1326 | 1327 | 1328 | 1329 | 1330 | 1331 | 1332 | 1333 | 1334 | 1335 | 1336 | 1337 | 1338 | 1339 | 1340 | 1341 | 1342 | 1343 | 1344 | 1345 | 1346 | 1347 | 1348 | 1349 | 1350 | 1351 | 1352 | 1353 | 1354 | 1355 | 1356 | 1357 | 1358 | 1359 | 1360 | 1361 | 1362 | 1363 | 1364 | 1365 | 1366 | 1367 | 1368 | 1369 | 1370 | 1371 | 1372 | 1373 | 1374 | 1375 | 1376 | 1377 | 1378 | 1379 | 1380 | 1381 | 1382 | 1383 | 1384 | 1385 | 1386 | 1387 | 1388 | 1389 | 1390 | 1391 | 1392 | 1393 | 1394 | 1395 | 1396 | 1397 | 1398 | 1399 | 1400 | 1401 | 1402 | 1403 | 1404 | 1405 | 1406 | 1407 | 1408 | 1409 | 1410 | 1411 | 1412 | 1413 | 1414 | 1415 | 1416 | 1417 | 1418 | 1419 | 1420 | 1421 | 1422 | 1423 | 1424 | 1425 | 1426 | 1427 | 1428 | 1429 | 1430 | 1431 | 1432 | 1433 | 1434 | 1435 | 1436 | 1437 | 1438 | 1439 | 1440 | 1441 | 1442 | 1443 | 1444 | 1445 | 1446 | 1447 | 1448 | 1449 | 1450 | 1451 | 1452 | 1453 | 1454 | 1455 | 1456 | 1457 | 1458 | 1459 | 1460 | 1461 | 1462 | 1463 | 1464 | 1465 | 1466 | 1467 | 1468 | 1469 | 1470 | 1471 | 1472 | 1473 | 1474 | 1475 | 1476 | 1477 | 1478 | 1479 | 1480 | 1481 | 1482 | 1483 | 1484 | 1485 | 1486 | 1487 | 1488 | 1489 | 1490 | 1491 | 1492 | 1493 | 1494 | 1495 | 1496 | 1497 | 1498 | 1499 | 1500 | 1501 | 1502 | 1503 | 1504 | 1505 | 1506 | 1507 | 1508 | 1509 | 1510 | 1511 | 1512 | 1513 | 1514 | 1515 | 1516 | 1517 | 1518 | 1519 | 1520 | 1521 | 1522 | 1523 | 1524 | 1525 | 1526 | 1527 | 1528 | 1529 | 1530 | 1531 | 1532 | 1533 | 1534 | 1535 | 1536 | 1537 | 1538 | 1539 | 1540 | 1541 | 1542 | 1543 | 1544 | 1545 | 1546 | 1547 | 1548 | 1549 | 1550 | 1551 | 1552 | 1553 | 1554 | 1555 | 1556 | 1557 | 1558 | 1559 | 1560 | 1561 | 1562 | 1563 | 1564 | 1565 | 1566 | 1567 | 1568 | 1569 | 1570 | 1571 | 1572 | 1573 | 1574 | 1575 | 1576 | 1577 | 1578 | 1579 | 1580 | 1581 | 1582 | 1583 | 1584 | 1585 | 1586 | 1587 | 1588 | 1589 | 1590 | 1591 | 1592 | 1593 | 1594 | 1595 | 1596 | 1597 | 1598 | 1599 | 1600 | 1601 | 1602 | 1603 | 1604 | 1605 | 1606 | 1607 | 1608 | 1609 | 1610 | 1611 | 1612 | 1613 | 1614 | 1615 | 1616 | 1617 | 1618 | 1619 | 1620 | 1621 | 1622 | 1623 | 1624 | 1625 | 1626 | 1627 | 1628 | 1629 | 1630 | 1631 | 1632 | 1633 | 1634 | 1635 | 1636 | 1637 | 1638 | 1639 | 1640 | 1641 | 1642 | 1643 | 1644 | 1645 | 1646 | 1647 | 1648 | 1649 | 1650 | 1651 | 1652 | 1653 | 1654 | 1655 | 1656 | 1657 | 1658 | 1659 | 1660 | 1661 | 1662 | 1663 | 1664 | 1665 | 1666 | 1667 | 1668 | 1669 | 1670 | 1671 | 1672 | 1673 | 1674 | 1675 | 1676 | 1677 | 1678 | 1679 | 1680 | 1681 | 1682 | 1683 | 1684 | 1685 | 1686 | 1687 | 1688 | 1689 | 1690 | 1691 | 1692 | 1693 | 1694 | 1695 | 1696 | 1697 | 1698 | 1699 | 1700 | 1701 | 1702 | 1703 | 1704 | 1705 | 1706 | 1707 | 1708 | 1709 | 1710 | 1711 | 1712 | 1713 | 1714 | 1715 | 1716 | 1717 | 1718 | 1719 | 1720 | 1721 | 1722 | 1723 | 1724 | 1725 | 1726 | 1727 | 1728 | 1729 | 1730 | 1731 | 1732 | 1733 | 1734 | 1735 | 1736 | 1737 | 1738 | 1739 | 1740 | 1741 | 1742 | 1743 | 1744 | 1745 | 1746 | 1747 | 1748 | 1749 | 1750 | 1751 | 1752 | 1753 | 1754 | 1755 | 1756 | 1757 | 1758 | 1759 | 1760 | 1761 | 1762 | 1763 | 1764 | 1765 | 1766 | 1767 | 1768 | 1769 | 1770 | 1771 | 1772 | 1773 | 1774 | 1775 | 1776 | 1777 | 1778 | 1779 | 1780 | 1781 | 1782 | 1783 | 1784 | 1785 | 1786 | 1787 | 1788 | 1789 | 1790 | 1791 | 1792 | 1793 | 1794 | 1795 | 1796 | 1797 | 1798 | 1799 | 1800 | 1801 | 1802 | 1803 | 1804 | 1805 | 1806 | 1807 | 1808 | 1809 | 1810 | 1811 | 1812 | 1813 | 1814 | 1815 | 1816 | 1817 | 1818 | 1819 | 1820 | 1821 | 1822 | 1823 | 1824 | 1825 | 1826 | 1827 | 1828 | 1829 | 1830 | 1831 | 1832 | 1833 | 1834 | 1835 | 1836 | 1837 | 1838 | 1839 | 1840 | 1841 | 1842 | 1843 | 1844 | 1845 | 1846 | 1847 | 1848 | 1849 | 1850 | 1851 | 1852 | 1853 | 1854 | 1855 | 1856 | 1857 | 1858 | 1859 | 1860 | 1861 | 1862 | 1863 | 1864 | 1865 | 1866 | 1867 | 1868 | 1869 | 1870 | 1871 | 1872 | 1873 | 1874 | 1875 | 1876 | 1877 | 1878 | 1879 | 1880 | 1881 | 1882 | 1883 | 1884 | 1885 | 1886 | 1887 | 1888 | 1889 | 1890 | 1891 | 1892 | 1893 | 1894 | 1895 | 1896 | 1897 | 1898 | 1899 | 1900 | 1901 | 1902 | 1903 | 1904 | 1905 | 1906 | 1907 | 1908 | 1909 | 1910 | 1911 | 1912 | 1913 | 1914 | 1915 | 1916 | 1917 | 1918 | 1919 | 1920 | 1921 | 1922 | 1923 | 1924 | 1925 | 1926 | 1927 | 1928 | 1929 | 1930 | 1931 | 1932 | 1933 | 1934 | 1935 | 1936 | 1937 | 1938 | 1939 | 1940 | 1941 | 1942 | 1943 | 1944 | 1945 | 1946 | 1947 | 1948 | 1949 | 1950 | 1951 | 1952 | 1953 | 1954 | 1955 | 1956 | 1957 | 1958 | 1959 | 1960 | 1961 | 1962 | 1963 | 1964 | 1965 | 1966 | 1967 | 1968 | 1969 | 1970 | 1971 | 1972 | 1973 | 1974 | 1975 | 1976 | 1977 | 1978 | 1979 | 1980 | 1981 | 1982 | 1983 | 1984 | 1985 | 1986 | 1987 | 1988 | 1989 | 1990 | 1991 | 1992 | 1993 | 1994 | 1995 | 1996 | 1997 | 1998 | 1999 | 2000 | 2001 | 2002 | 2003 | 2004 | 2005 | 2006 | 2007 | 2008 | 2009 | 2010 | 2011 | 2012 | 2013 | 2014 | 2015 | 2016 | 2017 | 2018 | 2019 | 2020 | 2021 | 2022 | 2023 | 2024 | 2025 | 2026 | 2027 | 2028 | 2029 | 2030 | 2031 | 2032 | 2033 | 2034 | 2035 | 2036 | 2037 | 2038 | 2039 | 2040 | 2041 | 2042 | 2043 | 2044 | 2045 | 2046 | 2047 | 2048 | 2049 | 2050 | 2051 | 2052 | 2053 | 2054 | 2055 | 2056 | 2057 | 2058 | 2059 | 2060 | 2061 | 2062 | 2063 | 2064 | 2065 | 2066 | 2067 | 2068 | 2069 | 2070 | 2071 | 2072 | 2073 | 2074 | 2075 | 2076 | 2077 | 2078 | 2079 | 2080 | 2081 | 2082 | 2083 | 2084 | 2085 | 2086 | 2087 | 2088 | 2089 | 2090 | 2091 | 2092 | 2093 | 2094 | 2095 | 2096 | 2097 | 2098 | 2099 | 2100 | 2101 | 2102 | 2103 | 2104 | 2105 | 2106 | 2107 | 2108 | 2109 | 2110 | 2111 | 2112 | 2113 | 2114 | 2115 | 2116 | 2117 | 2118 | 2119 | 2120 | 2121 | 2122 | 2123 | 2124 | 2125 | 2126 | 2127 | 2128 | 2129 | 2130 | 2131 | 2132 | 2133 | 2134 | 2135 | 2136</ |

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[illegible]

In the week when Halifax and Nationwide raised standard variable mortgage rates to 8.20 per cent, Bristol & West dropped its fixed rate until May 2001 to 6.95 per cent.

Alliance & Leicester introduced a fixed rate on loans up to 75 per cent of valuation of 5.45 per cent fixed until September 1999, 6.85 per cent until September 2000 and 7.75 per cent until September 2002. There are early repayment penalties and an arrangement fee of 0.5 per cent of the loan up to a maximum of £300.

Birmingham Midshires has a five-year fixed rate of 7.75 per cent and a 10-year rate of 7.99 per cent. The arrangement fee is £495.

John Charcol with Scottish Widows is offering cap and collar mortgage with a floor of 6.5 per cent and a ceiling of 8.3 per cent until September 2000. The current rate is 7.78 per cent, there are no redemption penalties.

and payments are flexible. Abbey National is offering 5.05 per cent gross on its Bonus Postal Account for minimum balances of £2,000. Alliance & Leicester is offering 11-17 year olds £50 worth of discount vouchers with every new Cashcard account. Norwich & Peterborough is introducing a rate of 12.9 per cent APR on personal loans from £10,000 to 15,000.

Pension rights go out the window

NAMES: Maureen Fowler and Catherine Lockley.
AGES: 45 and 42.

OCCUPATIONS: Personnel manager, earning £22,000, and self-employed artist, with variable earnings, presently £34,000.

SITUATION: They live and work in the Birmingham area. Both are non-smokers, with no dependents. Maureen has suffered from a serious illness in the past and, while she is well enough to continue working, it is likely to affect her life expectancy, particularly in her sixties and seventies. A long-term care contract is in place to deal with potential costs of looking after Maureen if and when necessary. Catherine is in good health.

The house is worth £80,000 and is held in Maureen's name. It was bought with a mortgage of £60,000 but this has already been halved by making lump sum repayments when possible.

The mortgage was arranged on an interest-only basis with the intention of repaying it all at retirement from the proceeds of pension and savings policies. Joint life cover is in place and there are no other borrowings.

Maureen is a member of her employer's pension scheme while Catherine has made no arrangements for retirement. A high-interest postal account in joint names is used for cash savings and contains £10,000. Catherine has a Tessa in its fourth year with maximum payments being invested each year.

PROBLEMS: Planning for retirement and how this may be affected by Maureen's illness is the main concern.

ADVISER: Philippa Gee of Gee & Co, an independent financial adviser based in Shrewsbury (01743 236982).

ADVICE: Maureen has been a member of her employer's pension scheme for 19 years. It will

Catherine is not entitled to Maureen's pension because they are same-sex partners

provide a pension of 1/60th of her pensionable salary for each year of service when she reaches the age of 60. A death-in-service nomination form has already been completed in Catherine's favour and, although this is not a legally binding instruction to the trustees, it allows Maureen to specify who she would like to benefit. The trustees have to consider who is seen to have the greatest claim which should result in Catherine's favour.

However, after approaching the administrators of the scheme, we have discovered that any pension paid on death after retirement will only take the form of a spouse's pension, and there is no provision for pensions for partners of the same sex.

If Maureen were to die after retirement when the life cover element has ceased, there will be no pension paid to Catherine, who has not made any pension arrangements of her own, thus creating a serious financial concern.

Up until 12 months before the scheme's normal retirement date Maureen has a legal right to take a transfer value and leave the scheme. This amount might then be placed into a personal pension plan which could provide further benefits if Maureen were to die.

Other options include taking an annuity at the date of retirement and ensuring this will provide a 100 per cent dependant's pension in Catherine's favour. Another option is to phase in a portion of Maureen's pension benefits each

year instead of taking a full pension when Maureen retires. A full pension can be deferred until age 75 and, if Maureen dies in the meantime, the remaining capital value which has not been used to buy an annuity could be paid as a lump sum to Catherine. One disadvantage is that there is no large tax-free cash sum as such and this will affect plans to repay the mortgage.

A further option is to operate what is known as a "draw-down" arrangement where you do have the benefit of a tax-free cash sum. Instead of taking a pension, income can be "drawn" from the funds until at least age 75. Should something happen to Maureen between her retiring and age 75, the value of the funds at that time will be paid out, enabling Catherine to purchase an annuity in her own right. There is, however, a potential tax charge on death of 35 per cent which will need to be considered.

However any final decision would not need to be taken until just before Maureen reaches 59, and the pension fund's rules on same-sex partners may well be amended before then. I would advise waiting to see whether any changes are made to the scheme rules.

In the meantime Catherine has been using any lump sums available to pay off a mortgage on a property which is not held in her name. It is important to consider holding the property and therefore the mortgage itself on a joint basis, thus reducing future financial concerns.

Even though Catherine wants to avoid any regular commitment, pension planning is an important consideration, particularly as she is a higher-rate taxpayer. Pension premiums do not need to be made on an ongoing basis. Indeed, the changing structure of single investments can prove more favourable.

Once the pension issues have been addressed we can consider a number of other areas. Catherine's cash funds and Tessa are held in



Secure future: Catherine should build up her cash funds if possible

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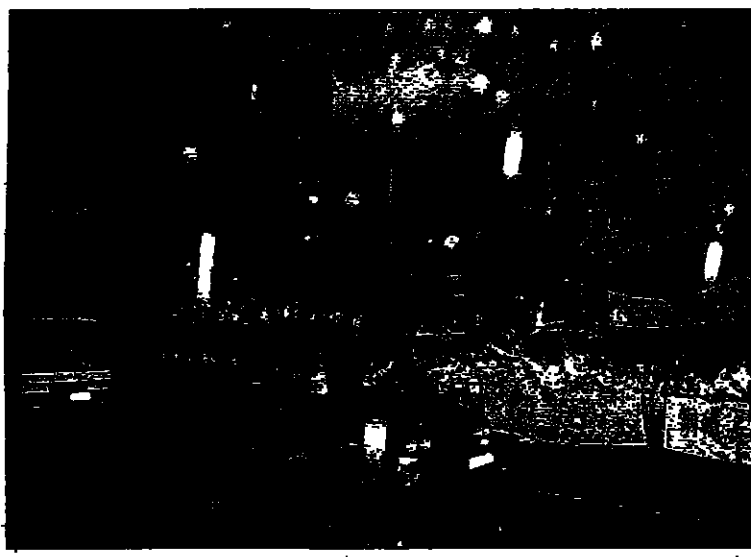
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Red chips reach new highs in Hong Kong

Clifford German on the economy post-handover

The Hong Kong stock market has passed its first test of confidence since the handover to Beijing this month. The Hang Seng index hit a new high for the year this week in hectic trading, topping the previous high achieved on 27 June. The traditional blue-chip stocks are performing well. The red chips, the companies effectively controlled by the mainland, did even better.

Investors in the Hong Kong market have held their nerve as well as the inhabitants of the territory during the handover to China, although investors have at least had the option of cutting and running. Specialist unit trusts and investment trusts report no real rush to disinvest in spite of the sight of Chinese armoured personnel carriers entering the territory.



Investors in Hong Kong have held their nerve

PHOTOGRAPH: REUTERS

One reason for the strength of the Hong Kong market has been the relatively poor performance of other Far Eastern markets this year. Taiwan

Philippines shares are down by an average 30 per cent.

Not all sectors have prospered. The property sector has been ignored because it is vulnerable to a worldwide rise in interest rates led by the US, and also because the new rulers of Hong Kong are committed to releasing more land to hold down prices. The banking sector, by contrast, has performed strongly although this is partly due to the strength of shares in the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank, which is also quoted in London, allowing the insatiable demand for bank shares in London to spill across into the Hong Kong market.

It is generally assumed that the Hong Kong economy stands to benefit from an increased flow of trade and investment with mainland China. But the main factor favouring Hong Kong remains the strong demand for red chips, the companies controlled by banks, ministries and municipalities based in mainland China. Companies such as China Resources, Citic, Beijing Enterprises and Shang-

hai Industrial have seen their shares rise by up to 50 per cent over the past three months. These institutions have been transferring assets to red-chip Hong Kong companies at relatively low prices in return for Hong Kong dollars or increased shareholdings.

In economic terms this may not matter, since effective control remains in the hands of the mainland authorities. But the flow of assets has been noticed by the China Securities Regulatory Commission, which suspects that assets are being transferred too cheaply or that some of the proceeds of the sales are being syphoned off into unauthorised accounts. At worst it could be part of the spread of institutionalised corruption from mainland China to Hong Kong.

The appointment of a new boss for the CSRC could be the start of a crackdown. But analysts are inclined to believe the flow of assets means Hong Kong is entrenching itself as the main capital market for mainland Chinese companies and guaranteeing its future prosperity.

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The perfect pension

Plans for the next generation must be clear, cheap and safe, writes Clifford German



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The pieces of the Government's pension jigsaw are beginning to come together. The state can no longer afford to pay proper pensions out of tax revenues, companies are increasingly reluctant to guarantee pensions linked to length of service and final salary and final salary pensions are only suitable for the tiny minority of people who stay with the same employer for life.

The next best thing is a private-sector pension plan which invests in shares to capture faster long-term growth, but switches individual pension pots progressively over time into inflation-proof investments such as index-linked government stock so that people reaching retirement in a stock market slump do not suffer unduly.

These plans must be flexible, so that individuals can increase, decrease or even suspend their payments to adjust to job changes and periods of unemployment without suffering penalties.

Above all the next generation of pension plans must all be comprehensible and jargon-free, and the charges must be clear, fair and spread evenly throughout the life of the pension plan. All those little tricks which exploit investors in conventional personal pension plans and discourage workers from paying for a pension must be swept away.

Bid-offer spreads which deduct up to 5 per cent from the funds invested, allocation rates of less than 100 per cent of the contributions, charges which eat up large chunks of the contributions in the early years of a plan, penalty charges on transfers of funds to other plans, and the shabby practice of charging investors who, when they reach retirement, want to buy their actual pension from a company which offers a better annuity rate should all be abolished.

In a perfect world all employers ought to have pension plans for their employees, even if they are unwilling to link them to actual earnings, and they should be willing to contribute as much to a personal pension of the employee's

choice as they would to a company scheme.

But this is not a perfect world. This Government is unlikely to compel employers to have pension schemes and the best we can hope for is a minimum wage sufficient to allow poorly paid employees to start a plan, perhaps with extra tax breaks, and a requirement on employers with company schemes to contribute to personal pension schemes if employees prefer them.

The Government also has an obligation to provide pensions for those who are unemployed for long periods, and for those who cannot take paid employment because they are bringing up families or caring for relatives. At the very least they should be allowed to contribute to pensions out of benefits or unearned income. The confusing Inland Revenue rules on who can contribute to what sort of pension and how much also need simplifying and standardising.

We need a far-sighted government to lay down minimum standards for a cheap and cheerful universal pension which will stand the test of time. We cannot afford a re-run of the personal pension fiasco in the late eighties when loose drafting allowed commission-hungry salesmen to sell personal pensions to several million people who should have stayed in employer schemes.

We also need a government that will give the next generation of pensions a fair wind. We cannot afford another raid by the Chancellor on the pensions piggy-bank.

Abolishing ACT credits may have cleared the decks, but another raid on this tempting target would do as much damage to investor confidence as the Maxwell fiasco and the mis-selling scandals.

And we do need to know what the long-term tax treatment of pension contributions would be. In particular there is a strong case either for retaining tax relief on contributions as an incentive to contribute, or making pension funds part of an individual's estate if they fail to live long enough to enjoy the pension they have paid for.

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| FIRST TIME BUYERS VARIABLE RATES | | | | |
| Barclays Bank BS | 5.25 | 12 months | 5 years | |
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| First National BS | 6.00 | 12 months | 5 years | |
| First National BS | 6.00 | 12 months | 5 years | |
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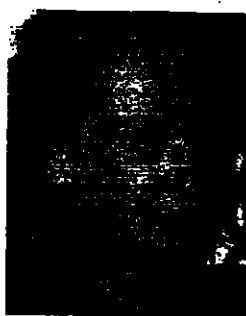
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TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON TV, WHERE TO GO AND WHEN, READ THE EYE TODAY



Serena Mackesy
In my week

'I shriek "whee" again as something that looks bigger than my house lifts us up, leaves us wobbling on its summit, then drops us into the depths'

"It looks a bit breezy out there," John says, jerking his head out to sea. "Mela, yes," says Freddie. "It's force six today." The old boys on the docks nod wisely, moustaches rippling. "Nobody's going out," says Freddie. Behind us, fishing boats circle on coke-bottle moorings. The prow of each is painted with an eye, a habit passed down from the Phoenicians to ward off evil.

At Delimara point, where the harbours of Birzebuggia, St George's and Marsaxlokk become open sea, waves bash together, sending plumes of spray high in the air. Diana looks cool, but then she usually does.

"It's not a gale until it's seven," she says. "Mmm," says John, "and I'd rather get the boat back to Valetta tonight."

It seems we are caught up in a game of chicken. I've been on a sailing boat once before, and that was 24 hours ago, when it was only blowing a four. Even then, I was mildly bothered by the fact that we had no life-jackets. Let alone the fact that the only way to go about was to lower the sails, switch on the engine and steer.

"Would you mind taking us out?" Diana asks. Freddie does the solemn Maltese nod. "Ta. Okay."

We clamber aboard our boat, which was built by Poles, is registered in Russia and reputedly once belonged to a member of the Mafia. A trustworthy history. Turn about, and chug past the container port, where dust devils whip over oil tankers. Past the troglodyte dwellings in the Delimara cliffs, where tiny figures stand, hands on hips, staring. Half a mile away, three container ships, floating cities, catch waves and bounce them back like ripples on a pond. Otherwise, we are the only people out.

The first wave grabs us, tips us sideways and chucks me arm-first onto one of those pointy things boat designers

put in specially to catch the unwary. John and Diana glance at each other, agree maybe not to hoist the sails, and we turn the engine up to full throttle. John starts babbling in a foreign language, something about clearing sheets and avoiding restricted areas (the Germans left a fair number of unexploded surprises after the siege) and Diana stands on the prow in place of a figurehead.

Boom. A series of whitecaps rush at us; we pitch and roll, and, glancing to my left, I can see 10ft down. Di snatches a piece of wire, swings round on it, regains her feet. She is laughing. I pretend I'm on a roller-coaster, and go "whee" every time we start to drop.



"Diana!" shouts John over the wind, "I'd really rather you were down this end!" and Di, looking cross, rights back to the cockpit. As she sits down and opens her mouth to protest, we are all temporarily silenced by a crash water in our mouths, then temporarily blinded by the salt in our eyes. "So you do this for fun?" I shout at John. He's shaking with cold, despite the fact that the thermometer on land is way up in the nineties. "YES!" He shouts. "Great, isn't it?" I grit my teeth and shriek "Whee!" again as something that looks bigger than my house lifts us up, leaves us wobbling on its summit, then drops us into the depths.

We round the head, pass the fish farms, whose pots are almost buried in boiling foam. I pity the fish, remember fish can't drown, remember I can. Halfway to Valetta, Marsaxlokk harbour is buzzing, a dozen boats in front of us. "There!" shouts John. "There are loads of other people out!" I point. "Have you noticed which way they're heading?" Every one is racing for tranquil waters and shore-front bars. I look ahead. The ocean is rife with whitecaps, pretty from the land, less daring when you're on them. I look at the water we've crossed and in comparison it's a millpond.

A coastguard ship passes, towing a yacht twice our size. The yacht has a hole in its hull and its mast seems to have snapped. They are followed by a boat whose job flaps uselessly.

I finally call chicken. "Please!" I shout. "Please-please-please can we go into Marsaxlokk?" Wordlessly, John hauls the tiller over to the right and we join the flotilla.

We find a buoy, tie up, shake. I go below and find the rum and a bottle of Kinne. Malta's indigenous soft drink, which looks like Iron Bru and tastes like nothing on earth. "That was a bit hairy," says John. "Ah!"

says Di, "A tort!" In silence, we down-in-one a half glass each, refill, collapse onto seats.

An hour later, the rum level has dropped and we are full-on salty sea-dogs again. "That was great! D'you remember that bit when you lost hold of the tiller?" "Yeah! Brilliant!" Even I am beginning to forget, to think it would be a laugh to get up at sparrow-fart and complete the journey. "I could do with a good dinner," I say, and everyone concurs. Then "Um," says John. "Has anyone thought how we're going to get off this thing?" While we were drinking, it's got dark, and, apart from the fire truck pumping out the big yacht, the harbour is deserted.

The cost of murder 50 years ago

With the Partition blitz about to strike, it's fitting that Bush House should get there first. India: a People Partitioned (World Service Sun, rpt Tues) is a magisterial five-part oral history which is drawing strength from the fact that its participants and its target audience are one and the same. For British listeners, it will serve as a useful reminder of Brit's folly in imagining that the BBC's home and foreign operations can be merged without serious damage to the latter.

Episode 1 was riveting. "The aim of these programmes is not to apportion blame," said presenter Andrew Whitehead with typical World Service diplomacy, but he went on to blame the "indecent haste" with which Mountbatten fixed the partition. Surviving warlords recalled how they set about their local carving-up. "I called all my boys," said one Muslim, "and said we must answer brutality with brutality. If one murder was committed by them, we would commit 10." How did he do it? "With small knives, big choppers, iron rods, American pistols. The owner of a Hindu wrestling-club paid his boys on a piece-work basis: 'For one



Michael Church
the week on radio

murder, they got 10 rupees. For a half-murder, five rupees. That's how we got going!" He still sounded jolly about it.

Mined from the archive, the BBC man reporting how things got going in Calcutta sounded no less jolly. "There go some shots! Those are the enemy! Though whether they're Muslim or Hindu, I can't tell you - Ah! I'm told they're Hindus! Nothing except a very good hard smack on the nose will stop them!" Tomorrow's episode on the killing fields of the Punjab - where entire villages chose suicide rather than rape and murder - is transfixingly awful: 50 years distant, but so vividly remembered it might

have been yesterday. How could such savagery arise between such close communities? "They did it because they were so close," said an Indian historian. Echoes of Nicosia, Beirut, Belfast...

It's now 38 years since the creation of Barbie: Living Doll (R4 Thurs) anatomised her with astute wit. Her proud parents recalled the obstacles they had to surmount (male sales-reps preferring baby dolls, and insisting that the nipples given her by Japanese workers should be filed off for the American market). Their real-life daughter, Barbara, found her toy sibling a burden; their real-life son hated his toy sibling Ken. Ken had no bulge in his groin: an anthropologist averred that this genital abridgement was evidence of Barbie's supremacy. Barbie, who had no proper feet, was "a space-age recasting of a stone-age fertility goddess", made to be stuck in the ground like a "portable object of veneration". Well, it sort of makes sense.

In The Psychiatrist's Chair this week (R4 Sun) was that increasingly reluctant object of veneration Nigel Kennedy. Focusing on the 41-year-old fiddler's tendency to drink and

rebel, Anthony Clare took the usual tack and the response, though predictable, was oddly moving. Kennedy viewed his father - an alcoholic ascender - as a casualty, and talked of his emotional "amputation" when his mother remarried and sent him away to school. But he made no excuse for his own aberrant behaviour: he applies the same rigour to himself as he does to his art. When Clare asked him if playing the violin was better than sex, he replied the affirmative. In Better Than Sex (R4 Weds) Timberlake Wertenbaker's persuasively described pleasure-substitute was "the sense of infinite possibility" she experiences at five in the afternoon, when work is over and it's time for play.

Wertenbaker is one of our most intelligent playwrights. In Role Play (R3 Mon), Fiona Shaw and Michael Pennington - two of our most intelligent actors - discussed their interpretations of Richard II. It was interesting to learn that Shaw thought her celebrated transsexual shot a failure - "I never fused with the part" - but frustrating to be denied any illustrative clips. A 25-minute seminar: the Shakespeare industry at its most hermetic.

When Lesbos means more

There are two areas of gay and lesbian programming. One, programmes made for gay men and/or lesbians. And two, programmes about those programmes. Weirdly, there are almost as many of the latter as the former. Queerspotting (C4, Sat) being the latest. It's only a matter of time before someone makes a programme about all the programmes that discuss gay and lesbian programming.

Inevitably Queerspotting, a history of gay and lesbian television, will have been watched mostly by gays and lesbians, which meant that even as it went out it turned into one of the programmes it sought to analyse. This is what comes of television's eagerness to inspect the contents of its own navel - a practice in which it is aided, abetted and generally egged on in this instance by its target audience. The main finding of Queerspotting is that gays and lesbians form too disparate a constituency to be satisfactorily served by niche programming, but the thing they clearly all have in common is their love of talking about the way they are perceived. It was presumably only an act of heroic restraint that prevented Gaytime TV (BBC2, Wed), which came in for a bit



Jasper Rees
the week on television

of a hammering on Queerspotting, from retaliating with its own instant review. (As if you couldn't have guessed, Gaytime TV is also running its own serial history of gays and lesbians on television.)

As well as discussing how gays and lesbians are portrayed, Channel 4's Queer Street season has somehow managed to deliver one or two films that actually do the portraying. Invasion of the Big-Haired Lesbians (C4, Sat) took off to Palm Springs, on which 20,000 women annually descend and indulge in a mass celebratory spending spree of the dyke dollar. The national attraction is a golf tournament named after Dinah Shore, a lesbian icon. But quite a lot of the women

seemed less interested in pitch-and-putt than bitch-and-butt. The documentary certainly agreed with them, busling through a few desultory enquiries about the tournament before heading for the pool. For any male looking for a cure for their infantile fantasies about sapphic frolics, this was required viewing. Imagine, if you will, several hundred nearly naked women crammed round a swimming pool: they've got the testosterone-stirring implants, the bikinis fashioned from dental floss, and they're all eyeing one another up.

Before turning its back on the golf, by the way, the film did go out of its way to meet the woman referred to as professional golfer's Navratilova, the splendidly named Muffin Spencer-Devlin. With a name like that, she's more like golf's Billie Jean King, whose maiden name, you won't need reminding, was Moffat.

Shall we move on? Space Cadets (C4, Tues) boldly goes where no comic quiz show has gone before. There are already entertainments in this vein about current affairs, sport, pop, medicine and antiquities. There's even Shooting Stars, a quiz show about the quiz show. Here's one denoted entirely to

science fiction. It's different because the guests, most notably William Shatner, know absolutely nothing about science fiction. Apart from one, who knew everything, and quite rightly felt very embarrassed about it. "Oh God, it's Peter Lorre in Mad Love," he said, after everyone else had got some pictorial identification wrong, but at least extracted a gag from it.

Space Cadets has a problem here, because sci-fi does not tap into a huge pool of common experience the way pop and sport do, so when trying to fashion jokes, references are around. Shatner was fun to have around, though (and you can bet your bottom dollar, expensive). "Who gave birth to Superman?" asked our host, Greg Proops. "My mother and father," said Captain Kirk.

There was one quite clever game modelled on Call My Bluff: a team is given some absurd object and each member has to explain what it is. Inevitably, the small television aerial-type contraption exhibited first turned out to be a brooch from Blake's Seven. It can't be long now before they make a quiz show for gays and lesbians. The only name I can come up with for it is Call My Muff.

Jennifer Rodger



Whatever happened to... Essex Girls

History in the making. At the end of the Eighties, Essex geezers and gals were driven by fast cars, fast ladies and fast careers in the city. The Thatcherite economy ran on dreams of upward mobility. The values of earning a lot of money, buying your home and being self-sufficient were well suited to the aspirations of hard-working suburbanites.

Gagging for it. Essex girls found themselves in the

front-line, or rather the punchline, of the anti-entrepreneurial backlash, as epitomised by Harry Enfield's Essex-character "Loadsamoney", with jokes straight off the "doctor doctor" peg. They were lumped together as blonde, bimbo and brazen. ("Why don't Essex girls get coffee breaks, it's too hard to restrain them afterwards" etc) As it transpired, Essex girls were all too game for a laugh. Comedian Jenny Eclair became an Essex-girl-from-hell icon.

Time for change. When the economy upended, so did the image of the Essex girl. In the 1992 election, Essex was the weathervane constituency. Though Basildon went to the Conservatives, the loss of 25 Conservative seats and a hung council gave a strong indication that change was in the air. The people of Essex had struck back in protest at the loss of their jobs in London, the collapse of their small businesses and the repossession of their homes.

New Essex. Essex girl comedy persona Gayle Tuesday has got her own television show. "I don't just do topless modelling - there's a lot of bum work, too," she warned. Actually, the joke is now more subtle than that. The values that Essex girls epitomised in the late Nineties. Blur's Damon Albarn has said that his favourite things are: "Football, dog-racing and Essex girls" and Essex girl Louise from Sleeper

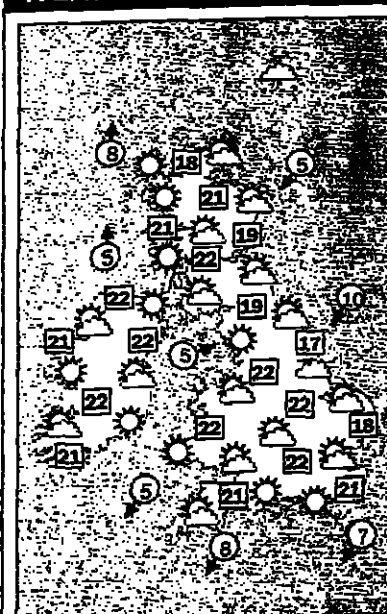
can even sing about being an "It girl".

New market. Kerpel Bains from Romford club Hollywoods, the Essex girls' and boys' favourite night club for the past 10 years, is bullish: "The Essex girl is cheekier than your average girl, she's at the forefront of fashion." It's Essex we must thank for putting the mini-skirt back on the low-couture map. The Essex girl has become you; a

Spice-loving individual, extolling the virtues of the current zest for fun living. She is the mascot of a generation that believes in hedonism and pleasure however bad the economic circumstances might get. They may be the unwanted offspring of the Thatcher years but, unlike our Margaret, it looks as though, against the odds, they'll still be with us well into the next century.

Jennifer Rodger

WEATHER



| | | |
|-----------------|----|----|
| Aberdeen | 18 | 64 |
| Anglesey | 16 | 61 |
| Belfast | 15 | 59 |
| Birmingham | 17 | 63 |
| Blackpool | 19 | 65 |
| Bournemouth | 22 | 72 |
| Bristol | 17 | 63 |
| Cardiff | 21 | 70 |
| Carlisle | 17 | 63 |
| Coventry | 18 | 64 |
| Dover | 15 | 59 |
| Dublin | 16 | 61 |
| Edinburgh | 19 | 65 |
| Exeter | 18 | 64 |
| Glasgow | 17 | 63 |
| Guernsey | 17 | 63 |
| Inverness | 16 | 61 |
| Ipswich | 15 | 59 |
| Isles of Scilly | 19 | 65 |
| Jersey | 18 | 64 |
| Lincoln | 15 | 59 |
| Liverpool | 18 | 64 |
| Lizard | 19 | 65 |
| London | 17 | 63 |
| Manchester | 19 | 65 |
| Newcastle | 17 | 63 |
| Nottingham | 16 | 61 |
| Oxford | 15 | 59 |
| Plymouth | 18 | 64 |
| Ronaldswood | 18 | 64 |
| Scarborough | 15 | 59 |
| Shrewsbury | 19 | 65 |
| Southampton | 19 | 65 |
| Southend | 15 | 59 |
| St Andrews | 18 | 64 |
| Stornoway | 14 | 57 |
| Times | 14 | 57 |
| York | 16 | 61 |

General Situation and Outlook:

England and Wales will have a dry, bright and warm day with plenty of sunshine in most places. Counties bordering the North Sea will have a cool onshore breeze and more in the way of cloud, and sea-breezes will develop around western coasts this afternoon. Scotland and Northern Ireland will also have a pleasant summer's day with long spells of strong sunshine, especially in the west. It will become very warm inland, but afternoon sea-breezes will keep the coastal fringes a little cooler. Tomorrow, Scotland, Northern Ireland, Wales and western England will have a fine day with lengthy spells of warm sunshine. Eastern England will start grey, but it should steadily brighten up, leaving a warm and quite sunny afternoon. On Monday it will stay mostly fine and warm, but Northern Ireland and north-west Scotland may be a bit cloudier with a shower or two. During Tuesday and Wednesday there are hints it will gradually turn more unsettled.

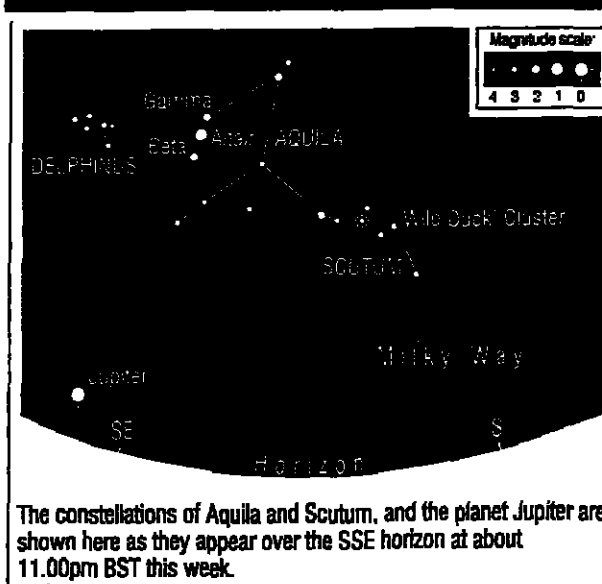
Europe and The World

| | | |
|--------------|----|-----|
| Athens | 29 | 84 |
| Auckland | 11 | 52 |
| B. Aires | 11 | 52 |
| Bangkok | 34 | 93 |
| Barcelona | 24 | 75 |
| Beirut | 28 | 82 |
| Belgrade | 24 | 75 |
| Berlin | 17 | 63 |
| Bombay | 31 | 88 |
| Brussels | 15 | 59 |
| Budapest | 17 | 63 |
| Cairo | 28 | 84 |
| Cape Town | 19 | 65 |
| Casablanca | 24 | 75 |
| Christchurch | 11 | 52 |
| Copenhagen | 22 | 72 |
| Corfu | 26 | 79 |
| Darwin | 29 | 84 |
| Dhahran | 39 | 102 |
| Florence | 27 | 81 |
| Frankfurt | 17 | 63 |
| Geneva | 15 | 59 |
| Gibraltar | 23 | 75 |
| Helsinki | 21 | 70 |
| Hong Kong | 26 | 79 |
| Istanbul | 24 | 75 |
| Jerusalem | 27 | 81 |
| Jo'burg | 34 | 93 |
| K. Lumpur | 31 | 88 |
| Lebanon | 28 | 84 |
| Los Angeles | 24 | 75 |
| Madrid | 29 | 84 |
| Malaga | 28 | 82 |
| Manila | 27 | 81 |
| Melbourne | 22 | 72 |
| Montreal | 17 | 63 |
| Moscow | 22 | 72 |
| Munich | 18 | 64 |
| New York | 33 | 91 |
| Nice | 26 | 79 |
| Nicosia | 31 | 88 |
| Paris | 19 | 65 |
| Prague | 17 | 63 |
| Rajmavik | 14 | 57 |
| Rio de Jan | 28 | 84 |
| Riyadh | 39 | 102 |
| Rome | 25 | 77 |
| Stockholm | 22 | 72 |
| Sydney | 14 | 57 |
| Tenerife | 21 | 70 |
| Tokyo | 26 | 79 |
| Venice | 25 | 77 |
| Vienna | 20 | 68 |
| Warsaw | 21 | 70 |
| Washington | 15 | 59 |
| Wellington | 13 | 55 |
| Zurich | 18 | 64 |

AA Roadwatch

Sturry, M25 J6-10. Various restrictions and lane closures both ways between Ridge and the A3 as major widening work continues (until further notice).
Bristol, M5 J18-19. Contractor in operation across the Avonmouth Bridge with a Stamp speed limit. Regular rush-hour delays (until January 99).
Nottinghamshire, A52 Beeston. Major roadworks on Derby Road. Expect delays between the Sherwin Arms and the Priory Roundabout (until 19th September).
West Yorkshire, M1 J47. Major roadworks continue around the Leeds junction with lane and speed restrictions in place. Delays on the M1, M62 and Dewsbury Road (until the 15th of September).
Aberdeen City, Anderson Drive has been reduced to one lane (until 7th August).
City of Edinburgh, M8. Long-term roadworks are in place on the Newbridge Roundabout (until further notice).
Out and about with AA Roadwatch call 0330 402 for the latest road and national traffic news. Source: The Automobile Association. Calls charged at 50p per minute at all times (ex VAT).

The Sky at Night



Aquila, the celestial Eagle, spreads his wings across the Milky Way, spanned by the brilliant white star Altair, which marks one of the corners of the Summer Triangle. Altair ranks 12th in the stellar league table and is easy to find even in faintly twilight summer skies. Under darker conditions, it is possible to see that Altair is flanked by lesser stars on either side - Beta and Gamma Aquilae. Mythologically, Aquila is identified as Jupiter's avian companion - very appropriate at the present time since Jupiter the planet is shining brilliantly in neighbouring Capricornus. Also adjacent to Aquila lies the tiny constellation of Scutum, the Shield. Scutum may be the fifth smallest constellation, but is not insignificant when scrutinised with binoculars: it encompasses some magnificent Milky Way star clouds and the beautiful star cluster known as the Wild Duck.

Jacqueline Mitton

TODAY'S TELEVISION

Gerard Gilbert recommends Labour's Old Romantic Sat 8.10pm BBC2

Do not adjust your set. That is indeed The Royal Tournament (Sat) on ITV, complete with commercial breaks, shiny-suited Phillip Schofield as ring-master, and Hunter, Rhino and Warrior from *Gladiators* doing battle with teams from the Army, Navy and RAF. Sacrilege? Hardly, unless you thought that the annual inter-forces talent show was going anywhere on BBC1. The organisers of The Royal Tournament, surveying its stagnated tea-time slot, obviously didn't, and have drafted in *Gladiators* producer Ken Warwick to sex it up for prime-time ITV. Other such arrangements spring immediately to mind: any future royal weddings could perhaps be handled by *Blind Date*. Trooping the Colour courtesy of *Come Dancin'*. But none of these are as odd a thought as that of Michael Foot as a young buck.

As editor of Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, Foot was being

uncharacteristically confident with women (his eczema usually held him back) and when his future wife, Jill Craigie, first visited his flat, she found it full of other women's cosmetics. Labour's Old Romantic: a Film Portrait of Michael Foot (Sat BBC2) is one of Michael Cockerell's well-practised profiles. What everyone will be wanting to know is what the old donkey-jacketed idealist thinks of Tony Blair. After all, Foot had been an arch opponent of that proto-Blairite, Hugh Gaitskell. Having viewed some footage from the 1983 Election, where he was visiting the young candidate for Beaconsfield (Blair looking every inch the cheery young Conservative estate agent), Foot observes: "No one who joined the Labour Party when I was leader can be accused of being a careerist."

Whatever Happened to Clement and La Frenais? (Sun BBC1) is the title of this week's *Omnibus*. The short answer

is that the creators of three of the greatest British TV series (*The Likely Lads*, *Porridge* and *Auf Wiedersehen Pet*) are now ensconced in Hollywood writing sketches for Tracey Ullman and doing uncredited re-writes for Sean Connery and Alicia Silverstone movies. A teasing profile of a professional marriage, one would like to have seen more of them at work.

The Terror and the Truth (Sun BBC2) is a series looking at the aftermath of terror, whether it be Bosnia, South Africa, or, in the central and most riveting part of this week's film, Argentina. The programme argues that a formerly oppressed country cannot begin to heal itself until the truth of that oppression is told. But when the Argentine junta fell from power in the aftermath of the Falklands War, the army closed ranks over its habit of torturing "undesirables" (social workers, that sort of person) and then dropping them, drugged, from aeroplanes

into the ocean. Plagued by nightmares, one of the executioners broke ranks - and the truth could at last be told. On which note, *Who Really Killed Aung San* (Sat BBC2) provides fresh evidence that the British were indirectly behind the 1947 assassination of the Burmese nationalist hero - and the father of the country's current opposition leader.

On a far, far lighter note, *A Star is Born* (Sat 4) chronicles the making of a gay soft-porn movie - from casting ("now the making of a gay soft-porn movie - from casting") through rehearsals ("you lie here and lick his feet"), through the shoot itself. The oddest participant is a heterosexual wannabe thespian, cast as a "daddy" (older, bearded, leather, wannabe thespian, cast as a "daddy" who claims he's doing it for the money and for the acting experience. This is going to be the most challenging role to date, he says a little breathlessly. Daddy today, perhaps, but Uncle Vanya tomorrow.

BBC 1

7.00 Children's BBC: Harry and the Hendersons. 7.25 News, Weather. 7.30 Felix the Cat. 7.45 Babar. 8.10 Albert the 5th Musketeer. 8.35 The Flintstones. 9.00 Phantom 2040. 9.20 The Incredible Hulk. 9.45 Gargoyles. 10.15 Sweet Valley High. 10.35 The Ozone. 11.00 **BMX Bandits** (Brian Trinchard-Smith 1983 Aus). Fifteen-year-old Nicole Kidman made an inauspicious early appearance in this kiddo fodder riding on the back of the BMX bike craze (61819).

12.27 Weather (830426). 12.30 Grandstand: 12.40 Cricket Focus (6064285). 1.00 News (66379838). 1.05 Golf - the Open. Live coverage of the third round of the 126th Open Championship from Royal Troon (37539703). 1.25 Racing from Newbury: 1.30 Mito Donington Castle Condition Stakes (25932884). 1.40 Golf - the Open (42417161). 1.55 Racing from Newbury: 2.00 Ruliant Champagne Handicap Stakes (4233484). 2.10 Golf (70205277). 2.25 Racing from Newbury: 2.30 Wetherby Super Sprint (70293432). 2.40 Golf (5713987).

5.10 News, Weather (71945068). 5.20 Local News, Weather (7679706). 5.25 Dad's Army (R) (714612432). 5.55 **Innerspace** (Joe Dante 1987 US). Fantastic Voyage meets *All of Me* in this larky comedy that has "micronaut" Dennis Quaid accidentally injected into the bloodstream of hypochondriac Martin Short. A breezy Meg Ryan helps matters in support (S) (75353513).

7.50 The National Lottery Live. Ainsley Harriott takes charge. Music from Edwyn Collins (S) (737074). 8.10 Bugs. Return of the rapidly enjoyable action series starring Craig McLachlan, Jaye Griffiths and Jesse Birtchall as hi-tech agents. This week, a homicidal artist is determined to blow up London (S) (7189848).

9.00 **Freefall: The Fate of Flight 174** (Jorge Monest 1993 Can). A Boeing 767 flying between Montreal and Edmonton runs out of fuel. William Devane is at the controls (S) (8345). 10.30 News, Sport, Weather (849529). 10.50 Parkinson: a Tribute to James Stewart. The recently deceased movie legend passed through Parkie's studio several times in the 1970s and early 1980s - and those chats make up most of this tribute. Followed by... (S) (793703).

11.30 **Anatomy of a Murder** (Otto Preminger 1959 US). James Stewart's last major performance, as the slyly fraudulent small-town lawyer defending scold Ben Garrison, who has been accused of murdering the bartender who might or might not have raped his wife, Lee Remick. A tough, iron-rich portrait of America, and an important coda to Stewart's career (66189432). 2.05 Top of the Pops (R) (S) (2234681). 2.35 Weather (6783488). To 2.40am.

BBC 2

6.20 Open University: The Baptism, Padua (7813884). 6.45 A Day in the Life (6013068). 7.10 Age and Identity (3350906). 8.00 Open Saturday (354074).

10.30 **Between Two Worlds**. A rare glimpse of nature from the demilitarised zone between North and South Korea. Out of bounds to humans for the last 40 years, the 155-mile stretch of land is thriving as a refuge for hundreds of endangered species of plants and animals (85548).

11.00 **The Phil Spector Show** (R) (5444838). 11.25 Hancock's Half Hour. Our man decides that he needs children to carry on the Hancock line (R) (5341797).

11.55 **Parkinson: a Tribute to Robert Mitchum**. Parkie's 1972 interview with the actor serves as an introduction to a double bill of his films (3963451).

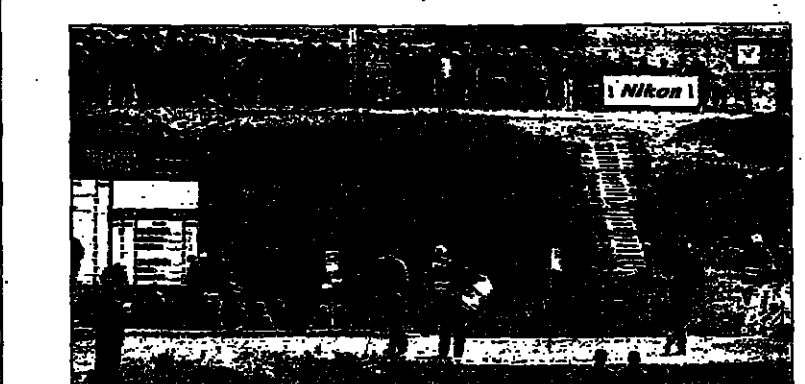
1.00 **Build My Gallows High** Jacques Toumeur 1947 US). Otherwise known as *Out of the Past*, this superb film noir has Robert Mitchum unable to escape his criminal past, which comes in the shape of gangster Kirk Douglas and lover Jane Greer. The dialogue (and driver to Mitchum: "You look like you're in trouble. Why?") is top notch (57106258).

2.35 **Rampage** (Phil Karlson 1963 US). The more critical attention he got, the less interesting Mitchum's films tended to become - and this big-game saga is a good example. Jack Hawkins and Sabu are the co-stars (81236600). 4.10 The Saint (S) (5106894). 5.00 Golf - the Open. Live coverage of the closing stages of the third round from Royal Troon (S) (800393). 7.00 News, Sport, Weather (71945068). 7.15 Who Really Killed Aung San? - East Special. See Preview, above (S) (7189848). 8.10 Labour's Old Romantic: a Film Portrait of Michael Foot. See Preview, above (S) (7167426). 9.00 Golf - the Open. Highlights (715548). 9.40 Our Friends in the North. I wasn't overly generous to Peter Fennelly's ambitious 30-year-span drama when it was first shown - hoping as I was, rather ridiculously, for a British *Heimat*. Christopher Eccleston, Daniel Craig, Mark Strong and Gina McKee are the four Georgie friends, first glimpsed on the eve of Harold Wilson's 1964 election victory (R) (S) (5996838).

10.50 This Life. Fedy opts for a one-night stand, in the smart, young lawyer soap (S) (7681838). 11.35 North Sea Jazz Festival. Sounds a breeze. Highlights of last weekend's jazz fest in The Hague, headlined by Eric Clapton, Ray Charles, the Raellets, electric bass player Marcus Miller and saxophonist David Sanborn (576797). 1.05 **Break of Dawn** (Isaac Arstenstein 1987 US). Unsensationalised biopic of Pedro J. Gonzalez (played by Mexican actor Oscar Nunez), America's first Hispanic radio-show host and radicalised former cohort of Pancho Villa (Then Weather) (725001). To 2.50am. REGIONAL: Wales: 7.00pm Wales Today. 7.05 Who Really Killed Aung San? 7.55 Rugby Union: Canada v Wales. 9.40 Golf: 10.20 Our Friends in the North. 11.30 This Life. 12.15 North Sea Jazz Festival. 1.45 Film: Break of Dawn.

ITV/LWT

6.00 GMTV: 6.00 News. 6.10 Professor Bubble. 6.30 Barney and Friends. 6.50 Our House. 7.10 Bug Alert! 7.40 Disney's Wake Up in the Wild Room. 8.50 Power Rangers Zeo. 9.25 Mashed (S) (22738513). 11.30 The Chart Show (S) (36884). 12.30 Des Res. Ulrika Jonsson meets some DIYers (R) (S) (27068). 1.00 News, Weather (71945068). 1.05 London Weekend Today (65633277). 1.10 International Motor Racing. Exhaust fumes and engine rars from the FIA GT and International Formula 3000 championship races (S) (3198635). 2.10 SeaQuest DSV (S) (5723345). 3.10 **Desperate Rescue** (Richard Colla 1992 US). Marlene Hemingway marries then divorces a Jordanian, who kidnaps their seven-year-old daughter and takes her off to the Middle East. Nothing for it but to hire some elite anti-terrorist bobs to get the kid back (21173646). 4.50 News, Weather (71945068). 5.05 London Weekend Tonight (6855682). 5.20 New Baywatch (S) (71340242).



The British Open Golf Championship 1.05pm BBC1. Greg Norman and Lee Westwood take a break during Thursday's first round

6.10 Love Me Do. Shane Richie and more shameless couples (S) (7246246). 6.55 You've Been Framed! (R) (260797). 7.25 The Royal Tournament. See Preview, above (S) (7189848). 8.45 News, Weather, Lottery Result (71945068). 9.00 Columbo. Whodunnit is never in doubt in these Peter Falk mysteries, and George Wendt (Norm from Cheers) is this week's guest murderer - a chap who kills his brother for squandering the family fortune (S) (760211068). 10.45 The Jack Dee Show. The door one's guests are Lee Evans, Freddie Starr, Paul Weller and Jo Long (S) (780155). 11.30 **The Dirty Dozen**. The Deadly Mission (Lee H Katzin 1967). Telly Savalas, killed off in the original, inherits the Lee Marvin role in this lamentable suicide-mission sequel (796460). 1.00 **Break of Dawn**. The Great American Scandal (Michael A Schultz 1988 US). Most of the excitement is in the title as the lives of 12 average Americans are turned upside down when they are selected to serve as jurors on a sensational embezzlement case (720556). 2.45 Box Office Mojo (2882136). 3.10 Official Knowledge (R) (1673965). 4.10 Rock On (R) (S) (1003440). 5.00 Cybernet (44846). To 5.30am.

Channel 4

6.45 Dennis (R) (6104364). 7.10 Sonic the Hedgehog (R) (3750277). 7.40 The Finder (R) (6837635). 8.00 Transworld Sport (S) (52581). 9.00 Morning Line (S) (62345). 10.00 Channel 4 Athletics (S) (47451). 11.00 Mission Impossible (R) (34987). 12.00 Rawhide (58695). 1.00 **Leave Her to Heaven** (John M Stahl 1945 US). Freudian casuist of a melodrama with possessive Gene Tierney going to murderous lengths to make sure that husband (and father) localities. Cornet Wilde doesn't share his love for her with another. A hook (71665939). 3.05 Channel 4 Racing. The 3.15, 3.45, 4.15 and 4.45 races from Newmarket (S) (69248451). 5.05 Brookside Omnibus (S) (71329155). 6.30 Tour de France. The 1.161m climb of the Col du Grand Bois (S) (345). 7.00 Citizen 2000. The children born in 1982 are now 14. Violence and bullying are preoccupations (S) (3161).

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8.00 Jewels of the Desert. More wildlife reports from the inhospitable Namib Desert (S) (71029). 9.00 ER (R) (S) (71345). 10.00 Drop the Dead Donkey (R) (S) (99797). 10.30 Homicide: Life on the Street (S) (55838). 11.25 Quater Street: Pride Drive. Graham Norton takes a look back at this year's Pride rally (S) (422277). 11.55 Quater Street: A Star is Born. See Preview, above (S) (71345). 12.55 Quater Street: The Third Party. Short satirical drama about a thirtysomething lesbian couple (S) (1570339). 1.15 Quater Street: Highlanders Too. What it is like to be gay in the Highlands of Scotland (8499372). 1.25 Quater Street: Peters. Gay make-up artist Peter King refuses to accept any stereotypical views on straight or gay culture (8491356). 1.40 Quater Street: Jackson My Life, Your Fault. Drama about the relationship between an ageing, possessive, alcoholic mother and her gay son (9601914). 2.25 The New Twilight Zone (S) (72339). 2.50 Pearl. American sitcom (S) (2807643). 3.20 The Naked Truth (R) (S) (96024488). 3.50 Get Up, Stand Up (R) (S) (98920204). 4.20 Porridge (R) (95877310). To 4.50am.

Channel 5

6.00 Dappledown Farm (364575). 6.30 Attractions. Tim Vincent presents the weekend entertainment guide, which includes Valerie Singleton on a Beatles tour of Liverpool (R) (S) (5715703). 7.00 News Early (S) (7141180). 7.30 Hawkazoo (7137987). 8.00 Alvin and the Chipmunks (7954884). 8.30 Land of the Lost (7953155). 9.00 Beverly Hills, 90210. Dylan's estranged mother turns up (1282884). 9.55 Beverly Hills, 90210. Brenda takes her driving test again (S) (5202708). 10.50 Mag Upfront (S) (8201189). 11.00 News and Sport (S) (7137987). Plus, the fourth test from Headingley (S) (25137838).

12.50 5 News (S) (71329155). 1.00 The Mag (S) (4526884). 2.00 USA High (R) (S) (20425726). 2.20 The Mag (Continued) (S) (1212258). 3.15 Sunset Beach Omnibus. Sealing is not quite believing (717670506). 6.00 5 News and Sport (S) (71329155). 6.05 Hercules: the Legendary Journeys. Hercules learns that someone is impersonating him. Yup, it's his half-brother (S) (4569258). 6.55 Xena: Warrior Princess. Lucy Lawless' "dominatrix for all the family" (Vanity Fair) stumbles across some thugs terrorising a peaceful town (7865529). 7.50 5 News and Sport (S) (71329155). 8.00 JAG (S) (4726161).

9.00 **Baywatch**. Reasonable Doubt (John Laing 1980 NZ). One-time golden boy of the Swinging Sixties cinema, David Hemmings, stars in one of the few worthwhile films he made in his subsequent antipodean movie career. He plays a bent Kiwi cop planting the evidence that sends farmer John Hargreaves down for a double murder. Based on a real-life case, the film (scripted by David Yallop) resulted in the case being reopened (9555155). 11.00 **Putt-Putt in the Land of the Living** (Brian Gibson 1986 US). Horror sequel - though, unlike the original, not directed by Tobe Hooper, that master of the macabre - in which supernatural forces return to terrorise a family four years after wiping out the entire estate on which they had lived (2636971). 12.50 **In Cold Blood** (Richard Brooks 1967 US). Interesting, low-key and Oscar-nominated dramatisation of Truman Capote's non-fiction account of the six-year hunt for two Kansas killers who murdered a family of four in the course of a bungled burglary. A largely unfamiliar cast adds to the authentic feel of the piece (63586391). 3.15 **The Murder That Wouldn't Die** (Ronald Sato 1980 US). Mystery drama starring William Conrad as a retired detective who moves to Hawaii and takes a job as a college security chief and assistant football coach. But soon enough, you don't need to be told, someone is sniffing it and he's back investigating (2511372). 4.55 Night Stand. Spoof talk show hosted by Dick Dietrich (8154198). 5.30 White House (S) (3635310). To 6.00am.

ITV/Regions

As London except 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (72068). 1.05 Central News and Weather (66363277). 2.10 Film: The Boys in Blue (66363277). 2.10 Film: Rising Damp (S) (2513). 3.55 News (66363277). 4.05 Central News and Weather (66363277). 4.10 Film: The Boys in Blue (66363277). 4.10 Film: Rising Damp (S) (2513). 4.35 News (66363277). 4.45 Central News and Weather (66363277). 4.50 Film: The Boys in Blue (66363277). 4.50 Film: Rising Damp (S) (2513). 5.10 Film: The Boys in Blue (66363277). 5.10 Film: Rising Damp (S) (2513). 5.35 News (66363277). 5.45 Central News and Weather (66363277). 5.50 Film: The Boys in Blue (66363277). 5.50 Film: Rising Damp (S) (2513). 6.10 Film: The Boys in Blue (66363277). 6.10 Film: Rising Damp (S) (2513). 6.35 News (66363277). 6.45 Central News and Weather (66363277). 6.50 Film: The Boys in Blue (66363277). 6.50 Film: Rising Damp (S) (2513). 7.10 Film: The Boys in Blue (66363277). 7.10 Film: Rising Damp (S) (2513). 7.35 News (66363277). 7.45 Central News and 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